

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF

(Sir Richard) Steele, Knt.

CONTAINING

The FUNERAL.

The TENDER HUSBAND.

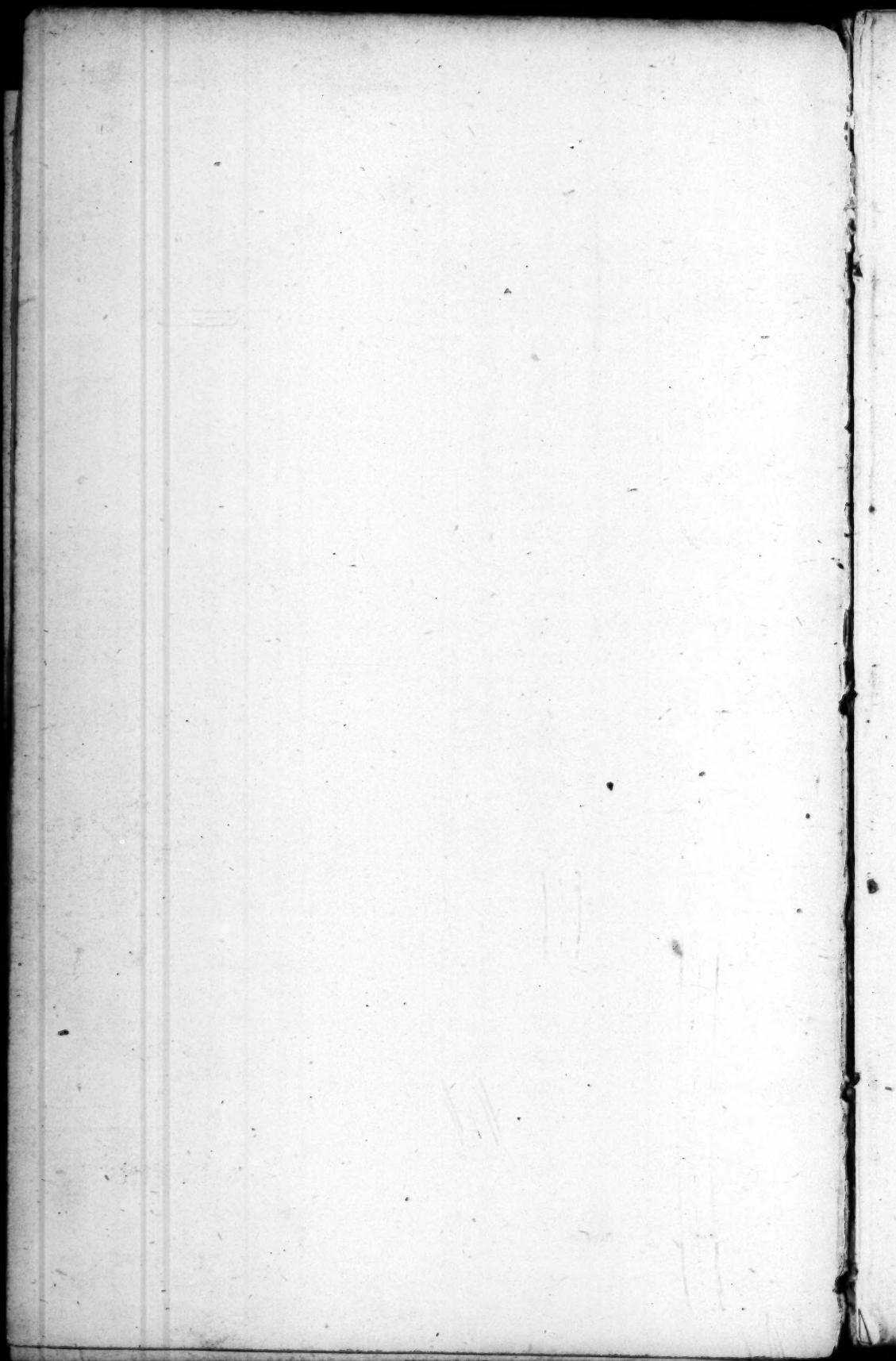
The LYING LOVER.

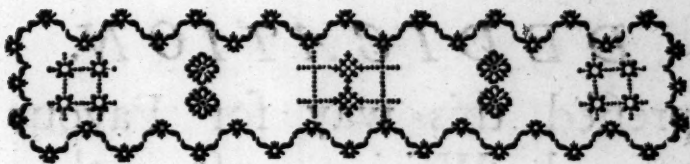
The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER,
T. CASLON, T. LOWNDS, and S. BLADON.

MDCCLX.





To Her GRACE the
D U T C H E S S
O F
H A M I L T O N.

MADAM,



T is frequent to make
Addresses of this Na-
ture at the Front of
Books to implore future Pa-
tronage, but I do not know
of any Acknowledgments ex-

* A 3

pressed

DEDICATION.

pressed this way for Favour towards Writings, after they have appeared in the World. I am sure there is a juster Pre-tence for taking the Liberty of presenting a Dedication in Gratitude for Protection already granted, than to supplicate such an Obligation. Your Grace will, therefore, forgive me, that I lay before You an Edition of a Book, which I believe would never have appeared, had not these Plays been acted at Your Request, long after the Run of them, (as the Phrase is) was over in Town.

DEDICATION.

Town. If You will please to continue to them, by Your Influence, the Life to which You restored them, You will, I hope, do an Act not unworthy that ingenuous Temper, which makes You so affectionately promote the more liberal Entertainments of the Stage. I have the Confidence to say thus much for these Comedies, because they are certainly Inoffensive, if they do not deserve to be called Instructive. But I have said the best thing I can to recommend them, when I have declared

DEDICATION.

clared they have Your Grace's
Approbation.

For in Writing Plays, not to
displease such whose Minds are
filled with the worthiest Ideas
of what is Laudable in real
Life, is much more than to
escape the Censure of such as
are more inclined to observe
the Conduct of the Characters,
as they are part of a Dramatic
Entertainment.

If this elegant Taste (with
relation to Writings) in which
Your Grace excels, were more
frequently the Ambition of La-
dies to attain, I do not know
but

DEDICATION.

but a Conversation built upon the Characters in a well-wrought Play, might be almost as Instructive as the common Practice among them, of pulling to Pieces the Conduct of familiar Friends, or rehearsing defamatory Reports of those to whom they are Strangers.

But such Meanness ought not to be mentioned in an Epistle to the Dutches of HAMILTON, whose whole Behaviour is the lively Expression of that sort of good Breeding which is founded on the Principles

DEDICATION.

ciples of good Nature and Generosity.

Your Favour is ever bestowed on the Unfortunate, and Your Praise on the Absent. The just Condescension with which Your Conversation is always adorned ; at once gives Speech to the Humble, Silence to the Presumptuous. Your Affability to me, when I have the Honour to wait upon You, and the very kind Things You have so frequently said of these Writings in my Absence, put me under a Temptation of falling into the usual Language of Dedications.

DEDICATION.

Dedications. But I know this would be highly Offensive to You, and for this Reason I forbear to tell You, that Your high Station in the World is as easy to Your Inferiors as Your Self; that were You to appear any where unknown, all that should converse with You, would believe or wish Your Quality what it is; and that all who know You think it as impossible to Envy You, as not to Esteem You. As for this Acknowledgment which I here make You, for Your Partiality to these Comedies, all I can
say

DEDICATION.

say is, that I shall think myself very happy, if You find, upon reading them again, that it is no Diminution to You, (what is a great Addition to me) that I am,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's

most oblig'd and

most obedient

humble Servant,

Richard Steele.







J. Vander Gucht inr Sulp

T H E
F U N E R A L:
O R,
G R I E F A-LA-M O D E.
A
C O M E D Y.

Written by

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

*Ut Qui conducti plorant in Funere, dicunt,
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo; sic
Derisor Vero plus Laudatore movetur.* HOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. STRAHAN, W. OWEN, T. CASLON,
T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, S. BLADON, and
W. GRIFFIN.

M DCC LXVIII.

THE
FUNERAL

GRIEF A-LA-MODE

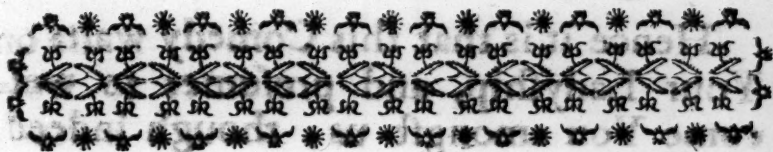
COMEDY

STABLE



By the author of 'The Funeral' and 'Grief A-la-Mode'.
LONDON: Printed by W. G. Smith, 15, Abchurch Lane, 1854.

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By W. G. Smith, 15, Abchurch Lane, 1854.



To the Right Honourable the

C O U N T E S S

O F

A L B E M A R L E.

MADAM,

    M O N G the many Novelties
 A  with which Your LADYSHIP,
  a Stranger in our Nation, is
  daily entertain'd, You have not
yet been made acquainted with the Poetical *English* Liberty, the Right of Dedication ; which entitles us to a Privilege of Celebrating whatever for its Native Excellence is the just Object of Praise ; and is an Ancient Charter, by which the Muses have always a Free Access to the Habitation of the Graces.

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

Hence it is that this Comedy waits on Your Ladyship, and presumes to welcome You amongst us; though indeed, Madam, we are surpris'd to see You bring with You, what we thought was of our own Growth only, an agreeable Beauty: Nay, we must assure You, that we cannot give up so Dear an Article of our Glory, but assert it by our Right in You: For if 'tis a Maxim founded on the Noblest Human Law, that of Hospitality, that every Soil is a Brave Man's Country, *England* has a very just Pretence of Claiming as a Native, a Daughter of Mr. *Scravenmore*.

But Your Ladyship is not only endeared to us by the great Services of your Father, but also by the kind Offices of your Husband, whose frank Carriage falls in with our Genius, which is Free, Open, and Unreserved. In this the Generosity of Your Tempers makes you both excel in so peculiar a Manner, that your Good Actions are their own Reward; nor can they be return'd with Ingratitude, for none can forget the Benefits You confer so soon as You do Your Selves.

But

DEDICATION. vii

But ye have a more indisputable Title to a Dramatick Performance, than all these Advantages; for You are Yourself, in a degenerate low Age, the noblest Characters which that fine Passion that supports the Stage has inspir'd; and as You have practis'd as Generous a Fidelity as the Fancies of Poets have ever drawn in their Expecting Lovers, so may you enjoy as high a Prosperity as ever they have bestow'd on their Rewarded: This You may possess in an happy Security, for your Fortunes cannot move so much Envy, as Your Persons Love, I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most Devoted

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.



P R E F A C E.

THE Rehearsal of this Comedy was honoured with the Presence of the Duke of *Devonshire*, who is as distinguished by his fine Understanding as High Quality; the Innocence of it moved him to the Humanity of expressing himself in its Favour. 'Tis his Manner to be pleased where he is not offended; a Condescension which delicate Spirits are obliged to for their own Ease, for they would have but a very ill Time of it, if they suffered themselves to be diverted with nothing but what could bear their Judgment.

That elegant and illustrious Person, will, I hope, pardon my Gratitude to the Town, which obliges me to report so substantial a Reason for their Approbation of this Play, as that he permitted it: But I know not in what Words to thank my Fellow-Soldiers for their Warmth and Zeal in my Behalf, nor to what to attribute their undeserved Favour, except it be, that 'tis habitual to them to run to the Succour of those they see in Danger.—

The Subject of the *Drama* 'tis hoped will be acceptable to all Lovers of Mankind, since Ridicule is partly levelled at a set of People who live in impatient Hopes to see us out of the World, a Flock of Ravens that attend this numerous City for their Carcases; but indeed, 'tis not in the Power of any Pen to speak them better than they do themselves: As for example, on a Door, I just now past by, a great Artist thus informs us of his Cures upon the Dead.

W. W.

W. W. Known and approved for his Art of Embalming, having preserved the Corps of a Gentlewoman sweet and entire Thirteen Years, without embowelling, and has reduced the Bodies of several Persons of Quality to Sweetness in Flanders and Ireland, after Nine Months Putrefaction in the Ground, and they were known by their Friends in England. No Man performeth the like.

He must needs be strangely in love with this Life, who is not touched with this kind Invitation to be pickled; and the noble Operator must be allowed a very useful Person for bringing old Friends together; nor would it be unworthy his Labour to give us an Account at large of the sweet Conversation that arose upon meeting such an entire Friend as he mentions.

But to be serious; is there any Thing, but its being downright Fact, could make a rational Creature believe 'twere possible to arrive at this fantastic posthumous Folly? Not at the same Time but that it were Buffoonery rather than Satire to explode all Funeral Honours; but then it is certainly necessary to make them such that the Mourners should be in Earnest, and the Lamented worthy of our Sorrow: But this Purpose is so far from being served, that it is utterly destroyed by the manner of Proceeding among us, where the Obsequies, which are due only to the best and highest of Human Race (to admonish their short Survivors that neither Wit nor Valour, nor Wisdom, nor Glory can suspend our Fate) are prostituted, and bestowed upon such as have nothing in common with Men, but their Mortality.

But the dead Man is not to pass off so easily, for his last Thoughts are also to suffer Dissection, and

it seems there is no Art to be learned to speak our own Sense in other Mens Words, and a Man in a Gown that never saw his Face shall tell you immediately the Design of the Deceas'd, better than all his old Acquaintance; which is so perfect an *Hocus Pocus*, that without you can repeat such and such Words, you cannot convey what is in your Hands into another's; but far be it from any Man's Thought to say there are not Men of strict Integrity of the Long Robe, tho' it is not every Body's good Fortune to meet with them.

However the daily legal Villanies we see committed, will also be esteemed Things proper to be prosecuted by Satire, nor could our ensuing Legislatives do their Country a more seasonable Office, than to look into the Distresses of an unhappy People, who groan perhaps in as much Misery under entangled, as they could do under broken Laws; nor could there be a Reward high enough assigned for a great Genius, if such may be found, who has Capacity sufficient to glance through the false Colours that are put upon us, and propose to the *English* World, a Method of making Justice flow in an uninterrupted Stream; there is so clear a Mind in being, whom we will name in Words that of all Men breathing can be only said of him: 'Tis he that is Excellent.

*Seu linguam causis acuit, seu Civica fura,
Responsare parat, seu condit amabile carmen.*

Other Enemies that may arise against this poor Play are indeed less terrible, but much more powerful than these, and they are the Ladies; but if there is any thing that argues a sowered Man, who lashes all for Lady *Brumpton*; we may hope there will be seen also a devoted Heart, that esteems all for Lady *Sharlot*. —



P R O-

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

*N*ature's deserted, and Dramatick Art,
To dazzle now the Eye, has left the Heart;
Gay Lights and Dresses, long extended Scenes,
Dæmons and Angels moving in Machines;
All that can now, or please, or fright the Fair,
May be performed without a Writer's Care,
And is the Skill of Carpenter, not Player.
Old Shakespear's Days could not thus far advance;
But what's his Buskin to our Ladder Dance?
In the mid Region a silk Youth to stand,
With that unwieldy Engine at Command!
Gorg'd with intemperate Meals while here you sit,
Well may you take Activity for Wit:
Fye, let Confusion on such Dulness seize;
Blush you're so pleas'd, as we that so we please.
But we, still kind to your inverted Sense,
Do most unnatural Things once more dispense.
For since you're still prepost'rous in Delight,
Our Author made, a full House to invite,
A Funeral Comedy to-night.
Nor does he fear that you will take the Hint,
And let the Funeral his own be meant;
No, in Old England nothing can be won
Without a Faction, Good or Ill be done;
To own this our frank Author does not fear;
But hopes for a prevailing party here:
He knows b'has num'rous Friends, nay, knows they'll shew it,
And for the Fellow-Soldier save the Poet.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord <i>Brumpton</i> .	Mr. <i>Thomas</i> .
Lord <i>Hardy</i> , Son to Lord <i>Brumpton</i> .	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
Mr. <i>Campley</i> .	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
Mr. <i>Trusty</i> , Steward to Lord <i>Brumpton</i> .	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Cabinet</i> .	Mr. <i>Toms</i> .
Mr. <i>Sable</i> , an Undertaker.	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Puzzle</i> , a Lawyer.	Mr. <i>Bowen</i> .
<i>Trim</i> , Servant to Lord <i>Hardy</i> .	Mr. <i>Penkethman</i> .
<i>Tom</i> , the Lawyer's Clerk.	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .

W O M E N.

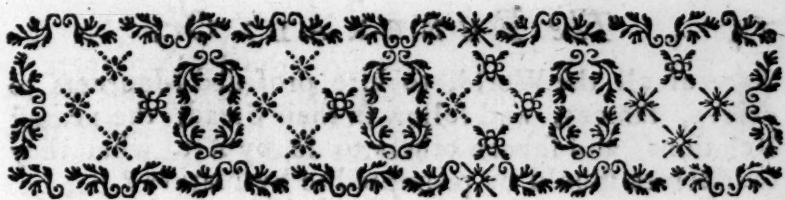
Lady <i>Brumpton</i> .	Mrs. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
Lady <i>Sharlot</i> } Orphan-Sisters left in }	Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
Lady <i>Harriot</i> } ward to Ld <i>Brumpton</i> . {	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Mademoiselle d'Epingle</i> .	Mrs. <i>Lucas</i> .
<i>Tattleaid</i> .	Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .
Mrs. <i>Fardingale</i> .	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Kate Matchlock</i> .	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .

Visitant Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden*.



T H E



T H E
F U N E R A L :
O R
G R I E F A - L A - M O D E .

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Cabinet, Sable, and Campley.

C A B I N E T.

I Burst into Laughter. I can't bear to see
writ over an Undertaker's Door, Dresses for
the Dead, and Necessaries for Funerals!
ha! ha! ha!

Sab. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis very well, I
know you are of the Laughers, the Wits that take the
Liberty to deride all Things that are magnificent and
solemn.

Cam. Nay, but after all, I can't but admire *Sable's*
nice discerning on the superfluous Cares of Mankind,
that could lead them to the Thought of raising an
Estate by providing Horses, Equipage, and Furniture,
for those that no longer need 'em.

Cab. But is it not strangely contradictory, that Men
can come to soopen, so apparent an Hypocrisy, as in the
Face

Face of all the World, to hire professed Mourners to grieve, lament, and follow in their Stead, the nearest Relations, and suborn others to do by Art, what they themselves should be prompted to by Nature?

Sab. That's reasonably enough said, but they regard themselves only in all they act; for the Deceas'd, and the poor Dead are delivered to my Custody, to be embalm'd, flash'd, cut, and dragg'd about, not to do them Honour, but to satisfy the Vanity or Interest of their Survivors.

Cam. This Fellow's every way an Undertaker! How well and luckily he talks! his prating so aptly, has, methinks, something more ridiculous in it, than if he were absurd!

[*Aside to Cabinet.*]

Cab. But, as Mr. *Campley* says, how could you dream of making a Fortune from so chimerical a Foundation, as the Provision of Things wholly needless and insignificant?

Sab. Alas, Gentlemen, the Value of all Things under the Sun is merely fantastick: We run, we strive, and purchase Things with our Blood and Money, quite foreign to our intrinsic real Happiness, and which have a Being in Imagination only, as you may see by the Pother that is made about Precedence, Titles, Court-Favour, Maidenheads and China-ware.

Cam. Ay, Mr. *Sable*, but all those are Objects that promote our Joy, are bright to the Eye, or stamp upon our Minds Pleasure and Self-satisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely mistaken, Sir; for one would wonder, to consider that after all our Outcries against Self-interested Men, there are few, very few in the whole World that live to themselves, but sacrifice their Bosom-Bliss to enjoy a vain Show and Appearance of Prosperity in the Eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd, than a young Bride in her glittering Retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young Widow in her Weeds and black Train; of both which, the Lady of this House may be an Instance, for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn, the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr. *Sable*, most learnedly!

Sab.

Sab. I have the deepest Learning, Sir, Experience: Remember your Widow-Cousin that married last Month.

Cab. Ay, but how cou'd you imagine she was in all that Grief an Hypocrite!—Could all those Shrieks, those Swoonings, that rising falling Bosom be constrain'd? You're uncharitable, *Sable*, to believe it—what Colour, what Reason had you for it?

Sab. First, Sir, her Carriage in her Concerns with me, for I never yet could meet with a sorrowful Relict, but was herself enough to make a hard Bargain with me—Yet I must confess they have frequent Interruptions of Grief and Sorrow when they read my Bill—but as for her, nothing, she resolv'd, that look'd bright or joyous should after her Love's Death approach her. All her Servants that were not Coal black must turn out; a fair Complexion made her Eyes and Heart ake, she'd none but downright Jet, and to exceed all Example, she hir'd my Mourning Furniture by the Year, and in case of my Mortality ty'd my Son to the same Article; so in six Weeks Time ran away with a young Fellow—Pr'ythee, push on briskly, Mr. *Cabinet*, now is your Time to have this Widow, for *Tattleaid* tells me she always said she'd never marry—

Cab. As you say, that's generally the most hopeful Sign.

Sab. I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know those Professions are only to introduce Discourse of Matrimony and young Fellows.

Cab. But I swear I could not have Confidence ev'n after all our long Acquaintance, and the mutual Love which his Lordship (who indeed has now been so kind as to leave us) has so long interrupted, to mention a Thing of such a Nature so unseasonably—

Sab. Unseasonably! Why I tell you 'tis the only Season (granting her Sorrow unfeign'd:) When would you speak of Passion, but in the Midst of Passions? There's a what d'ye call, a Crisis—The lucky Minute that's so talk'd of, is a Moment between Joy and Grief, which you must take hold of, and push your Fortune—But get you in, and you'll best read your Fate in the Reception Mrs. *Tattleaid* gives you: All she says, and all she does, nay, her
very

very Love and Hatred are mere Repetition of her Ladyship's Passions: I'll say that for her, she's a true Lady's Woman, and is herself as much a second-hand Thing, as her Clothes. But I must beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, my People are come I see— [*Exeunt Cab. and Camp.*

Enter Sable's Men.

Where in the Name of Goodness have you all been! Have you brought the Saw-dust and Tar for embalming? Have you the Hangings and the Sixpenny Nails, and my Lord's Coat of Arms?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Yes, Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the Herald's for a Coat for Alderman *Gathergrease* that died last Night—he has promised to invent one against tomorrow.

Sab. Ah! Pox take some of our Cits, the first Thing after their Death is to take Care of their Birth—Pox, let him bear a Pair of Stockings, he's the first of his Family that ever wore one: Well, come you that are to be Mourners in this House put on your sad Looks, and walk by me that I may sort you; Ha you! a little more upon the Dismal; [*forming their Countenances—*] this Fellow has a good mortal Look—place him near the Corps: That Wainscot Face must be o'top of the Stairs; that Fellow's almost in a Fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange Misery) at the Entrance of the Hall—So—but I'll fix you all myself—Let's have no laughing now on any Provocation: [*makes Faces.*] Look yonder that hale well-looking Puppy! You ungrateful Scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great Man's Service, and shew you the Pleasure of receiving Wages? Did not I give you Ten, then Fifteen, now Twenty Shillings a Week, to be sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think, the Gladder you are.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Grave-digger of St. *Timothy's* in the Fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in

Enter Grave-digger.

Grav. I carry'd home to your House the Shroud the Gentleman was bury'd in last Night; I could not get his
Ring

Ring off very easily, therefore I brought you the Finger and all; and, Sir, the Sexton gives his Service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any Bodies remov'd or not: If not, he'll let 'em lie in their Graves a Week longer.

Sab. Give him my Service, I can't tell readily: but our Friend, tell him, *Dr. Passeport*, with the Powder, has promised me six or seven Funerals this Week. I'll send to our Country Farm at *Kensington-Gravel-Pits*, and our City-House in *Warwick-lane* for News, you shall know Time enough. Hark'ee, be sure there's Care taken to give my Lady *Languish's* Woman a Fee to keep out that young Fellow who came last from *Oxford*; he'll ruin us all.

Enter Goody Trash.

I wonder, *Goody Trash*, you could not be more punctual; when I told you I wanted you, and your two Daughters, to be three Virgins to-night to stand in White about my Lady *Catherine Griffel's* Body, and you know you were privately to bring her Home from the Man-Midwife's, where she died in Child-birth to be buried like a Maid; but there is nothing minded: Well, I have put off that till to-morrow; go, and get your Bag of Brick-dust and your Whiting. Go, and sell to the Cook-maids; know who is surfeited about Town: Bring me no bad News, none of your Recoveries again. And you, Mr. Blockhead, I warrant you have not call'd at *Mr. Pestle's* the Apothecary: Will that Fellow never pay me? I stand bound for all the Poison in that starving Murderer's Shop: He serves me just as *Dr. Quibus* did, who promised to write a Treatise against Water-Gruel, a damn'd healthy Slop that has done me more Injury than all the Faculty: Look you now, you are all upon the Sneer, let me have none but downright stupid Countenances—I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take People out of the Play-house; but hang 'em they are as ignorant of their Parts as you are of yours, they never act but when they speak; when the chief Indication of the Mind is in the Gesture, or indeed in case of Sorrow, in no Gesture, except you were to act a Widow, or so.—But yours, you Dolts, is all in dumb Show, dumb Show. I mean expressive eloquent Show: As who can see such an horrid ugly Phiz as that Fellow's, and not be
shock'd,

shock'd, offended and killed of all Joy while he beholds it? But we must not loiter—Ye stupid Rogues, whom I have picked out of the Rubbish of Mankind, and fed for your eminent Worthlessness, attend, and know that I speak you this Moment stiff and immutable to all Sense of Noise, Mirth or Laughter: [*Makes Mouths at 'em as they pass by him to bring 'em to a constant Countenance.*] So, they are pretty well—pretty well——

Enter Trufty and Lord Brumpton.

Tru. 'Twas Fondness, Sir, and tender Duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a Master to me, made me stay near you; they left me so, and there I found you wake from your Lethargick Slumber; on which I will assume an Authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just Use of your revived Life, in seeing who are your true Friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble Nature, as to make it act against itself in disinheriting your brave Son.

Ld. B. Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a Creature as you tell me—My Mind reflects upon ten thousand Endearments that plead unanswerably for her: Her chaste reluctant Love, her easy Observance of all my wayward Humours, to which she would accommodate herself with so much Ease, I could scarce observe it was a Virtue in her; she hid her very Patience.

Tru. It was all Art, Sir, or Indifference to you, for what I say is downright Matter of Fact.

Ld. B. Why didst thou ever tell me it! or why not in my Life-time, for I must call it so, nor can I date a Minute mine, after her being false, all past that Moment is Death and Darkness: Why didst thou not tell me then, I say?

Tru. Because you were too much in Love with her to be inform'd; nor did I ever know a Man that touch'd on Conjugal Affairs could ever reconcile the jarring Humours but in a common Hatred of the Intermedler: But on this most extraordinary Occasion, which seems pointed out by Heaven itself to disengage you from your Cruelty and Banishment of an innocent Child, I must, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain yourself,
in

in hearing one Discourse with that curs'd Instrument of all her Secrets, that *Tattleaid*, and you'll see what I tell you; you'll call me then your Guardian and good Genius.

Ld. B. Well, you shall govern me, but would I had dy'd in earnest ere I had known it; my Head swims, as it did when I fell into my Fit, at the Thoughts of it—How dizzy a Place is this World you live in! All human Life's a mere Vertigo!

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, fine Reflections, fine Reflections, but that does no Business: Thus, Sir, we'll stand conceal'd, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer Dialogue than usual between vicious Persons; for a late Accident has given a little Jealousy, which makes them over-act their Love and Confidence in each other. [*They retire.*]

Enter Widow and Tattleaid meeting, and running to each other.

Wid. Oh, *Tattleaid*! His and our Hour is come!

Tat. I always said by his Church-yard Cough, you'd bury him, but still you were impatient——

Wid. Nay, thou hast ever been my Comfort, my Confident, my Friend, and my Servant; and now I'll reward thy Pains; for tho' I scorn the whole Sex of Fellows, I'll give 'em Hopes for thy Sake; every Smile, every Frown, every Gesture, Humour, Caprice and Whimsy of mine, shall be Gold to thee Girl; thou shalt feel all the Sweets and Wealth of being a fine rich Widow's Woman: Oh! how my Head runs my first Year out and jumps to all the Joys of Widowhood! If thirteen Months hence a Friend should haul one to a Play one has a Mind to see, what Pleasure 'twill be, when my Lady *Brumpton's* Footman's called (who kept a Place for that very Purpose) to make a sudden Insurrection of fine Whigs in the Pit and Side Boxes. Then, with a pretty Sorrow in one's Face, and a willing Blush for being stared at, one ventures to look round, and bow to one of one's own Quality. Thus [*very directly*] to a snug pretending Fellow of no Fortune. Thus [*as scarce seeing him*] to one that writes Lampoons. Thus [*fearfully*] to One one really loves: Thus [*looking down*] to one Woman-Acquaintance; from Box to Box thus: [*with Looks differently familiar*] And when one has done
one's

one's Part, observe the Actors do theirs, but with my Mind fixed not on those I look at, but those that look at me—Then the Serenades! The Lovers!

Tat. Oh, Madam, you make my Heart bound within me: I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage 'em all; and indeed, Madam, the Men are really very silly Creatures, 'tis no such hard Matter—They Rulers! They Governors! I warrant you indeed!

Wid. Ay, *Tattleaid*, they imagine themselves mighty Things, but Government founded on Force only, is a brutal Power—We rule them by their Affections, which blinds them into Belief that they rule us, or at least are in the Government with us--But in this Nation our Power is absolute; thus, thus, we sway—[*Playing her Fan*] A Fan is both the Standard and the Flag of *England*: I laugh to see Men go on our Errands, strut in great Offices, live in Cares, Hazards and Scandals, to come Home and be Fools to us in Brags of their Dispatches, Negotiations, and their Wisdoms—as my good Dear deceas'd used to entertain me; which, I to relieve myself from—would lisp some silly Request, pat him on the Face—He shakes his head at my pretty Folly, calls me Simpleton; gives me a Jewel, then goes to Bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd!—

Tat. But I protest, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accomplish my young Lord's being disinherited.

Wid. Why, *Tatty*, you must know my late Lord—how prettily that sounds, my late Lord! But I say, my late Lord *Fribble* was Generosity—I press'd him there, and whenever you, by my Order, had told him Stories to my Son-in-law's Disadvantage, in his Rage and Resentment, I (whose Interest lay otherwise) always fell on my Knees to implore his Pardon, and with Tears, Sighs and Importunities for him prevail'd against him: Besides this, you know I had, when I pleased, Fits; Fits are a mighty Help in the Government of a good-natur'd Man: but in an ill-natur'd Fellow have a Care of 'em—he'll hate you for natural Infirmities; will remember your Face in its Distortion, and not value your Return of Beauty.

Tat.

Tat. O rare Madam ! your Ladyship's a great Head-piece ; but now, dear Madam, is the hard Task, if I may take the Liberty to say it—to enjoy all Freedoms, and seem to abstain, to manage the Number of Pretenders, and keep the Disobliged from prating——

Wid. Never fear, *Tattleaid* ; while you have Riches, if you affront one to abuse, you can give Hopes to another to defend you : These Maxims I have been laying up all my Husband's Life-time, for we must provide against Calamities—

Tat. But now, Madam, a fine young Gentleman with a red Coat, that dances——

Wid. You may be sure the happy Man (if it be in Fate that there is a happy Man to make me an unhappy Woman) shall not be an old one again : Age and Youth married, is the Cruelty in *Dryden's Virgil*, where *Mezentius* ties the Dead and Living together ; I'm sure I was ty'd to a dead Man many a long Day before I durst bury him—But the Day is now my own—Yet now I think on't, *Tattleaid*, be sure to keep an obstinate Shyness to all our old Acquaintance : Let 'em talk of Favours if they please, if we grant 'em still, they'll grow Tyrants to us ; if we discard 'em, the Chaste and Innocent will not believe we could have Confidence to do it, where it so ; and the Wise, if they believe it, will applaud our Prudence.

Tat. Ay, Madam—I believe, Madam—I speak, Madam, but my humble Sense—Mr. *Cabinet* would marry you.

Wid. Marry me ! No, *Tattleaid*, he that is so mean as to marry a Woman after an Affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very Weakness : He that marries his Wench will use her like his Wench—Such a Pair must sure live in a secret mutual Scorn of each other—and Wedlock is Hell, if at least one Side does not love, as it would be Heaven if both did ; and I believe it so much Heaven, as to think it was never enjoyed in this World.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. A Gentleman to Mrs. *Tattleaid*— [*Exit. Tat.*

Wid. Go to him—Bless me, how careless and open have I been to this subtle Creature in the Case of *Cabinet*, she's certainly in his Interests—We People of Condition

dition are never guarded enough against those about us: They watch when our Minds boil over with Joy or Grief, to come in upon us: How miserable 'tis to have One one hates always about one, and when one can't endure one's own Reflection upon some Actions, who can bear the Thoughts of another upon 'em? But she has me by deep Secrets—The *Italians*, they say, can readily remove the too much intrusted—Oh, their pretty scented Gloves! This Wench I know has play'd me false, and horned me in my Galants: Oh *Italy*, I could resign all my Female *English* Liberty to thee, for thy much dearer Female Pleasure, Revenge! Well, what's the Matter, dear *Tatty*—

Enter Tattleaid.

Tat. The Matter, Madam? why, Madam, Counsellor *Puzzle* is come to wait on your Ladyship about the Will and the Conveyance of the Estate—there must, it seems, be no Time lost for Fear of Things; fye, fye, Madam, you a Widow these there Hours, and not look'd on a Parchment yet—Oh impious to neglect the Will of the Dead!

Wid. As you say indeed, there is no Will of a Husband's so willingly obey'd as his last. But I must go in, and receive him in my Formalities, leaning on a Couch is as necessary a Posture, as his going behind his Desk when he speaks to a Client—But do you bring him in hither till I am ready——

[*Exit.*

Tat. Mr. Counsellor, Mr. Counsellor—— [*Calling.*

Enter Puzzle and Clerk.

Puz. Servant, good Madam *Tattleaid*, my ancient Friend is gone, but Business must be minded——

Tat. I told my Lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb Grief on the Couch within, that you were here, but she regarded me not; however, since you say 'tis of such Moment, I'll venture to introduce you: Please but to repose here a little, while I step in; for methinks I would a little prepare her. [*Exit Tattleaid.*

Puz. Alas! Alas! poor Lady!

Damn'd Hypocrites! Well, this Nobleman's Death is a little sudden: Therefore pray let me recollect: Open the Bag, good *Tom*; now *Tom* thou art my Nephew, my dear Sister *Kate*'s only Son, and my Heir, therefore
I will

I will conceal from thee on no Occasion any Thing ; for I would enter thee into Business as soon as possible. Know then, Child, that the Lord of this House was one of your Men of Honour, and Sense, who lose the Latter in the Former, and are apt to take all Men to be like themselves; now this Gentleman intirely trusted me, and I made the only Use a Man of Business can of a Trust, I cheated him ; for I imperceptibly, before his Face, made his whole Estate liable to an hundred *per Annum* for myself, for good Services, &c. As for Legacies, they are good or not, as I please ; for let me tell you, a Man must take Pen, Ink, and Paper, sit down by an old Fellow, and pretend to take Directions, but a true Lawyer never makes any Man's Will but his own ; and as the Priest of old among us got near the dying Man, and gave all to the Church, so now the Lawyer gives all to the Law.

Clerk. Ay, Sir, but Priests then cheated the Nation by doing their Offices in an unknown Language.

Puz. True, but ours is a Way much surer, for we cheat in no Language at all, but loll in our own Coaches, eloquent in Gibberish, and learned in Jingle. — Pull out the Parchment, there's the Deed, I made it as long as I could — Well, I hope to see the Day, when the Indenture shall be the exact Measure of the Land that passes by it — For 'tis a Discouragement to the Gown, that every ignorant Rogue of an Heir should in a Word or two understand his Father's Meaning, and hold ten Acres of Land by half an Acre of Parchment — Nay, I hope to see the Time when that there is indeed some Progress made in, shall be wholly effected ; and by the Improvement of the noble Art of Tautology, every Inn in *Holborn* an Inn of Court. — Let others think of Logick, Rhetorick, and I know not what Impertinence, but mind thou Tautology — What's the first Excellence in a Lawyer ? Tautology : What's the Second ? Tautology : What's the Third ? Tautology : As an old Pleader said of Action : But to turn to the Deed ; [*Pulls out an immeasurable Parchment*] for the Will is of no Force if I please, for he was not capable of making one after the Former — as I managed

managed it——upon which Account I now wait on my Lady ; by the Way, do you know, the true meaning of the Word a Deed ?

Clerk. Ay, Sir, a Deed is as if a Man should say the Deed.

Puz. Right, 'tis emphatically so called, because after it——all Deeds and Actions are of no Effect, and you have nothing to do but hang yourself——the only obliging Thing you can then do——But I was telling you the Use of Tautology——Read toward the Middle of that Instrument ; [*Clerk reads*] I the said Earl of *Brumpton*, to give, bestow, grant and bequeath, over and above the said Premisses, all the Site and Capital Messuage called by the Name of *Oatham*, and all Outhouses, Barns, Stables, and other Edifices and Buildings, Yards, Orchards, Gardens, Fields, Arbors, Trees, Lands, Earths, Meadows, Greens, Pastures, Feedings, Woods, Underwoods, Ways, Waters, Watercourses, Fishing Ponds, Pools, Commons, Common of Pasture, Paths, Heath-Thickets, Profits, Commodities, and Emoluments, with their and every of their Appurtenances whatsoever, to the said Capital Messuage and Site belonging, or in any wise appertaining, or with the same heretofore used, occupied or enjoyed, accepted, executed, known, or taken as Part, Parcel, or Member of the same ; containing in the Whole by Estimation, four Hundred Acres of the large Measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less ; all and singular which the said Site, Capital Messuage, and other the Premisses, with their and every of their Appurtenances are situate, lying and being——

Puz. Hold, hold good *Tom* ; you do come on indeed in Business, but don't use your Nose enough in Reading——[*Reads in a ridiculous Law-Tone, 'till out of Breath*] Why you're quite out—you read to be understood—let me see it—I the said Earl——Now again, suppose this wereto be in *Latin*——[*Runs into Latin Terminations*] making *Latin* is only making it no *English*——*Ego prædict*——Comes

Puzzle nods and sneers as the synonymous Words are repeating, whom Lord Brumpton scornfully mimicks.

*de Brumpton—Totas meas Barnos—Outhouses & Stabulas—Yardos—*But there needs no further Perusal.—I now recollect the Whole—my Lord, by this Instrument disinherits his Son utterly—gives all to my Lady—and moreover, grants the Wards of two Fortune Wards to her—*Id est*, to be sold by her; which is the Subject of my Business to her Ladyship, who methinks a little overdoes the Affair of Grief, in letting me wait thus long on such welcome Articles—But here—

Enter Tattleaid wiping her Eyes.

Tat. I have in vain done all I can to make her regard me.—Pray, Mr. *Puzzle*, you're a Man of Sense, come in yourself, and speak Reason to bring her to some Consideration of herself, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the Hall to you; dear Madam, lead on.

[Exit Clerk one Way, Puz. Tatt. another.]

Ld. Brumpton and Trusty advance from their Concealment after a long Pause, and staring at each other.

Ld. B. Trusty, on thy Sincerity, on thy Fidelity to me thy Friend, thy Patron, and thy Master, answer me directly to one Question: Am I really alive? Am I that identical, that numerical, that very same Lord *Brumpton*, that—

Tru. That very Lord—that very Lord *Brumpton*, the very generous, honest and good Lord *Brumpton*, who spent his strong and riper Tears with Honour and Reputation; but in his Age of Decay declin'd from Virtue also—that very Lord *Brumpton* who buried a fine Lady, who brought him a fine Son, who is a fine Gentleman; but in his Age, that very Man, unseasonably captivated with Youth and Beauty, married a very fine young Lady, who has dishonoured his Bed, disinherited his brave Son, and dances o'er his Grave.

Ld. B. Oh! that damn'd Tautologist too—That *Puzzle* and his irrevocable Deed! *[Pausing]* Well, I know I do not really live, but wander o'er the Place where once I had a Treasure—I'll haunt her, *Trusty*, gaze in that false beauteous Face, 'till she trembles, 'till she looks pale, nay, 'till she blushes—

B

Tru.

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, you speak a Ghost very much, there's Flesh and Blood in that Expression, that false beauteous Face!

Ld. B. Then since you see my Weakness, be a Friend, and arm me with all your Care, and all your Reason—

Tru. If you'll condescend to let me direct you—you shall cut off this rotten Limb, your false disloyal Wife, and save your noble Parts, your Son, your Family, your Honour.

*Short is the Date in which ill Acts prevail,
But Honesty's a Rock can never fail.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Hardy solus.

L.H. **N**OW indeed I am utterly undone; but to expect an Evil softens the Weight of it when it happens, and Pain no more than Pleasure is in Reality so great as in Expectation: But what will become of me? How shall I keep myself even above worldly Want? Shall I live at Home a stiff melancholy poor Man of Quality, grow uneasy to my Acquaintance as well as myself, by fancying I'm slighted where I am not; with all the thousand Particularities which attend those whom low Fortune and high Spirit make Malecontents? No! We've a brave Prince on the Throne, whose Commission I bear, and a glorious War in an honest Cause approaching. [*clapping his Hand on his Sword*] in which this shall cut Bread for me, and may perhaps equal that Estate to which my Birth entitled me—But what to do in present Pressures—Ha! *Trim.* [*Calling.*

Enter Trim.

Trim. My Lord.

Ld. H. How do the poor Rogues that are to recruit my Company?

Trim. Do, Sir! They've eat you to your last Guinea.

Ld. H. Were you at the Agent's? *Trim.*

Trim. Yes,

Ld. H. Well? and how?

Trim. Why, Sir, for your Arrears, you may have eleven Shillings in the Pound; but he'll not touch your growing Subsistence under three Shillings in the Pound Interest—besides which, you must let his Clerk *Jonathan Item*, swear the Peace against you to keep you from duelling—or insure your Life, which you may do for Eight *per Cent.* On these Terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do, for any body else in the Regiment, but he has a Friendship for you.

Ld. H. Oh, I'm his humble Servant; but he must have his own Terms, we can't starve, nor must the Fellows want: But methinks this is a calm Midnight, I've heard no Duns to-day.

Trim. Duns, my Lord? Why now your Father's dead, and they can't arrest you, I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with 'em than I have been: Why Friend, says I, how often must I tell you my Lord is not stirring: His Lordship has not slept well, you must come some other Time, your Lordship will send for him when you are at Leisure to look upon Money-Affairs; or if they are so saucy, so impertinent as to press to a Man of your Quality for their own—there are Canes, there's *Bridewel*, there's the Stocks for your ordinary Tradesmen. But to an haughty thriving *Covent-Garden* Mercer, Silk or Laceman, your Lordship gives your most humble Service to him, hopes his Wife's well; you have Letters to write, or you'd see him yourself, but you desire he would be with you punctually such a Day, that's to say, the Day after you're gone out of Town.

Ld. H. Go Sirrah, you're scurrilous, I won't believe there are such Men of Quality—d'ye hear, give my Service this Afternoon to Mr. *Cutpurse* the Agent, and tell him I'm obliged to pay him for his readiness to serve me, for I'm resolved to pay my Debts forthwith—
[*A Voice without.*] I don't know whether he's within, or not: Mr. *Trim*, is my Lord within?

Ld. H. *Trim*, see who it is, I an't within you know--

[*Trim without.*

Yes

Yes, Sir, my Lord's above, pray walk up——

Ld. H. Who can it be? he owns me too.

Enter Campley and Trim.

Dear Tom Campley, this is kind——You are an extraordinary Man indeed, who in the sudden Accession of a noble Fortune can still be yourself, and visit your less happy Friends.

Cam. No, you are, my Lord, the extraordinary Man, who on the Loss of an almost princely Fortune, can be Master of a Temper, that makes you the Envy, rather than Pity of your more fortunate, not more happy Friends.

Ld. H. Oh Sir, your Servant——but let me gaze on thee a little——I han't seen thee since I came Home into *England*——most exactly, negligently, genteely drefs'd! I know there's more than ordinary in this——[*beating Campley's Breast*] Come——Confess who shares with me here——I must have her real and poetical Name——Come——She's in Sonnet, *Cynthia*——In Prose, Mistress——

Cam. One you little dream of, tho' she is in a manner of your placing there.

Ld. H. My placing there?

Cam. Why, my Lord, all the fine Things you've said to me in the Camp, of my Lady *Sharlot*, your Father's Ward, ran into my Head so very much, that I made it my Business to become acquainted in that Family, which I did by Mr. *Cabinet's* Means, and am now in Love in the same Place with your Lordship.

Ld. H. How! in Love in the same Place with me, Mr. Campley?

Cam. Ay, my Lord, with t'other Sister, with t'other Sister.

Ld. H. What a Dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her? Why, thou art the only Man breathing fit to deal with her——But my Lady *Sharlot*, there's a Woman——So easily virtuous!——So agreeably severe! Her Motion so unaffected, yet so compos'd! Her Lips breathe nothing but Truth, good Sense, and flowing Wit.

Cam.

Cam. Lady *Harriot* ! there's the Woman ; such Life, such Spirit, such Warmth in her Eyes—Such a lively commanding Air in her Glances ; so sprightly a Mien, that carries in it the Triumph of conscious Beauty. Her Lips are made of Gum, and Balm—There's something in that dear Girl that fires my Blood above—above—above—

Ld. H. Above what ?

Cam. A Grenadier's March.

Ld. H. A soft Simile, I must confess—but oh that *Sharlot* ! to recline this aching Head, full of Care, on that tender, snowy—faithful Bosom !

Cam. Oh that *Harriot* ! to embrace that beauteous--

Ld. H. Ay, *Tom* ; but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding Night only, to make your Happiness lasting ; mine is fixt on the married State ; I expect my Felicity from Lady *Sharlot*, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal Tenderneſs—You think not of any Excellence of your Mistress, that is more than Skin-deep—

Cam. When I know her further than Skin-deep, I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Ld. H. Oh fye, *Tom*, how can you talk so lightly of a Woman you love with Honour—But tell me, I wonder how you make your Approaches in besieging such a sort of Creature ; she that loves Addresses, Gallantry, Fiddles ? That reigns and delights in a Croud of Admirers—If I know her, she is one of those you may easily have a general Acquaintance with, but hard to make particular—

Cam. You understand her very well—You must know I put her out of all her Play by carrying it in an humorous Manner ; I took Care in all my Actions, before I discovered the Lover, that she should in general have a good Opinion of me ; and have ever since behaved myself with all the Good humour and Ease I was able ; so that she is now extremely at a Loss how to throw me from the Familiarity of an Acquaintance, into the Distance of a Lover ; but I laugh her out of it ; when she begins to frown, and look grave at my Mirth, I mimic her till she bursts out a laughing—

Ld. H. That's ridiculous enough.

Cam. By *Cabinet's* Interest over my Lady *Brumpton*, with Gold and Flattery to Mrs. *Fardingale*, an old Maid her Ladyship has placed about the young Ladies, I have easy Access at all Times, and am this very Day to be admitted by her into their Apartment—I have found, you must know, that she is my Relation—

Ld. H. Her Ladyship has chose an odd Companion for young Ladies—

Cam. Oh, my Lady's a Politician; she told *Tattleaid* one Day, that an old Maid was the best Guard for young Ones, for they, like Eunuchs in a Seraglio, are vigilant, out of Envy of Enjoyments they cannot themselves arrive at.—But, as I was saying, I've sent my Cousin *Fardingale* a Song, which she and I are to practise to the Spinnet.—The young Ladies will be by—and I am to be left alone with Lady *Harriot*; then I design to make my grand Attack, and to-day win or lose her. I know, Sir, this is an Opportunity you want—If you'll meet me at *Tom's*, have a Letter ready, I'll myself deliver it to your Mistress, conduct you into the House, and tell her you are there—and find Means to place you together.—You must march under my Command to-day, as I have many a one under yours—

Ld. H. But 'faith, *Tom*, I shall not behave myself with half the Resolution you have under mine, for to confess my Weakness, though I know she loves me, though I know she is as stedfastly mine, as her Heart can make her—I know not how, I have so sublime an Idea of her high Value, and such a melting Tenderness dissolves my whole Frame, when I am near her, that my Tongue falters, my Nerves shake, and my Heart so alternately sinks and rises, that my pre-meditated Resolves vanish into Confusion, down-cast Eyes, and broken Utterance—

Cam. Ha! ha! ha! this in a Campaigner too! Why, my Lord, that's the Condition *Harriot* would have me in, and then she thinks she could have me; but I that know her better than she does herself, know she'd insult me, and lead me a two Years Dance longer, and perhaps

perhaps in the End turn me into the Herd of the many neglected Men of better Sense, who have been ridiculous for her Sake——But I shall make her no such Sacrifice.——'Tis well my Lady *Sharlot*'s a Woman of so solid an Understanding, I don't know another that would not use you ill for your high Value——

Ld. *H.* But, *Tom*, I must see your Song you've sent your Cousin *Fardingale*, as you call her.

Cam. This is lucky enough. [Aside. No, hang it, my Lord, a Man makes so silly a Figure when his Verses are reading——*Trim*——Thou hast not left off thy Loving and thy Rhyming, *Trim*'s a Critick, I remember him a Servitude at *Oxon*, [gives a Paper to *Trim*——] I give myself into his hands, because you shan't see 'em 'till I'm gone.

My Lord, your Servant, you shan't stir.

Ld. *H.* Nor you neither then. [Struggling.

Cam. You will be obey'd.

[Exeunt, Lord Hardy waits on him down.

Trim. What's in this Song——Ha——don't my Eyes deceive me—a Bill of three Hundred Pounds——

Mr. Cash,

PRAY pay to Mr. William *Trim* or Bearer, the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds, and place it to the Account of,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

Thomas Campley.

[Pulling off his Hat and bowing.] Your very humble Servant, good Mr. *Campley*. Ay, this is Poetry; this is a Song indeed! Faith, I'll set it, and sing it myself——Pray pay to Mr. *William Trim*——so far in Recitativo——Three Hundred, [Singing ridiculously——Hun——dred——Hundred——Hundred thrice repeated, because 'tis three Hundred Pounds, I love Repetitions in Musick, when there's a good Reason for it. Po——ds after the Italian Manner——if they'd bring me such

sensible Words as these, I'd outstrip all your Composers for the Musick Prize—This was honestly done of Mr. *Campley*—Tho' I have carried him many a Purse from my Master when he was Ensign to our Company in *Flanders*—

Enter Lord Hardy.

My Lord, I am your Lordship's humble Servant.

Ld. H. Sir, your humble Servant. But pray, my good familiar Friend, how came you to be so very much my humble Servant all of a sudden?

Trim. I beg Pardon, dear Sir, my Lord, I am not your humble Servant.

Ld. H. No?

Trim. Yes, my Lord, I am, but not as you mean—but I am—I am, my Lord—in short I'm overjoy'd.

Ld. H. Overjoy'd! Thou'rt distracted—what ails the Fellow—Where's *Campley's* Song?

Trim. Oh! my Lord, one would not think 'twas in him, Mr. *Campley's* really a very great Poet—as for the Song, 'tis only as they all end in Rhime—Owe—Woe—Isses—Kisses—Boy—Joy—But, my Lord, the other in long heroic Blank Verse,

[Reading it with a great Tone—]

Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or Order, the Sum of—
How sweetly it runs?—*Pactolian* Guineas chink every Line—

Ld. H. How very handsomely this was done in *Campley*! I wondered indeed he was so willing to shew his Verses—in how careless a Manner that Fellow does the greatest Actions!—

Trim. My Lord, pray my Lord, sha'nt I go immediately to *Cutpurse's*?

Ld. H. No, Sirrah—now we've no occasion for it—

Trim. No, my Lord, only to stare him full in the Face after I've received this Money, not say a Word, but keep my Hat on, and walk out—Or perhaps not hear, if any I meet with speak to me—But grows stiff, deaf, and short-sighted to all my old Acquaintance, like a sudden rich Man as I am—Or, perhaps, my Lord, desire *Cutpurse's*

purse's Clerk to let me leave Fifty Pounds at their House, payable to Mr. *William Trim*, or Order——till I come that Way—or a Month or two hence, may have Occasion for it—I don't know what Bills may be drawn upon me—Then when the Clerk begins to stare at me, 'till he pulls the great Goose-quill from behind his Ear—[*Pulls a Handful of Farthings out.*] I fall a Reckoning the Pieces as I do these Farthings.

Ld. *H.* Well, Sirrah, you may have your Humour, but be sure you take Four-score Pounds, and pay my Debts immediately—if you meet any Officer you ever see me in Company with that looks grave at *Cutpurse's* House, tell him I'd speak with him—We must help our Friends—But learn Moderation, you Rogue, in your Good Fortune; be at Home all the Evening after, while I wait at *Tom's* to meet *Campley* in order to see Lady *Sbarlot*——

*My Good or Ill in her alone is found,
And in that Thought all other Cares are drown'd.* Ex.

Enter Sable, Lord Brumpton and Trusty.

Sab. Why, my Lord, you can't in Conscience put me off so; I must do according to my Orders, cut you up, and embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of; you don't consider the Charges I have been at already.

Ld. *B.* Charges? for what?

Sab. First, Twenty Guineas to my Lady's Woman for Notice of your Death (a Fee I've before now known the Widow herself go halves in) but no Matter for that—in the next Place, Ten Pounds for watching you all your long Fit of Sickness last Winter——

Ld. *B.* Watching me? Why I had none but my own Servants by Turns——

Sab. I mean attending to give Notice of your Death: I had all your long Fit of Sickness last Winter at Half a Crown a Day, a Fellow waiting at your Gate to bring me Intelligence, but you unfortunately recovered, and I lost all my obliging Pains for your Service.

34 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Ld. B. Ha! ha! ha! *Sable*, thou'rt a very impudent Fellow. Half a Crown a Day to attend my Decease, and lo! thou reckon it to me?—

Sab. Look you, Gentlemen, don't stand staring at me—I have a Book at Home, which I call my Doom-day-Book, where I have every Man of Quality's Age and Distemper in Town, and know when you should drop—Nay, my Lord, if you had reflected upon your Mortality half so much as poor I have for you, you would not desire to return to Life thus—in short, I cannot keep this a Secret, under the whole Money I am to have for burying you.

Ld. B. *Trusty*, if you think it safe in you to obey my Orders after the Deed *Puzzle* told his Clerk of, pay it him——

Tru. I should be glad to give it out of my own Pocket, rather than be without the Satisfaction of seeing you Witnests to it.

Ld. B. I heartily believe thee, dear *Trusty*——

Sab. Then my Lord, the Secret of your being alive is now safe with me.

Tru. I'll warrant I'll be revenged of this unconscionable Dog——[*Aside.*] My Lord, you must to your Closet——I fear somebody's coming——

[*Exeunt Sable one Way, Ld. B. and Trusty another.*]

SCENE *draws and discovers Lady Sharlot reading at a Table——Lady Harriot playing at a Glafs to and fro, and viewing herself.*

L. Ha. Nay, good sage Sister, you may as well talk to me. [*Looking at herself as she speaks*] as sit staring at a Book which I know you can't attend—Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting *Francis Lord Hardy*, now Earl of *Brumpton*, out of your Head, or making him absent from your Eyes: Do but look at me now, and deny it if you can.

L. Sb. You are the maddest Girl—— [*Smiling.*]

L. Ha. Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear laughing——[*Looking over Sharlot*] Oh I see his Name

Name as plain as you do—*F-r-a-n-c-i-s-cis, Francis*, 'tis in every line of the Book.

L. Sb. [*Rising.*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind any thing in such impertinent Company—but granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord *Hardy*—'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self—

L. Ha. No, I think not—Yes, I grant you than really to be vain at one's Person, but I don't admire myself—Pish! I don't believe my Eyes have that Softness—[*Looking in the Glass.*] They an't so piercing: No, 'tis only Stuff, the Men will be talking—Some People are such Admirers of Teeth—Lord, what signifies Teeth? [*Showing her Teeth*] A very Black-a-moor has as white Teeth as I—No, Sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a Spirit of Contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in Love with myself, only to rival the Men—

L. Sb. Ay, but Mr. *Campley* will gain Ground ev'n of that Rival of his, your dear self—

L. Ha. Oh! what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent Intruder—A confident opinionative Fop—No indeed, if I am, as a Poetical Lover of mine sigh'd and sung of both Sexes,

The publick Envy, and the publick Care,

I shan't be so easily catch'd—I thank him—I want but to be sure, I shou'd heartily torment him, by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this Life or not.

L. Sb. Indeed, Sister, to be serious with you, this Vanity in your Humour does not at all become you!

L. Ha. Vanity! All the Matter is, we gay People are more sincere than you wise Folks: All your Life's an Art—Speak your Soul—Look you there—[*Haling her to the Glass*] Are you not struck with a secret Pleasure, when you view that Bloom in your Look, that Harmony in your Shape, that Promptitude of your Mien!

L. Sb. Well, Simpleton, if I am at first so silly as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a Fault, and take Pains to correct it.

L. Ha. Pshaw! Pshaw! talk this musty Tale to old Mrs. *Fardingale*, 'tis too soon for me to think at that Rate---

L. Sb. They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late——But tell me honestly, don't you like *Campley*?

L. Ha. The Fellow is not to be abhorr'd, if the forward Thing did not think of getting me so easily——Oh——I hate a heart I can't break when I please——What makes the Value of dear China, but that 'tis so brittle!——were it not for that, you might as well have stone Mugs in your Closet——

L. Sb. Hift, hift, here's *Fardingale*——

Enter Fardingale.

Far. Lady *Harriot*, Lady *Scharlot*——I'll entertain you now; I've a new Song just come hot out of the Poet's Brain: Lady *Scharlot*, my Cousin *Campley* writ it, and 'tis set to a pretty Air I warrant you.

L. Ha. 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his Writing.
[*Flings away.*]

Far. Come, come——this is not one of your Tringham Tringham, witty Things, that your poor Poets write; no, 'tis well known my Cousin *Campley* has two thousand Pounds a Year——But this is all Dissimulation in you.

L. Sb. 'Tis so indeed, for your Cousin's Song's very pretty, Mrs. *Fardingale*.

Reads.

*Let not Love on me bestow,
Soft Distress, and tender Wee;
I know none but substantial Bliss,
Eager Glances, solid Kisses;
I know not what the Lovers feign,
Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain;
Then pr'thee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all thy Joy.*

But *Harriot* thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's your Cousin Campley to wait on you without—

Far. Let him come in—we shall have the Song now—

Enter Campley.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient Servant—Your Servant, Lady *Sharlot*—Servant, Lady *Harriot*—[*Harriot looks grave upon him*] What's the Matter, dear Lady *Harriot*—Not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concern'd—[*pulls out a Bottle*] This is a most excellent Spirit—snuff it up, Madam—

L. *Ha.* Pish—the familiar Coxcomb frets me heartily—

Cam. 'Twill over, I hope, immediately.

L. *Sb.* Your Cousin *Fardingale* has shewn us some of your Poetry; there's the Spinnet, Mr. *Campley*, I know you're musical.

Cam. She should not have call'd it my Poetry.

Far. No: Who waits there—Pray bring my Lute out of the next Room—

Enter Servant with a Lute.

You must know I con'd this Song before I came in, and find it will go to an excellent Air of old Mr. *Law's*'s, who was my Mother's intimate Acquaintance: My Mother's, what do I talk of? I mean my Grand-mother's,—O here's the Lute—Cousin *Campley*, hold the Song upon your Hat. [*aside to him*] 'Tis a pretty Gallantry to a Relation.

Sings and squalls.

Let not love, &c.

Oh! I have left off these Things many a Day.

Cam. No; I profess, Madam, you do it admirably—but are not assur'd enough—Take it higher [*in her own Squall*] Thus—I know your Voice will bear it.

L. *Ha.* Oh hideous! Oh the gross Flatterer—I shall burst—Mrs. *Fardingale*, pray go on, the Musick fits the Words most aptly—Take it higher, as your Cousin advises.—

Far. Oh dear Madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to please you—for I can't sing, alas!

L. *Sb.*

38 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

L. Sh. We know it, good Madam, we know it—
But pray—

Far. *Let not Love, and substantial Blisses,* is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the Tune [*Curtseys to the Company.*] Now I took it higher—

L. Ha. Incomparably done! nothing can equal it, except your Cousin sang his own Poetry—

Cam. Madam, from my Lord *Hardy*—[*Delivers a Letter to Lady Sharlot*] How do you say, my Lady *Harriot*, except I sing it myself! then I assure you I will—

L. Sh. I han't Patience, I must go read my Letter.
[*Exit.*]

Cam. Sings, *Let not Love, &c.*

Far. Bless me, what becomes of Lady *Sharlot*?

L. Ha. Mrs. *Fardingale*, Mrs. *Fardingale*, what must we lose you?—
[*Going after her.*]

Campley runs to the Door, takes the Key out, and locks her in.

What means this Insolence? a Plot upon me—Do you know who I am—

Cam. Yes, Madam, you're my Lady *Harriot Lovely*, with ten Thousand Pounds in your Pocket; and I am Mr. *Camp'ey* with two Thousand a Year—of Quality enough to pretend to you—And I do design, before I leave this Room, to hear you talk like a reasonable Woman, as Nature has made you.—Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce—and discompose yourself and your Dress—

L. Ha. If there are Swords, if they are Men of Honour, and not all Dastards, Cowards that pretend to this injur'd Person —
[*Running round the Room.*]

Cam. Ay, ay, Madam, let 'em come—That's putting me in my Way, Fighting's my Trade—but you've us'd all Mankind too ill to expect so much Service—in short, Madam, were you a Fool, I should not desire to expostulate with you—
[*Seizing her Hand.*]

L. Ha. Unhand me, Ravisher—[*Pulls her Hand from him, Chases round the Room, Campley after her.*]

Cam.

Cam. But Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam!

Pr'ythee Cynthia look behind you, [Sings.
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you.

L. Ha. Age, Wrinkles, Small-Pox, nay, any Thing that's most abhorrent to Youth and Bloom, were welcome in the Place of so detested a Creature.

Cam. No such Matter, Lady Harriot, I would not be a vain Coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable, nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your Servant. Was I immediately transformed because I became your Lover?

L. Ha. My Lover, Sir? did I ever give you Reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes, you did in your using me ill---for if you did not assume upon the Score of my pretending to you, how do you answer yourself some parts of your Behaviour to me as a Gentleman---'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good Sense I know you Mistress of. Do but consider, Madam, I have long lov'd you---bore with this fantastick Humour through all its Mazes---Nay, do not frown---for 'tis no better---I say, I have bore with this Humour, but would you have me with an unmanly Servitude feed it---No, I love with too sincere, too honest a Devotion---and would you have your Mind as faultless as your Person, which 'twould be, if you'll lay aside this Vanity of being pursued with Sighs, with Flatteries, with Nonsense.---[*She walks about less violently, but more confus'd.*] Oh my Heart akes at the Disturbance which I give her, but she must not see it---[*aside.*] Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you are in my Power; I should be then too generous to thwart your Inclination.

L. Ha. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey Reason as soon as I see it---[*Aside.*] Since so, Mr. Campley, I can as ingeniously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an Error.

[*Looking down on her Fan.*

Cam. Nay that's too great a Condescension: Oh! Excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but Justice in you to demand

mand my Knees, [*Kneeling.*] my Sighs, my constant tenderest Regard and Service—And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em——

L. Ha. Nay, Mr. *Campley*, you won't recal me to a Fault you have so lately shewn me—I will not suffer this—no more Ecstasies! But pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my Sister out of the Room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord *Hardy* there, who writ to her by me—For he is no Ravither, as you call'd me just now.—He is now in the House—And I would fain gain an Interview——

L. Ha. That they may have---But they'll make little Use of it: for the Tongue is the Instrument of Speech to us of a lower Form; they are of that high Order of Lovers, who know none but eloquent Silence, and can utter themselves only by a Gesture that speaks their Passion inexpressible—and what not fine Things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your Sister's Closet, while they are together.

L. Ha. I swear I don't know how to see my Sister---she'll laugh me to Death to see me out of my Pantofles, and you and I thus familiar—However, I know she'll approve it.

Cam. You may boast yourself an Heroine to her, and the first Woman that was ever vanquished by hearing Truth, and had Sincerity enough to receive so rough an Obligation, as being made acquainted with her Faults--Come, Madam, stand your Ground bravely, we'll march in to her thus. [*She leaning on Campley.*]

L. Ha. Who'll believe a Woman's Anger more? I've betray'd the whole Sex to you, Mr. *Campley*. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Camp. My Lord, her Sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither---But be yourself---Charge her bravely—I wish she were a Cannon—An eighteen Pounder for your Sake—Then I know, were there Occasion, you'd be in the Mouth of her——

L. H.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 41

L. H. I long, yet fear to see her—I know I am unable to utter myself—

Cam. Come, retire here 'till she appears.

Enter Lady Sharlot.

L. Sb. Now is the tender Moment now approaching. [*aside.*] There he is [*They approach and salute each other trembling.*] Your Lordship will please to sit; [*After a very long Pause, stolen Glances, and irresolute Gesture.*] Your Lordship, I think, has travelled those Parts of *Italy* where the Armies are—

L. H. Yes, Madam—

Ld. Sb. I think I have Letters from you, dated *Mantua*.

Ld. H. I hope you have, Madam, and that their Purpose—

Ld. Sb. My Lord?— [*Looking serious and confus'd.*

Ld. H. Was not your Ladyship going to say something?

Ld. Sb. I only attended to what your Lordship was going to say—That is, my Lord—But you were, I believe, going to say something of that Garden of the World, *Italy*—I am very sorry your Misfortunes in *England* are such as make you justly regret your leaving that Place.

Ld. H. There is a Person in *England* may make those Losses insensible to me—

Ld. Sb. Indeed, my Lord, there have so very few of Quality attended his Majesty in the War, that your Birth and Merit may well hope for his Favour.

Ld. H. I have, indeed, all the Zeal in the World for his Majesty's Service, and most grateful Affection for his Person, but did not then mean him—

Ld. Sb. But can you indeed impartially say that our Island is really preferable to the rest of the World, or is it an Arrogance only in us to think so?

Ld. H. I profess, Madam, that little I have seen has but more endeared *England* to me; for that Medley of Humours which perhaps distracts our publick Affairs, does, methinks improve our private Lives, and makes Conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing

sing—Every where else both Men and Things have the same Countenance—In *France* you meet much Civility and little Friendship; in *Holland* deep Attention, but little Reflection; in *Italy*, all Pleasure, but no Mirth—But here with us, where you have every where Pretenders, or Masters in every Thing, you can't fall into Company—wherein you shall not be instructed or diverted.

L. *Sb.* I never had an Account of any Thing from you my Lord, but I mourn'd the loss of my Brother, you would have been so happy a Companion for him--With that right Sense of yours—My Lord, you need not bow so obsequiously, for I do you but Justice—But you sent me Word of your seeing a Lady in *Italy* very like me—Did you visit her often?

L. *H.* Once or twice, but I observed her so loose a Creature, that I could have killed her for having your Person—

L. *Sb.* I thank you, Sir, ; but Heav'n that preserves me unlike her, will, I hope, make her more like me—But your Fellow-Traveller—His Relations themselves know not a just Account of him—

L. *H.* The original Cause of his Fever was a violent Passion for a fine young Woman he had not Power to speak to—but I told her his Regard for her as passionately as possible—

L. *Sb.* You were to him, what Mr. *Campley* has been to you---Whither am I running---Poor, your Friend---Poor Gentleman---

Ld. *H.* I hope then as *Campley's* Eloquence is greater, so has been his Success—

L. *Sb.* My Lord?

Ld. *H.* Your Ladyship's.

Enter Lady Harriot.

L. *Ha.* Undone! Undone! *Tattleaid* has found, by some Means or other, that *Campley* brought my Lord *Hardy* hither; we are utterly ruin'd, my Lady's coming—

Ld. *H.* I'll stay and confront her.

L. *Sb.* It must not be—we are too much in her Power.

Enter

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 43

Enter Campley.

Cam. Come, come, my Lord, we're routed Horse and Foot—Down the back Stairs and so out [*Exeunt.*

Ladies. Ay, ay——

L. Ha. I tremble every Joint of me——

L. Sh. I'm at a Stand a little, but Rage will recover me ; she's coming in——

Enter Widow.

Wid. Ladies, your Servant—I fear I interrupt you, have you Company ? Lady *Harriot*, your Servant, Lady *Shariot*, your Servant ? What, not a Word—Oh, I beg your Ladyship's Pardon—Lady *Sharlot* did I say ? My young Lady *Brumpton*, I wish you Joy.

L. Sh. O, your Servant, Lady Dowager *Brumpton*—That's an Appellation of much more Joy to you——

Wid. So smart, Madam ; but you should, methinks, have made one acquainted—Yet, Madam, your Conduct is seen through——

L. Sh. My Conduct, Lady *Brumpton* !

Wid. Your Conduct, Lady *Sharlot* !

[*Coming up to each other.*

L. Sh. Madam, 'tis you are seen through all your thin Disguises——

Wid. I seen ? By whom ?

L. Sh. By an all-piercing Eye, nay, by what you much more fear, the eye of the World—The World sees you, or shall see you : it shall know your secret Intemperance, your public Fasting—Loose Poems in your Closet, an Homily on your Toilet—Your easy skilful practis'd Hypocrisy, by which you wrought upon your Husband basely to transfer the Trust and Ward of us, two helpless Virgins, into the Hands and Care of—I cannot name it—You're a wicked Woman.

L. Ha. [*Aside.*] Oh rare Sister ! 'Tis a fine Thing to keep one's Anger in stock by one ; we that are angry and pleas'd every half Hour, having nothing at all of all this high-flown Fury ! Why, she rages like a Princess in a Tragedy ! Blessings on her Tongue——

Wid. Is this the Effect of your Morning Lectures, your Self-Examination, all this Fury. L,

44 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

L. Sb. Yes, it is, Madam, if I take Pains to govern my Passions, it shall not give Licence to others to govern 'em for me——

Wid. Well, Lady *Sharlot*, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take Care, while there are Locks and Bars, to keep you from Lord *Hardy*—From being a Leiger Lady, from carrying a Knapfack.

L. Sb. Knapfack! Do you upbraid the Poverty your own wicked Arts have brought him to—Knapfack! Oh grant me Patience, can I hear this of the Man I love? Knapfack! I have not Words [*Stamps about the Rooms.*]

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it; Love and Anger are very warm Passions—— [Exit.

L. Sb. She has lock'd us in——

L. H. Knapfack? Well, I will break Walls to go to him—I could sit down and cry my Eyes out! Dear Sister, what a Rage have I been in? Knapfack? I'll give Vent to my just Resentment—Oh how shall I avoid this base Woman, how meet that excellent Man! What an helpless Condition are you and I in now? If we run into the world, that Youth and Innocence, which should demand Assistance, does but attract Invaders: Will Providence guard us? How do I see that our Sex is naturally indigent of Protection?—I hope 'tis in Fate to crown our Loves; for it is only in the Protection of Men of Honour, that we are naturally truly safe;

*And Woman's Happiness, for all her Scorn,
Is only by that Side whence she was born.*

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.

Ld. H. **T**HAT Jade *Tattleaid* saw me upon the Stairs, for I had not Patience to keep my Concealment, but must peep out to see what was become of you.

Cam. But we have Advice, however, it seems from the Garrison already—this Mistress of *Trim's* is a mighty lucky Accident——

Trim. Ay, Gentlemen, she has free Egress and Regress, and you know the *French* are the best bred People in the World—she'll be assistant—but 'Faith, I have one Scruple that hangs about me—and that is,—Look you, my Lord, we Servants have no Masters in their Absence—In a Word, when I am with *Mademoiselle* I talk of your Lordship as only a particular Acquaintance, that I do Business indeed for you sometimes—I must needs say, cries I, that indeed my Lord *Hardy* is really a Person I have a great Honour for—

Ld. H. Pish! is that all? I understand you—your Mistress does not know that you do me the Honour to clean my Shoes or so, upon Occasion—Pr'ythee, *Will*, make yourself as considerable as you please.

Trim. Well then, your Lesson is this——She out of her Respect to me, and understanding Mr. *Campley* was an Intimate of my Friend my Lord *Hardy*, and condescending (tho' she is of a great House in *France*) to make Mantua's for the Improvement of the *English*—which gives her easy Admittance—She, I say, mov'd by these Promises, has vouchsafed to bring a Letter from my Lady *Harriot* to Mr. *Campley*, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to understand also, that she is dress'd in the latest *French* Cut; her Dress is the Model

her Habit, and herself of their Manners—for she is—
But you shall see her—— [Exit.

Ld. H. This gives me some Life!—Cheer up, *Tom*—
—but behold the Solemnity—Do you see *Trim's* Gallany? I shall laugh out.

Enter Trim leading in Mademoiselle.

Trim. My dear Lord *Hardy*, this is Mademoiselle *d'Epingle*, whose Name you've often heard me sigh—
[*Lord Hardy salutes her*] Mr. *Campley*—Mademoiselle *d'Epingle*. [*Campley salutes her.*]

Mad. Votre Servant, Gentlemen, votre Servante—

Cam. I protest to you, I never saw any Thing so becoming as your Dress—shall I beg the Favour you'd condescend to let Mr. *Trim* lead you once round the Room, that I may admire the Elegance of your Habit—— [*Trim leads her round.*]

Ld. H. How could you ask such a Thing?

Cam. Pshaw, my Lord, your a bashful *English* Fellow—You see she is not surprized at it, but thinks me gallant in desiring it---Oh, Madam! your Air!--The Negligence, the Disengagement of your Manner! O how delicate is your noble Nation—I swear, there's none but the clumsy *Dutch* and *English* would oppose such polite Conquerors—When shall you see an *English* Woman so dress'd?

Mad. De Englife! poor Barbarians, poor Savages, dey know no more of de Dress, but to cover dere Nakedness [*glides along the Room.*] Dey be cloded, but no dress'd—But Montieur *Terim*, which Monsieur *Campley*?

Trim. That's honest *Tom Campley*——

Cam. At your Service, Mademoiselle——

Mad. I fear I incur de Censure, [*pulling out the Letter and recollecting as loth to deliver it*] but Mr. *Terim* being your intimate Friend, and I designing to honour him in de way of an Husband—So, so, how do I run away in Discourse—I never make Promise to Mr. *Terim* before, and now do it par Accident——

Cam. Dear *Will Trim* is extremely obliging in having prevail'd upon you to do a Thing, that the Severity of
your

your Virtue, and the Greatness of your Quality (though a Stranger in the Country you now honour by your dwelling in it) would not let you otherwise condescend to——

Mad. Oh Monsieur! Oh Monsieur! you speak my very Thoughts—Oh! I don't know how! Pardon me to give a Billet—it so look! O fy! I cannot stay after it—[*Drops it, runs affectedly to the other End of the Room, then quite out, re-enters*] I beg ten Thousand Pardons for go so mal a propos. [*Curtseys as going.*]

Ld. H. Your Servant, good Madam—*Mr. Trim*, you know you command here—pray, if Madam d'Epingle will honour our Cottage with longer Stay, wait on her in and entertain her—pray, Sir, be free——

Trim. My Lord, you know your Power over me. I'm all Complaisance—— [*Leads her out.*]

Cam. Now to my dear Epistle——

S I R,

*T*HERE is one Thing which you were too generous to touch upon in our last Conversation---We have Reason to fear the Widow's Practices in relation to our Fortunes, if you are not too quick for her--I ask Lady Sharlot whether this is not her Sense to Lord Hardy—She says nothing, but lets me write on—These People always have, and will have Admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient Servant,

Harriot Lovely.

My obedient Servant!

Thy Obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now—ten Thousand Thousand Kisses on thee—Thou dear Paper—Look you, my Lord—What a pretty Hand it is?

Ld. H. Why, *Tom*, thou dost not give me Leave to see it—you snatch it to your Mouth so—you'll fiddle the poor Lady——

Cam.

48 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Cam. Look you, my Lord, all along the Lines, here went the Pen, and through the white Intervals her snowy Fingers. Do you see, this is her Name——

Ld. H. Nay, there's Lady *Sbarlot*'s Name too in the midst of the Letter——Why, you'll not be so unconscionable——you're so greedy, you'll give me one Kifs sure——

Cam. Well, you shall, but you're so eager——don't bite me—for you shan't have it in your own Hands——there, there, there——Let go my hand——

Ld. H. What an exquisite Pleasure there is in this Foolery——But what shall we do?

Cam. I have a Thought; pry'thee, my Lord, call *Trim*.

Ld. H. Ha, *Trim*——

Cam. Hold, Mr. *Trim*——You forget his Mistress is there.

Ld. H. Cra'mercy——Dear *Will Trim*, step in hither.

Cam. Ay, that's something——

Enter Trim.

Trim, have not I seen a young Woman sometime carry *Madam d'Epingle*'s Trinkets for her, coming from my Lady *Brumpton*'s——

Trim. Yes, you might have seen such a one, she waits for her now——

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me to be dress'd in that Wench's Cloaths, and attend your Mistress in her Stead thither? They'll not dream we should so soon attempt again——

Trim. Yes, I'll engage it——

Cam. Then we'll trust the Rest to our good Genius, I'll about it instantly——*Harriot Lovely*——

[*Exit kissing the Letter.*]

Enter Widow and Tattleaid.

Wid. This was well done of you; be sure you, take Care of their young Ladyships; you shall, I promise you, have a Snip in the Sale of 'em.

Tat. I thank your good Ladyship.

Wid. Is that the Porter's Paper of How d'ye's?

Tat. Yes, Madam, he just sent it up——His general
Answer

Answer is, that you're as well as can be expected in your Condition, but that you see no Body——

Wid. That's right——[*reading Names.*] *Lady Riggle*, *Lady Formal*——Oh! that *Riggle*, a pert Ogler——an indiscreet silly Thing, who is really known by no Man, yet for her Carriage justly thought common to all; and as *Formal* has only the Appearance of Virtue, so she has only the Appearance of Vice——What Chance, I wonder, put these Contradictions to each other into the same Coach, as you say they call'd——*Mrs. Frances* and *Mrs. Winnifred Glebe*——who are they?

Tat. They are the Country great Fortunes, have been out of Town this whole Year; they are those whom your Ladyship said upon being very well born, took upon 'em to be very ill bred——

Wid. Did I say so? really I think 'twas apt enough, now I remember 'em: *Lady Wrinkle*——Oh, that smug old Woman! there's no enduring her Affectation of Youth, but I plague her; I always ask whether her Daughter in *Wiltshire* has a Grandchild yet or not——*Lady Worth*——I can't bear her Company, she has so much of that Virtue in her Heart, which I have in my Mouth only. [*Aside.*] *Mrs. After-Day*——Oh, that's she that was the great Beauty——the mighty Toast about Town, that's just come out of the Small Pox, she's horribly pitted they say; I long to see her and plague her with my Condolence——'Tis a pure ill-natur'd Satisfaction to see one that was a Beauty unfortunately move with the same Languor, and Softness of Behaviour, that once was charming in her——To see, I say, her mortify that us'd to kill——Ha, ha, ha! The rest are a Catalogue of mere Names or Titles they were born to, an insipid Croud of the neither good nor bad——But you are sure these other Ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their coming——

Tat. No, dear Madam, they are to ask for me——

Wid. I hear a Coach——

[*Exit Tat.*]
I've now an exquisite Pleasure in the Thought of surpassing my Lady *Sly*, who pretends to have outgriev'd the whole Town for her Husband——They are certainly coming——

—Oh no! here let me—Thus let me sit and think—
[Widow on her Couch, while she is raving as to herself, Tattleaid softly brings in the Ladies.] Wretched disconsolate as I am! Oh welcome,—welcome dear killing Anguish—Oh that I could lie down and die in my present Heaviness—But what—how? Nay, my dear, dear Lord—Why do you look so pale, so ghastly at me, Wottoo, Wottoo, fright thy own trembling shivering Wife—

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me— *[Pushes Tat.]*

Tat. Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your Ladyship's own Woman—'Tis I, Madam, that dress you, and talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the House every Day; 'tis I—

Wid. Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am left—speak to me not—hold me not—I'll break the list'ning walls with my Complaints. *[Looks surprised at seeing Company, then severely at Tattleaid.]* Ah! Tattleaid—

1 La. Nay, Madam, be not angry at her, we would come in spite of her—We are your Friends, and are as concern'd as you—

Wid. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam! I am an undone Woman—Oh me! Alas! Alas! Oh! Oh! *[All join in her Notes.]* I swoon, I expire. *[Faints.]*

2 La. Pray, Mrs. Tattleaid, bring something that is cordial to her. *[Exit Tattleaid.]*

3 La. Indeed, Madam, you should have Patience, his Lordship was old. To die is but going before in a Journey we must all take.

Enter Tattleaid loaded with Bottles. 3d Lady takes a Bottle from her and drinks.

4 La. Lord! how my Lady Fleer drinks; I've heard, indeed, but never could believe it of her. *[Drinks also.]*

1 La. But, Madam, don't you hear what the Town says of the Jilt Flirt, the Men lik'd so much in the Park—Hark ye—was seen with him in an Hackney Coach—and Silk Stockings—Key-hole—his Wig—on the Chair,—

[Whispers by Interruption,

2 La.

2 *La.* Impudent *Flirt* to be found out!

3 *La.* But I speak it only to you —

4 *La.* Nor I but to one more— [*Whispers next Woman.*]

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it,
Madam — [*Whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. Sure 'tis impossible! the demure prim Thing—
sure all the World's Hypocrisy—Well, I thank my
Stars, whatsoever Sufferings I have, I've none in Reputa-
tion. I wonder at the Men, I could never think her hand-
some. She has really a good Shape and Complexion, but
no Mien, and no Woman has the Use of her beauty with-
out Mien. Her Charms are dumb, they want Utterance.
But whither does Distraction lead me to talk of Charms?

1 *La.* Charms? a Chit's, a Girl's Charms—Come
let us Widows be true to ourselves, keep our Counte-
nances, and our Characters, and a Fig for the Maids, I
mean the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our Knowledge,
why should not we for their Ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o' Sunday Morning at Church I
curtied to you; and look'd at a great Fuls in a glaring
light dress next Pew. That strong masculine Thing is a
Knight's Wife, pretends to all the Tendernefs in the
World! and would fain put the Unwieldly upon us for
the soft, the languid! She has of a sudden left her Dairy,
and sets up for a fine Town-Lady, calls her Maid *Sissy* her
Woman, speaks to her by her Surname, Mrs. *Cherry* first, and
her great Foot-Boy of Nineteen, big enough for a Trooper
is stripped into a Lace Coat, now Mr. Page, forsooth.

4 *La.* Oh! I have seen her—Well, I heartily pity some
People for their Wealth, they might have been unknown
else! You'd die, Madam, to see her and her Equipage
—I thought the honest fat Tits, her Horses, were ashamed
of their Finery; they dragg'd on, as if they were still
at Plough, and a great bashful-look'd Booby behind,
grasp'd the Coach, as if he had held one.

5 *La.* Alas! some People think there's nothing but
being fine to be genteel: but the high Prance of the
Horses, and the brisk Insolence of the Servants in an

Equipage of Quality, are inimitable, but to our own Beasts and Servants.

1 *La.* Now you talk of Equipage, I envy this Lady the Beauty she'll appear in in a Mourning Coach, 'twill so become her Complexion; I confess I myself mourn'd two Years for no other Reason. Take up that Hood there; Oh! that fair Face with a Vail.

[*They take up her Hood.*]

Wid. Fye, fye, Ladies—but I've been told, indeed, black does become——

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the Liberty to speak it, there's young *Nutbrain* has long had (I'll be sworn) a Passion for this Lady: but I'll tell you one Thing, I fear she'll dislike, that is, he's younger than she is.

3 *La.* No, that's no Exception; but I'll tell you, ten he's younger than his Brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such Affairs: Who could love such an unhappy Relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what Grounds have you for that idle Story?

4 *La.* Why, he toasts you, and trembles when you're spoke of; it must be a Match,

Wid. Nay, nay; you rally, you rally; But I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do.

[*Tattleaid whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. But I must beseech you, Ladies, since you have been so compassionate as to visit and accompany my Sorrow, to give me the only Comfort I can now know to see my Friends chearful, and to honour an Entertainment *Tattleaid* has prepared within for you: If I can find Strength enough I'll attend you; but I wish you'd excuse me, for I've no Relish of Food or Joy, but will try to get a Bit down in my own Chamber.

All. No, no, you must go with us.

1 *La.* There's no Pleasure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your Ladyship not to be so importune to my fresh Calamity, as to mention *Nutbrain* any more: I'm sure there's nothing in it; In Love with me, quoth a'

[*Is helped off.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Mademoiselle, and Campley in Women's Clothes, carrying her Things.

Mad. I very glad us be in de Ladies Antichamber; I was shamed of you. You yon such impudent Look: Besides me wonder you were not seized by the Constable, when you push'd de Man into de Kennel.

Cam. Why, shou'd I have let him kifs'd me?

Mad. No; but if you had hit him wit Fan, and say, why sure Saucy box, it been enough; beside what you hitted de Gentleman for offer kisse me.

Cam. I beg Pardon, I did not know you were pleased with it.

Mad. Please no, but me rader be kisse den you, Mr. Terim's Friend, be found out. Cou'd not you say when he kisse me, sure Saucy box dat's Meat for your Master. Besides you take such Strides when you walk—walk—Oh fyè; dese little pette tiny bits a Woman steps.

[Shewing her Step.]

Cam. But, pr'ythee, *Mademoiselle*, why have you lost your *English* l'ongue all of a sudden; methought when the Feliow call'd us *French Whores*, as we came along, and said we came to starve their own People, you gave him pretty plain *English*; he was a Dog, a Rascal, you'd send to the Stocks——

Mad. Ha! ha! ha! I was in a Passion, and betrayed myself, but you're my Lover's Friend, and a Man of Honour, therefore know you'll do nothing to injure us. Why, Mr. *Campley*, you must know I can speak as good *English* as you, but I don't, for fear of losing my Customers: The *English* will never give a Price for any Thing they understand. Nay, I've known some of your Fools pretend to buy with good Breeding, and give any Rate rather than not be thought to have *French* enough to know what they are doing; strange and far-fetched Things they only like; don't you see how they swallow Gallons of the Juice of Tea, while their own Dock-leaves are trod under Foot, mum: my Lady *Harriot*.

Enter Lady Harriot.

Madam, votre Servant, Servante——

L. H. Well, Mademoiselle, did you deliver my Letter?

Mad. Ovi——

L. Ha. Well and how—is that it in your Hand?

Mad. Ovi——

L. Ha. Well then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. O fye! Lady, dat be so right Englise, de Englise mind only de Words of de Lovers, but de Words of de Lovers are often Lie, but de Action no Lie—

L. Ha. What does the Thing mean? Give me my Letter——

Mad. Me did not deliver your Letter——

L. Ha. No?

Mad. No, me tell you, me did drop it, to see Mr. Campley how Cavalier to take it up. As dese me drop it so Monsieur run to take it up——

[*They both run to take it up. Mad. takes it.*]

L. Ha. Ovi—But dus he do—Dere de Letter—— very well, very well. O L'Amour! You act de manner Mr. Campley——take it up better than I, do' you no see it?

[*They both run, Harriot gets it.*]

L. H. Reads.

M A D A M,

I AM glad you mention'd what indeed I did not at that Time think of, nor if I had, shou'd I have known how to have spoken of. But bless me more than Fortune can, by turning those fair Eyes upon, Madam,

Your most Faithful,

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

Thomas Campley.

What does he mean? But bless me more—by turning——Oh 'tis he himself—[*Looking about observes Cam. smile.*] Oh the Hoyden—the Romp—I did not think any Thing could add to your native Confidence, but you look so very bold in that Dress——and your Arms will fall off——And your Petticoats how they hang!

Cam,

Cam. Mademoiselle Voulez vous de *Salville L'eau d'Hongrie*, Chez Monsieur Marchant de *Montpellier*—Dis for your Teet [*showing his Trinkets.*] De Essence, a little Book French for teach de elder Broders make Compliments. Will you, I say, have any Thing that I have, will you have all I have?—Madam.

L. Ha. Yes, and for the Humour's Sake, will never part with this Box, while I live, ha! ha! ha!

Cam. But, Lady Harriot, we must not stand laughing; as you observe in your Letter, Delays are dangerous in this wicked Woman's Custody of you—therefore I must, Madam, beseech you, and pray stay not on Niceties, but be advis'd.

L. Ha. Mr. Campley, I have no Will but your's.

Cam. Thou dear Creature—but [*Kisses her Hand*] Hark'ye, then you must change Dresses with *Mademoiselle*, and go with me instantly.

L. Ha. What you please—

Cam. Madam *D'Epingle*, I must desire you to comply with a Humour of Gallantry of ours, you may be sure I'll have an Eye over the Treatment you have upon my Account, only to change Habits with Lady Harriot, and let her go while you stay.

Mad. Wit all my Heart. [*Offers to undress herself.*]

L. Ha. What, before Mr. Campley?

Mad. Oh, oh, very *Anglaise*! Dat is so *Englise*, all Woman of Quality in *France* are dress and undress, by a Valet de Chambre, de Man Chamber-maid help Complexion, better den de Woman. [*Apart to Har.*]

L. Ha. Nay, that's a Secret in Dress, *Mademoiselle*, I never knew before, and am so unpolished an *English* Woman as to resolve never to learn ev'n to dress before my Husband. Oh! Indecency! Mr. Campley, do you hear what *Mademoiselle* says—

Mad. Oh! Hift—Bégatelle.

L. Ha. Well, we'll run in and be ready in an Instant.

[*Exeunt, L. Harriot and Mademoiselle.*]

Cam. Well, I like her every Minute better and better. What a delicate Chastity she has! There's something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives (tho' they're honest

56 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

too) that they lose their Husband's Hearts for Faults, which if they have either good Nature or good Breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of. But how happy am I in such a Friend as *Hardy*, such a Mistress as *Harriet*!

*Continue Heav'n, a grateful Heart to bless
With Faith in Friendship, and in Love Success.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Widow and Trusty.

Wid. **M**R. *Trusty*, you have, I do assure you, the same Place and Power, in the Management of my Lord *Brumpton's* Estate, as in his Life time. (I am reduced to a Necessity of trusting him) [*aside*] However *Tattleaid* dissembles the Matter, she must be privy to Lady *Harriet's* Escape, and *Fardingle's* as deep with 'em both, and I fear will be their Ruin, which 'tis my Care and Duty to prevent. Be vigilant, and you shall be rewarded. I shall employ you wholly in Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs, she is able to pay Services done for her. You've Sense, and understand me. [*Exit Widow.*]

Tru. Yes, I do indeed understand you, and could wish another could with as much Detestation as I do, but my poor old Lord is so strangely, so bewitchedly enamoured of her, that even after this Discovery of her Wickedness, I see he could be reconcil'd to her, and though he is ashamed to confess to me, I know he longs to speak with her. If I tell Lord *Hardy* all, to make his Fortune, he would not let his Father be dishonoured by a publick Way of Separation. If Things are acted privately, I know she'll throw us all; there's no Middle-way, I must expose her to make a Re-union impracticable: Alas! how is honest Truth banished the World, when we must watch the Seasons and soft Avenues to Mens Hearts,

to gain it Entrance ev'n for their own Good and Interest. [Exit.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.

Ld. H. I forget my own Misfortunes, dear *Campley*, when I reflect on your Success.

Cam. I assure you it moderates the Swell of Joy that I am in, to think of your Difficulties. I hope my Felicity is previous to your's; my Lady *Harriot* gives her Service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our Marriage, 'till your and Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs are in the same Posture.

L. H. Where is my Lady?

Cam. She's at my Aunt's, my Lord. But my Lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust Matters with Mr. *Trim*, for leaving his Mistress behind me, I fear he'll demand Satisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir; alas, I can know no Satisfaction while she is in Jeopardy. Therefore would rather be put in a Way to recover her by storming the Castle, or other Feat of Arms, like a true enamour'd Swain as I am.

Cam. Since we are all three then expecting Lovers, my Lord, pr'ythee let's have that Song of your's which suits our common Purpose.

L. H. Call in the Boy.

Boy sings.

*Ye Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And Chloe blushing to the Bower:
Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more:
Both, Chloe, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.*

II.

*A Guilty is a false Embrace;
Corinna's Love's a Fairy-Chace;
Begone, thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't survive Desire.
Chloe my Reason moves and Awe,
And Cupid shot me, when he saw.*

C 5

Trim.

Trim. Look you, Gentlemen, since as you are pleas'd to say we're all Lovers, and consequently Poets, pray do me the Honour to hear a little Air of mine : You must know then, I once had the Misfortune to fall in Love below myself, but Things went hard with us at that Time, so that my Passion, or as I may poetically speak, my Fire, was in the Kitchen : 'Twas towards a Cook-maid ; but before I ever saw Mrs. *Deborah*.

Ld. H. Come on then, *Trim*, let's have it.

Trim. I must run into next Room for a Lute. [*Exit.*]

Cam. This must be diverting ! can the Rogue play ?

Re-enter Trim, with a Pair of Tongs.

Trim. Dear *Cynderaxa* herself very well understood this Instrument, I therefore always sung this Song to it, as thus.

I.

Cynderaxa kind and good,
Has all my Heart and Stomach too ;
She makes me love, not hate, my Food,
As other peevish Wenches do.

II.

When Venus leaves her Vulcan's Cell,
Which all but I a Coal-hole call ;
Fly, fly, ye that above Stairs dwell,
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.

III.

And as she's fair she can impart
That Beauty to make all Things fine ;
Brightens the Floor with wondrous Art,
And at her Touch the Dishes shine.

Ld. H. I protest, *Will*, thou art a Poet indeed. And at her Touch the Dishes shine——And you touch your Lute as finely.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There's one Mr. *Trusty* below would speak with my Lord.

Ld. H. Mr. *Trusty*, my Father's Steward, what can he have to say to me ?

Cam.

Cam. He's very honest, to my Knowledge.

Ld. H. I remember indeed when I was turn'd out of the House, he follow'd me to the Gate, and wept over me, for which I've heard he'd like to have lost his Place. But however I must advise with you a little, about my Behaviour to him : let's in. Boy, bring him up hither, tell him I'll wait on him presently. [*Exit Boy.*
I shall want you, I believe, here, *Trim.* [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boy and Trusty.

Boy. My Lord will wait on you here immediately.

[*Exit Boy.*

Tru. 'Tis very well—these Lodgings are but homely for the Earl of *Brumpton*—Oh that damn'd Strumpet—that I should ever know my Master's Wife for such—How many thousand things does my Head run back to? After my poor Father's Death the good Lord took me, because he was a Captain in his Regiment, and gave me Education : I was, I think, Three and Twenty when this young Lord within was christened ; what ado there was about calling him *Francis* ? [*wipes his Eyes.*] These are but poor Lodgings for him. I cannot bear the Joy to think that I shall save the Family, from which I've had my Bread.

Enter Trim.

Trim. Sir, my Lord will wait on you immediately.

Tru. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait on him—[*as Trim is going.*] but, Sir, are not you the young Man that attended him at *Christ Church* in *Oxford*, and have follow'd him ever since ?

Trim. Yes, Sir, I am.

Tru. Nay, Sir, no harm, but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this old Fellow, I smell more Money.

[*Aside. Exit.*

Tru. I think it is now eight Years since I saw him, he was not then nineteen, when I follow'd him to the Gate, and gave him fifty Guineas, which I pretended his Father sent after him.

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. H. Mr. *Trusty*, I'm very glad to see you, you look very hale and jolly, you wear well—I'm glad to see it—but your Commands to me, Mr. *Trusty*.

Tru. Why, my Lord, I presume to wait on your Lordship; my Lord, you're strangely grown; you're your Father's very Picture; you're he, my Lord: You are the very Man that look'd so pleas'd, to see me look so fine in my lac'd Livery, to go to Court. I was his Page when he was just such another as you. He kiss'd me afore a great many Lords, and said I was a brave Man's Son, that taught him to exercise his Arms. I remember he carried me to the great Window, and bid me be sure to keep in your Mother's Sight in all my Finery. She was the finest young Creature, the Maids of Honour hated to see her at Court. My Lord then courted my good Lady: She was as kind to me on her Death-bed, she said to me, Mr. *Trusty*, take Care of my Lord's second Marriage for that Child's Sake: She pined as well as she could to you; you fell a crying, and said she should not die; but she did, my Lord; she left the World, and no one like her in't. Forgive me, my honour'd Master; [*Weeps, runs to my Lord, and hugs him.*] I've often carry'd you in these Arms that grasp you, they were stronger then, but if I die to-morrow you're worth Five Thousand Pounds by my Gift, 'tis what I've got in the Family, and I return it to you with thanks.—But alas, do I live to see you want it?

Ld. H. You confound me with all this Tenderneſs and Generoſity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer, my Lord—but—

Ld. H. Call it not a Trouble; for—

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I ſay, indulge myſelf in talking ſond Tales that melt me, and interrupt my Story: my Buſineſs to your Lordſhip in one Word, is this; I am in good Confidence at preſent with my Lady Dowager, and I know ſhe has ſome Fears upon her, which depend upon the Nature of the Settlement to your Diſſavour; and under the Roſe—Be yourſelf—

I fear

I fear your Father has not had fair play for his Life; be compos'd my Lord, what is to be done in this, we'll not apply to publick Justice in this case, 'till we see farther; 'twill make it noisy, which we must not do, if I might advise. You shall, with a Detachment of your Company, seize the Corps as it goes out of the House this Evening to be interr'd in the Country, 'twill only look like taking the Administration upon yourself, and commencing a Suit for the Estate; she has put off the lying in State, and Lady Harriot's Escape with Mr. Campley makes her fear he will prove a powerful Friend, both to the young Ladies and your Lordship. She cannot with Decency be so busy, as when the Corps is out of the House, therefore hastens it. I know your whole Affair, leave the Care of Lady Sharlot to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that she may'nt be frightned, and dispose of her safely to observe the Issue.

Ld. H. I wholly understand you, it shall be done.

Tru. I'm sure I am wanted this moment for your Interest at home. 'This Ring shall be the Passport of Intelligence, for whom you send to assault us, and the Remittance of it seal'd with this, shall be Authentick from within the House.

Ld. H. 'Tis very well.

Tru. Hope all you can wish, my Lord, from a certain Secret relating to the Estate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I see you. [Exit.

Ld. H. Your Servant—This Fellow's strangely honest—Ha! Will.

Enter Campley and Will.

Will, don't the Recruits wait for me to see 'em at their Parade before this House?

Trim. Yes, and have waited these three Hours.

Ld. H. Go to 'em, I'll be there myself immediately, we must attack with 'em, if the Rogues are sturdy, this very Evening.

Trim. I guess where—I'm overjoy'd at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in Chief.

Ld. H. I design you shall. [Trims runs out jumping.
Camp.

Camp. You seem, my Lord, to be in deep Meditation.

Ld. H. I am so, but not on any thing that you may not be acquainted with.

Enter Trim, with a Company of ragged Fellows, with a Cane.

1 Sol. Why then I find, *Mr. Trim*, we shall come to Blows before we see the *French*—

Trim. Harkee, Friend, 'tis not your Affair to guess or enquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us Commanders—

2 Sol. The *French*, Pox, they are but a Company of scratching Civet Cats—They fight?

Trim. Harkee, don't bluster—were not you a little mistaken in your Facings at *Steenkirk*?

2 Sol. I grant it; you know I have an Antipathy to the *French*—I hate to see the Dogs—Look you here, Gentlemen, I was shot quite through the Body—Look you.

Trim. Pry'thee, look, where it enter'd at your Back.

2 Sol. Look you, *Mr. Trim*, you will have your Joke, we know you are a Wit—But what's that to a fighting Man?

Enter Kate.

Kate. *Mr. Trim*,—*Mr. Trim*—

Trim. Things are not as they have been, *Mrs. Kate*, I now pay the Company—and we that pay Money expect a little more Ceremony—

Kate. Will your Honour please to taste some right *French Brandy*?

Trim. Art thou sure, good Woman, 'tis right? [*Drinks.*] How—*French*—pray—nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the Men— [*Drinks.*]

Kate. Pray good Master, have you spoke to my Lord about me?

Trim. I have, but you shall speak to him yourself—thou hast been a true Campaigner, *Kate*, and we must not neglect thee—Do you sell grey Pease yet of an Evening—*Mrs. Matchlock*— [*Drinks again.*]

Kate.

Kate. Any thing to turn the penny, but I got more by crying Pamphlets this Year, than by any thing I have done a great while—Now I am married into the Company again, I design to cross the Seas next Year. But, Master, my Husband, a *Temple* Porter, and a Parliament Man's Footman, last Night by their talk made me think there was danger of a Peace; why, they said all the prime People were against a War.

Trim. No, no, *Kate*, never fear, you know I keep great Company, all Men are for War, but some would have it Abroad, and some would have it at Home in their own Country.

Kate. Ay, say you so: Drink about, Gentlemen, not a Farthing to pay; a War is a War, be it where it will;—But pray, Mr. *Trim*, speak to my Lord, that when these Gentlemen have Shirts I may wash for 'em.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to-night, you shall have a Fortnight's Pay each Man as a Reward; but there's none of you industrious, there's a thousand things you might do to help out about this Town—as to cry——Puff——Puff Pyes. Have you any Knives or Scissors to grind——or late in an Evening, whip from *Grubstreet* strange and bloody News from *Flanders*——Votes from the House of Commons——Buns, rare Buns——old Silver Lace, Clokes, Suits, or Coats——old Shoes, Boots or Hats——But here, here, here's my Lord a coming——here's the Captain, fall back into the Rank—There move up in the Centre.

Enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Ld. H. Let me see whether my ragged Friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Ensign *Campley*, Ensign *Campley*, I am overjoy'd to see your Honour, ha' the World's surely alter'd, ha'.

Cam. 'Tis so, 'faith *Kate*; why art thou true to the Cause, with the Company still, honest *Amazon*.

Kate. Dear Soul, not a bit of Pride in him; but won't your Honour help in my Business with my Lord? speak for me, noble Ensign, do.

Cam. Speak to him yourself, I'll second you.

Kate.

Kate. Noble Captain, my Lord, I suppose Mr. *Trim* has told your Honour about my Petition, I have been a great Sufferer in the Service; 'tis hard for a poor Woman to lose nine Husbands in a War, and no Notice taken; nay, three of 'em, alas, in the same Campaign, here the Woman stands that says it, I never stript a Man 'till I first try'd if he could stand on his Legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair Plunder, except our Adjutant, and he was a Puppy that made my eighth Husband run the Gauntlet for not turning his Toes out.

Ld. H. Well, we'll consider thee, *Kate*, but fall back into the Rear. A Roll of what? Gentlemen Soldiers.

Trim. to *Bumpkin*.] Do you hear that, my Lord himself can't deny but we are all Gentlemen as much as his Honour—

Ld. H. reading.] Gentlemen Soldiers quarter'd in and about *Guy-Court* in *Vinegar Yard*, in *Russel-Court* in *Drury-Lane* belonging to the Honourable Captain *Hardy's* Company of Foot—So, answer to your Names, and march off from the Left—*John Horseem*, Corporal, march easy that I may view you as you pass by me: Drums, *Simon Ruffle*, *Darby Tattoo*—There's a Shilling for you—*Tattoo*, be always so tight: How does he keep himself so clean?

Trim. Sir, he is a Tragedy-Drum to one of the Play-houses.

Ld. H. Private Gentlemen — *Alexander Cowitch*, *Humphrey Mundungus*, *William Faggot*, *Nicholas Scab*, *Timothy Megrim*, *Philip Scratch*, *Nehemiah Dust*, *Humphrey Garbage*, *Nathaniel Matchlock*.

Cam. What, is *Matchlock* come back to the Company? That's the Fellow that brought me off at *Steenkirk*.

Ld. H. No, Sir, 'tis I am oblig'd to him for that; [*Offering to give him Money*] there, Friend; you shall want for nothing, I'll give thee a Halbert too.

Kate. O brave me! Shall I be a Serjeant's Lady—I 'faith I'll make the Drums, and the Corporals Wives, and Company-keepers know their Distance.

Cam. How far out of the Country did you come to List, don't you come from *Cornwal*, how did you bear your Charges?

Match;

Match. I was whipt from Constable to Constable—

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the Courtesy of *England* to all that want in red Coats; besides, there's an Act that makes us free of all Corporations, and that's the Ceremony of it.

Cam. But what pretence had they for using you so ill, you did not pilfer?

Match. I was found guilty of being Poor.

Cam. Poor Devil!

Ld. H. Timothee Ragg—Oh, *Ragg*! I thought when I gave you your Discharge, just before the Peace, we should never have had you again; how came you to list now?

Rag. To pull down the *French King*.

Ld. H. Bravely resolv'd—But pull your Shirt into your Breeches, in the mean time—*Jeffrey Tatter*—What's become of the Skirts and Buttons of your Coat?

Tatter. In our last Clothing, in the Regiment I serv'd in before, the Colonel had one Skirt before, the Agent one behind, and every Captain of the Regiment a Button.

Ld. H. Hush you Rogue, you talk Mutiny. [*Smiling.*

Trim. Ay, Sirrah, what have you to do with more Knowledge than that of your Right Hand from your Left?

[*Hits him a Blow on the Head.*

Ld. H. Hugh Clump—*Clump*, thou growest a little too Heavy for marching.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, but if we don't allow him the Pay, he'll starve, for he's too Lame to get into the Hospital.

Ld. H. Richard Bumpkin: Ha! A perfect Country Hick—how came you, Friend, to be a Soldier?

Bump. An't please your Honour, I have been cross'd in Love, and am willing to seek my Fortune.

Ld. H. Well I've seen enough of 'em, if you mind your Affair, and act like a wise General, these Fellows may do—come take your Orders. [*Trim puts his Hat on his Side, while my Lord is giving him the Ring, and whisper Orders*] Well, Gentlemen, do your Business manfully, and nothing shall be too good for you.

All. Hells your Honour. [*Exe. Har. and Campley.*

Trim.

Trim. Now, my brave Friends and Fellow-Soldiers—
[aside] I must Fellow-Soldier 'em just before Battle, like
 a true Officer, tho' I cane 'em all the Year round be-
 side —*[Strutting about]* Major-General *Trim*, no, Pox,
Trim sounds so very short and priggish—that my Name
 should be a Monosyllable! But the Foreign News will
 write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier *Trimont*,
 Seigneur *Trimoni*, or Count *Trimuntz*, in the German
 Army, I shall perhaps be call'd; ay, that's all the
 Plague and Comfort of us great Men, they do so toss
 our Names about—But Gentlemen, you are now under
 my Command—Huzza! Thrice—Faith, this is very
 pleasing, this Grandeur! Why, after all, 'tis upon
 the Neck of such Scoundrels as these Gentlemen, that
 we great Captains build our Renown—A Million or
 two of these Fellows make an *Alexander*, and as that
 my predecessor said in the Tragedy of him on the very
 same Occasion going to storm for his *Statira*, so do I
 for my dear Sempstress, Madam d'Epingle.

*When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
 'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory leads the Way.*





ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

Tru. **S**HE knows no Moderation in her good Fortune; she has, out of Impatience to see herself in her Weeds, order'd her Mantua-Woman to stitch up any thing immediately—You may hear her and *Tattleaid* laugh aloud—she is so wantonly merry.

Ld. B. But this of Lady *Sharlot* is the very utmost of all Ill——Pray read—But I must sit—My late Fit of the Gout makes me act with Pain and Constraint—Let me lee——

Tru. She writ it by the Page, who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their Passages.

Ld. B. [reads.]

You must watch the Occasion of the Servants being gone out of the House with the Corps, Tattleaid shall conduct you to my Lady Sharlot's Apartment---away with her---and be sure you Bed her——

Your affectionate Sister, *Mary Brumpton.*

Brumpton. The Creature—She call'd as *Frank's* Mother was? *Brumpton!* The Succuba! What a Devil Incarnate have I had in my Bosom? Why, the common abandon'd Town Women would scruple such an Action as this—Tho' they have lost all regard to their own Chastity, they would be tender of another's——Why sure she had no Infancy—She never had Virginity, to have

have no Compassion through Memory of her own former Innocence — This is to forget her very Humanity — her very Sex — Where is my poor Boy? Where's *Frank*? Does not he want! How has he liv'd all this time — Not a Servant I warrant, to attend him — What Company can he keep? What can he say of his Father?

Tru. Tho' you made him not your Heir, he is still your Son — and has all the Duty and Tenderneſs in the World for your Memory —

Ld. B. It is impoſſible, *Truſty*, it is impoſſible — I will not rack myſelf with the Thought. That one I have injur'd can be ſo very good — keep me in Countenance — tell me he hates my very Name — wou'd not aſſume my Title, becauſe it deſcends from me — What's his Company?

Tru. Young *Tom Campley*, they are never aſunder.

Ld. B. I am glad he has my pretty Tattler — the Chearful Innocent — *Harriot* — I hope he'll be good to her — he's good-natur'd and well-bred —

Tru. But, my Lord, ſhe was very punctual in ordering the Funeral — ſhe bid *Sable* be ſure to lay you deep enough — ſhe had heard ſuch Stories of the wicked Sextons taking up people — but I wiſh, my Lord, you would pleaſe to hear her and *Tattleaid* once more —

Ld. B. I know to what thy Zeal tends — but I tell you, ſince you cannot be convinc'd but that I have ſtill a Softneſs for her — I ſay tho' I had ſo, it ſhould never make me tranſgreſs that ſcrupulous Honour that becomes a Peer of *England* — if I could forget Injuries done myſelf thus groſs — I never will thoſe done my Friends — You knew *Sharlot's* worthy Father — No — there's no need of my ſeeing more of this Woman — I behold her now with the ſame Eyes that you do — there's a Meanneſs in all ſhe ſays or does — ſhe has a great Wit but a little Mind — ſomething ever wanting to make her appear my Lady *Brumpton* — ſhe has nothing natively Great — you ſee I love her not — I talk with judgment of her —

Tru.

Tru. I see it, my good Lord, with Joy I see it—nor care how few things I see more in this World—My Satisfaction is complete—Welcome old Age—welcome Decay—'tis not Decay, but Growth to a latter Being.

[Exit, leading *Ld. B.*

Re-enter Trusty meeting Cabinet.

Tru. I have your Letter, *Mr. Cabinet.*

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my Nature to be guilty of so much Baseness; but being born a Gentleman, and bred out of all Road of Industry in that idle manner too many are, I soon spent a small Patrimony; and being debauch'd by Luxury, I fell into the narrow Mind to dread no Infamy like Poverty—which made me guilty, as that Paper tells you—and had I not writ to you, I am sure I never could have told you of it.

Tru. It is an ingenious, pious Penitence in you—my *Lord Hardy*—(to whom this Secret is inestimable) is a noble natur'd Man—and you shall find him such—I give you my Word—

Cab. I know, Sir, your Integrity—

Tru. But pray be there—all that you have to do is to ask for the Gentlewoman at the House at my *Lord Hardy's*—she'll take Care of you—And pray have Patience, where she places you, 'till you see me.—[*Ex. Cab.*] My *Lord Hardy's* being an House where they receive Lodgers, has allowed me convenience to place every Body I think necessary to be by at her Discovery—This prodigious welcome Secret! I see, however impracticable honest Actions may appear, we may go on with just Hope.

All that is Ours, is to be justly bent,

And Heav'n in its own Cause will bless th' Event. [Exit.

Enter Trim and his Party.

Trim. March up, march up—Now we are near the Citadel—and halt only to give the necessary Orders for the Engagement—Ha! *Clump, Clump,*—When we come to *Lord Brumpton's* Door, and you see us conveniently dispos'd

pos'd about the House—you are to wait 'till you see a Corps brought out of the House—then to go up to him you observe the Director, and ask importunately for an Alms to a poor Soldier—for which you may be sure you shall have a good Blow or two—but if you have not, be saucy 'till you have—Then when you see a File of Men got between the House and the Body—A File of Men, *Bumpkin*, is six Men—I say, when you see the File in such a Posture, that half the File may face to the House, half to the Body—you are to fall down, crying Murder, that the half File fac'd to the Body may throw it and themselves over you—I then march to your Rescue---Then, *Swagger*, you and your Party fall in to secure my Rear, while I march off with the Body---These are the Orders—and this, with a little Improvement of my own, is the same Disposition *Villeroi* and *Catinat* made at *Chiari*.

[*Marches off with his Party.*]

Enter Widow in deep Mourning, with a dead Squirrel on her Arm, and Tattleaid.

Wid. It must be so -- It must be your Carelessness—What had the Page to do in my Bed-Chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell---But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his Neck—

Wid. Tell the Rascal from me---he shall romp with the Footmen no more—No—I'll send the Rogue in a Frock to learn *Latin* among the dirty Boys that come to good--I will—But 'tis ever so among these Creatures that live on one's superfluous Affections; a Lady's Woman, Page and Squirrel are always Rivals.

Poor harmless Animal—Pretty ev'n in Death.

Death might have over-look'd thy little Life—

How could'st thou, *Robin*, leave thy Nuts and me?

How was't, importunate Dearest, thou should'st die?

Thou never didst invade thy Neighbour's Soils:

Never mad'st War with specious Shews of Peace:

Thou never hast depopulated Regions,

But chearfully didst bear thy little Chain,

Content---So I but fed thee with this Hand

Tat.

Tat. Alas ! alas ! we are all Mortal : Consider, Madam, my Lord's dead too.

Wid. Ay, but our Animal Friends do wholly die ; an Husband or Relation, after Death, is rewarded or tormented——That's some Consolation——I know her Tears are false, for she hated *Robin* always—[aside] But she's a well-bred dishonest Servant, that never speaks a painful Truth——But I'll resolve to conquer my Affliction——Never speak more of *Robin*——Hide him there——But to my Dress---How soberly magnificent is Black——And the Train—I wonder how *Widows* came to wear such long Tails !

Tat. Why, Madam, the stateliest of all Creatures has the longest Tail, the Peacock, nay't has of all Creatures the finest Mien too——except your Ladyship, who are a Phenix——

Wid. Ho ! Brave *Tattleaid*——But did not you observe what a whining my Lady *Sly* made, when she had drank a little ? Did you believe her ? Do you think there are really People sorry for their Husbands ?

Tat. Really, Madam, some Men do leave their Fortunes in such Distraction, that I believe it may be——

[Speaks with Pins in her Mouth.]

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus——I protest, when all my Equipage is ready, and I move in full Pageantry, I shall fancy myself an Ambassadress from the Commonwealth of Women, the distressed State of *Amazonia*——to treat for Men---But I protest I wonder how two of us thus clad can meet with a grave Face——methinks they should laugh out like two Fortune-tellers, or two opponent Lawyers that know each other for Cheats.

Tat. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I swear to you, Madam, your Ladyship's Wit will choke me one time or other--I had like to have swallowed all the Pins in my Mouth——

Wid. But *Tatty*, to keep House six Weeks, that's another barbarous Custom ; but the Reason of it, I suppose, was that the base People should not see People of Quality may be as afflicted as themselves——

Tat.

Tat. No ; 'tis because they should not see 'em as merry as themselves.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! Hussy, you never said that you spoke last——why 'tis just——'tis Satire——I'm sure you saw it in my Face, that I was going to say it——'twas too good for you——Come lay down that Sentence and the Pin-cushion, and pin up my Shoulder——Hark'ye, Hussy, if you shou'd, as I hope you won't, out live me, take Care I an't buried in Flannel, 'twould never become me I'm sure——That they can be as merry: Well, I'll tell my new Acquaintance——What's her Name?——She that reads so much, and writes Verses——Her Husband was deaf the first Quarter of a Year——I forget her Name——That Expression she'll like——Well, that Woman does divert me strangely.——I'll be very great with her——She talk'd very learnedly of the Ridicule, 'till she was ridiculous——then she spoke of the Decent——of the Agreeable——of the Insensible——she designs to print the Discourse——But of all things I like her Notion of the Insensible.

Tat. Pray, Madam, how was that?

Wid. A most useful Discourse to be inculcated in our Teens——the Purpose of it is to disguise our Apprehension in this ill-bred Generation of Men, who speak before Women what they ought not to hear——As now suppose you were a Spark in my Company, and you spoke some double Entendre——I look thus! But be a Fellow, and you shall see how I'll use you——The Insensible is useful upon any Occasion, where we seemingly neglect, and secretly approve, which is our ordinary common Case——Now suppose a Coxcomb dancing, prating and playing his Tricks before me to move me——without Pleasure or Distaste in my Countenance I look at him——just thus——but——Ha! ha! ha! I have found out a Supplement to this Notion of the Insensible, for my own Use, which is infallible, and that is, to have always in my Head all that they can say or do to me——so never be surpriz'd with Laughter, the Occasion of which is always sudden——

Tat.

Tat. Oh, my Lady *Brumpton* [*Tattleaid bows and cringes.*] My Lady—your most obedient Servant——

Wid. Look you, Wench, you see by the Art of Insensibility I put you out of Countenance, tho' you were prepar'd for an ill Reception——

Tat. Oh! Madam——how justly are you form'd for what is now fall'n to you, the Empire of Mankind——

Wid. O Sir, that puts me out of all my Insensibility at once—that was so gallant—Ha! what Noise is that—that Noise of Fighting——Run, I say——Whither are you going——What, are you mad——Will you leave me alone——Can't you stir——What, you can't take your Message with you—Whatever 'tis, I suppose you are not in the Plot; not you——Nor that now they're breaking open my House for *Sharlot*——Not you—Go see what's the matter I say, I have no body I can trust—One [*Exit Tattleaid.*] Minute I think this Wench honest, and the next false——Whither shall I turn me?

Tat. Madam—Madam.

[*Re-entring.*]

Wid. Madam, Madam, will you swallow me gaping——

Tat. Pray, good my Lady, be not so out of Humour——But there is a Company of Rogues have set upon our Servants and the Burial Man's, while others ran away with the Corps——

Wid. How, what can this mean? What can they do with it! Well, 'twill save the Charge of Interment——But to what end?

Enter Trusty, and a Servant bloody and dirty, baling in Clump and Bumpkin.

Ser. I'll teach you better Manners—I'll poor Soldier you—You Dog you, I will—Madam, here are two of the Rascals that were in the Gang of Rogues that carried away the Corps——

Wid. We'll examine 'em apart—Well, Sirrah, what are you? Whence came you? What's your Name? Sirrah.

[*Clump makes Signs as a dumb Man.*]

Ser. O you Dog, you could speak loud enough just now, Sirrah, when your Brother Rogues maul'd a Mr. *Sable*——we'll make you speak, Sirrah——

D

Wid.

Wid. Bring the other Fellow hither—I suppose you will own you knew that Man before you saw him at my Door?

Clump. I think I have seen the Gentleman's Face.

[*Bowing to Bumpkin.*]

Wid. The Gentleman's! the Villain mocks me—
But, Friend, you look like an honest Man, what are you? whence come you? What are you, Friend?

Bump. I'se at present but a private Gentleman, but I was list'd to be a Sergeant in my Lord *Hardy's* Company—I'se not asham'd of my Name, nor of my Kop-tin—

Wid. Leave the Room all.

[*Exeunt all but Trusty and Tattleaid.*]

Mr. Trusty—Lord *Hardy*! O that impious young Man—thus, with the sacrilegious Hands of Ruffians to divert his Father's Ashes from their Urn, and Rest—I suspect this Fellow [*aside.*] *Mr. Trusty*, I must desire you to be still near me—I'll know the Bottom of this, and go to Lord *Hardy's* Lodgings as I am, instantly—'Tis but the backside of this Street, I think—Let a Coach be call'd—*Tattleaid*, as soon as I am gone—Conduct my Brother and his Friends to Lady *Sharlot*, away with her—bring *Madamoiselle* away to me—that she may not be a Witness—Come, good *Mr. Trusty*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ld. Hardy, leading Harriot; Campley and Trim.

Ld. Har. Why then I find this *Mr. Trim* is a perfect General—But I'll assure you, Sir, I'll never allow you an Hero, who could leave your Mistress behind you; you should have broke the House down, but you should have brought *Madamoiselle* with you.—

Trim. No really, Madam, I have seen such strange Fears come into the Mens Heads, and such strange Resolutions into the Womens, upon the Occasion of Ladies following a Camp, that I thought it more discreet to leave her behind me—my Success will naturally touch her as much as if she were here—

L. H. A good intelligent arch Fellow this [*aside.*]
But were not you saying, my Lord, you believ'd Lady

Brumpton

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 75

Brumpton would follow hither—if so, pray let me be gone——

Ld. H. No, Madam; I must beseech your Ladyship to stay, for there are things alledg'd against her which you, who have liv'd in the Family, may perhaps, give light into, and which I can't believe even she could be guilty of.

L. Ha. Nay, my Lord, that's generous to a Folly, for even for her Usage of you (without regard to myself) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can come into the Head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing Woman.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady *Brumpton's* below——

L. Ha. I'll run then ——

Cam. No, no, stand your Ground; you are a Soldier's Wife. Come, we'll rally her to Death ——

L. Ha. Pr'ythee entertain her a little, while I go in for a Moment's Thought on this Occasion. [*Exit.*]

Ld. Har. She has more Wit than us both——

Cam. Pshaw, no matter for than——Be sure, as soon as the Sentence is out of my Mouth to clap in with something else——and laugh at all I say; I'll be grateful, and burst myself at my pretty witty Wife——We'll fall in slap upon her,——she shan't have time to say a Word of the running away.

Enter Lady Brumpton and Trusty.

O, my Lady *Brumpton*, your Ladyship's most obedient Servant. This is my Lady *Harriot Campley*——Why, Madam, your Ladyship is immediately in your Mourning—Nay, as you have more Wit than any Body, (so what seldom Wits have) you have more Prudence too—Other Widows have nothing in readiness but a second Husband——but you, I see, had your very Weeds and dress lying by you ——

L. Ha. Ay, Madam; I see your Ladyship is of the Order of Widowhood, for you have put on the Habit——

Wid. I see your Ladyship is not of the Profession of Virginity, for you have lost the Look on't——

Cam. You're in the Habit——That was so pretty, nay, without Flattery, Lady *Harriot*, you have a great deal of Wit, ha! ha! ha!

L. Ha. No, my Lady *Brumpton* here is the Woman of Wit; but indeed she has got but little enough, considering how much her Ladyship has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. I am sorry, Madam, your Ladyship has not what's sufficient for your Occasions, or that this pretty Gentleman can't supply 'em——

[*Campley dancing about and trolling.*
Hey-day! I find, Sir, your Heels are a great Help to your Head——They relieve your Wit, I see; and I don't question but ere now they have been as kind to your Valour; Ha! ha!

Cam. Pox, I can say nothing, 'tis always thus with your Endeavours to be witty [*aside.*] I saw, Madam, your Mouth go, but there could be nothing offer'd in answer to what my Lady *Harriot* said —— 'Twas home——'Twas cutting Satire——

L. Ha. Oh, Mr. *Campley*! But pray, Madam, has Mr. *Cabinet* visited your Ladyship since this Calamity—How stands that Affair now?

Wid. Nay, Madam, if you already want Instructions——I'll acquaint you how the World stands, if you are in Distress——but I fear Mr. *Campley* overhears us.

Cam. And all the Tune the Pipers play'd, was Toll-toll-doroll——I swear, Lady *Harriot*, were I not already yours, I could have a Tender for this Lady.

Wid. Come, good Folks, I find we are very free with each other—What makes you two here? Do you board my Lord, or he you? Come, come, ten Shillings a Head will go a great Way in a Family——What do you say, Mrs. *Campley*, is it so? Does your Ladyship go to market yourself?—Nay, you're in the right of it——Come——can you imagine what makes my Lord stay?——He is not now with his Land Steward—not signing Leases I hope; Ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Hang her, to have more Tongue than a Man and his Wife too——

[*Aside.*
Enter

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. H. Because your Ladyship is, I know, in very much Pain in Company you have injur'd——I'll be short—Open those Doors—there lies your Husband's, my Father's Body—and by you stands the Man accuses you of poisoning him!——

Wid. Of poisoning him!

Tru. The Symptoms will appear upon the Corps.

Ld. H. But I am seized by Nature—How shall I view a breathless Lump of Clay—Him whose high Veins convey'd to me this vital Force, and Motion.

I cannot bear that Sight——

I am as fix'd and motionless as he——

[They open the Coffin, out of which jumps Lady Sharlot.
Art thou the ghastly Shape my Mind had form'd!

Art thou the cold inanimate—Bright Maid!

Thou giv'st new higher Life to all around.

Whither does Fancy, fir'd with Love convey me!

Whither transported by my pleasing Fury!

The Season vanishes at thy Approach;

'Tis Morn, 'tis Spring——

Daisies and Lillies strow thy flow'ry Way.

Why is my Fair unmov'd—My Heav'nly Fair;

Does she but smile at my exalted Rapture?

L. Sha. Oh! Sense of Praise to me unfelt before,

Speak on, speak on, and charm my attentive Ear:

How sweet Applause is from an honest Tongue.

Thou lov'st my Mind—Hast well Affection plac'd;

In what, nor Time, nor Age, nor Care, nor Want can alter.

Oh how I joy in thee—My eternal Lover;

Immutable as the Object of thy Flame!

I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love,

Pure I approach thee—Nor did I with empty Shows,

Gorgeous Attire, or studied Negligence,

Or Song, or Dance, or Ball, allure thy Soul;

Nor want, or Fear, such Arts to keep, or lose it:

Nor now with fond Reluctance doubt to enter

My spacious, bright Abode, this gallant Heart.

[Reclines on Hardy.

L. Ha.

L. Ha. Ay marry—these are high Doings indeed, the Greatness of the Occasion has burst their Passion into Speech—Why, *Mr. Campley*, when we are near these fine Folks, you and I are but mere Sweet-hearts—I protest—I'll never be won so; you shall begin again with me.

Cam. Pr'ythee, why dost name us poor Animals! They have forgot there are any such Creatures as their old Acquaintance *Tom* and *Harriot*.

Ld. H. So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam. My Lord, I never thought to see the Minute wherein I should rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily.

[*Embracing.*

L. Sh. Harriot.

L. Ha. Sharlot.

] *Embracing.*

Wid. Sir, you're at the Bottom of all this—I see you're skill'd at close Conveyances—I'll know the Meaning instantly of these Intricacies; 'tis not your seeming Honesty and Gravity shall save you from your Deserts—My Husband's Death was sudden—You and the Burial Fellow were observ'd very familiar—Produce my Husband's Body—or I'll try you for his Murder; which I find you'd put on me, thou hellish Engine!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach People in Misery—you're undone—Madam—

Wid. What does the Dotard mean? Produce the Body, Villain, or the Law shall have thine for it—
[*Tru* *Exit hastily.*] Do you design to let the Villain escape? How justly did your Father judge, that made you a Beggar with that Spirit—You mention'd just now you could not bear the Company of those you'd injur'd.

Ld. H. You are a Woman, Madam, and my Father's Widow—But sure you think you've highly injur'd me.

[*Here my Lord and Tru* *half enter and observe.*

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not injure you—I must obey the Will of my Deceas'd Lord to a Tittle,

tle—I must justly pay Legacies. Your Father, in consideration that you were his Blood, would not wholly alienate you—He left you, Sir, this Shilling, with which Estate you now are Earl of *Brumpton*—

Ld. *H.* Insolent Woman—It was not me my good Father disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The Guilt was thine, he did an Act of Justice.

Lord Brumpton entering with Trusty.

Ld. *B.* Oh unparallel'd Goodness!

Tattleaid and Madamoiselle at the other Door entering.

Tru. Oh *Tattleaid*—His and our Hour is come.

Wid. What do I see, my Lord, my Master, Husband living!

Ld. *B.* [*Turning from her, running to his Son.*] Oh my Boy, my Son—Mr. *Campley*—*Sharlott*—*Harriot* [*All kneeling to him.*] O my Children—Oh, oh! these Passions are too strong for my old Frame—Oh, the sweet Torture, my Son, my Son! I shall expire in the too mighty Pleasure! my Boy!

Ld. *H.* A Son, an Heir! a Bridegroom in one Hour! Oh! grant me Heaven, grant me Moderation!

Wid. A Son, an Heir! Am I neglected then? What? can my Lord revive, yet dead to me? Only to me deceas'd—to me alone.

Deaf to my Sighs, and senseless to my Moan?

Ld. *B.* 'Tis so long since I have seen Plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

Wid. You can remember tho' a certain Settlement, in which I am thy Son and Heir—great Noble, that I suppose not taken from a Play, that's as irrevocable as Law can make it, that if you scorn me—your Death and Life are equal—Or I'll still wear my Mourning 'cause you're living.

Tru. Value her not, my Lord, a prior Obligation made you incapable of settling on her your Wife.

Ld. *B.* Thy Kindness, *Trusty*, does distract thee—I would indeed disengage my self by any honest Means, but, alas, I know no prior Gift that avoids this to her—Oh my Child!

Tru.

Tru. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately—Be not troubled, my dear Lords—— [Exit.

Cam. *Trusty* looks very confident, there is some good in that.

Re-enter Trusty with Cabinet.

Cab. What my Lord *Brumpton* living? nay then—

Tru. Hold, Sir, you must not stir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your Hand-writing—My Lord, this Gentleman, since your suppos'd Death, has lurk'd about the House to speak with my Lady, or *Tattleaid*, who upon your Decease have shunn'd him, in hopes, I suppose, to buy him off for ever——Now as he was prying about, he peep'd into your Closet——where he saw your Lordship reading—struck with Horror, and believing himself (as well he might) the Disturber of your Ghost for Alienation of your Fortune from your Family—he writ me this Letter, wherein he acknowledges a private Marriage with this Lady, half a Year before you ever saw her.

All. How! [All turn upon her disdainfully.—

Wid. No more a Widow then, but still a Wife.

[Recovering from her Confusion.

I am thy Wife—thou Author of my Evil.

Thou must partake with me an homely Board,

An homely Board that never shall be chearful;

But ev'ry Meal embitter'd with Upbraidings.

Thou that could'st tell me, Good and Ill were Words,

When thou could'st basely let me to another,

Yet could'st see Sprights, great Unbeliever!

Coward! bugg-bear'd Penitent——

Stranger henceforth to all my Joys, my Joys.

To thy Dishonour; despicable Thing,

Dishonour thee? Thou voluntary Cuckold.

[Cabinet sneaks off. Widow flings after him, Tattle-aid following.

Ld. B. I see you're all confus'd as well as I——Ye are my Children——I hold you all so. And for your own Use will speak plainly to you, I cannot hate that Woman: Nor shall she ever want. Tho' I scorn to bear her Injuries——yet had I ne'er been rous'd from

from that low Passion to a worthless Creature—but
by disdain of her Attempt on my Friend's Child. I am
glad that Scorn's confirm'd by her being that Fellow's
——whom for my own Sake I only will con-
temn. Thee, *Truſty*, how ſhall we proſecute with equal
Praiſe and Thanks for this great Revolution in our
Houſe.

Tru. Never to ſpeak on't more, my Lord.

Ld. B. You are now, Gentleman, going into Cares
at a Criſis in your Country.

And on this great Occaſion *Tom*——I'll mount

Old *Campley* which thy Father gave me,

And attend thee a chearful gay old Man,

Into the Field to repreſent our Country.

My rough *Plebeian Britons*, not ye Slaves

To *France*, ſhall mount thy Father's Son

Upon their Shoulders. Echo loud their Joy——

While I and *Truſty* follow weeping after;

But be thou honeſt, firm, impartial,

Let neither Love, nor Hate, nor Faction move thee,

Distinguish Words from Things, and Men from Crimes;

Punctual be thou in Payments, not baſely

Screen thy Faults 'gainſt Law, behind the

Law thou makeſt——

But thou againſt my Death, muſt learn a ſupereroga-
tory Morality. [To Lord Hardy.

As he is to be juſt, be generous thou:

Nor let thy reaſonable Soul be ſtruck

With Sounds and Appellations, Title is

No more, if not ſignificant

Of ſomething that's Superior in thyſelf

To other Men, of which thou may'ſt be

Conſcious, yet not proud——But if you ſwerve

From higher Virtue than the Crowd poſſeſs,

Know they that call thee Honourable mock thee.

You are to be a Peer, by Birth a Judge

Upon your Honour of others Lives and Fortunes;

Be cauſe that Honour's dearer than your own.

Be good, my Son, and be a worthy Lord:

For when our ſhining Virtues bleſs Mankind,

We

82 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

We disappoint the livid Malecontents.

Who long to call our noble Order useless.

Our All's in Danger, Sir, nor shall you dally

Your Youth away with your fine Wives.

No, in your Country's Cause you shall meet Death,

While feeble we with Minds resign'd do wait it,

Not but I intend your Nuptials as soon as possible, to

draw Intails and Settlements. How necessary such

Things are, I had like to have been a fatal Instance.

Cam. But, my Lord, here are a Couple that need not

wait such Ceremonies. Please but to fit: You've been

extremely mov'd, and must be tir'd. You say we must

not spend our Time in Dalliance; you'll see, my Lord,

the Entertainment reminds us also of nobler Things,

and what I designed for my own Wedding, I'll compli-

ment the General with. The Bride dances finely——

Trim, will you dance with her?

Trim. I would but I can't—There's a Countryman
of her's without by Accident.

Cam. Ay, but is he a Dancer?

Trim. Is a *Frenchman* a Dancer? Is a *Welshman* a
Gentleman? I'll bring him in——

[Here a Dance and the following Songs.

Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Sung by Femie Bowin.

I.

ON yonder Bed supinely laid,
Behold thy lov'd expecting Maid:
In Tremor, Blushes, half in Tears,
Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
Hymen bestows thee all her Charms.

II.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
To raise thy Joy, and lull thy Care;
Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, cease,
But Joy divided, to increase:
To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
Darkness with her, the Joys of Light.

Sung

Sung by Mr. Pate.

I.

A Rise, arise, great Dead for Arms renown'd,
 Rise from your Urns, and save your dying Story,
 Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,
 For Mighty William seizes all your Glory.

II.

Again the British Trumpet sounds;
 Again Britannia bleeds;
 To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,
 Her Godlike Monarch leads.

III.

Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,
 Celestial Minds from Clay untie,
 Let coward Spirits dwell below,
 And only give the Brave to die.

Ld. B. Now, Gentlemen, let the Miseries which I have but miraculously escap'd, admonish you to have always Inclinations proper for the Stage of Life you're in. Don't follow Love when Nature seeks but Ease: Otherwise you'll fall into a Lethargy of your Dishonour, when warm Pursuits of Glory are over with you; for Fame and Rest are utter Opposites.

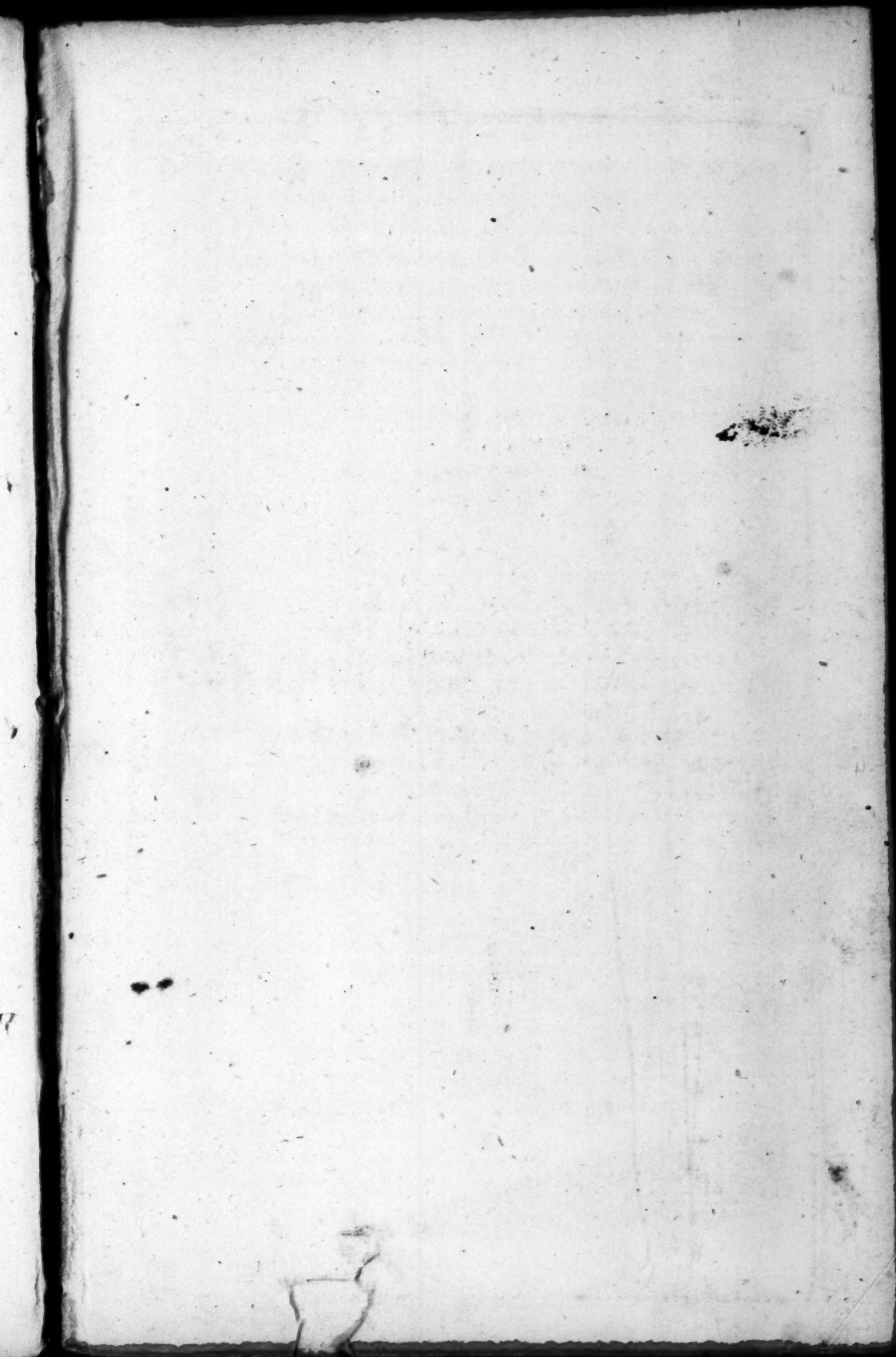
You who the Path of Honour make your Guide,
 Must let your Passion with your Blood subside.
 And no untim'd Ambition, Love, or Rage
 Employ the Moments of declining Age;
 Else Boys will in your Presence lose their Fear,
 And laugh at the Grey-head they should revere.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Lord Hardy.

LOVE, Hope and Fear, Desire, Aversion, Rage,
All that can move the Soul, or can assuage,
Are drawn in Miniature of Life, the Stage.
Here you can View your Selves, and here is shown,
To what you're borne in Sufferings not your own,
The Stage to Wisdom's no Fantastick Way,
Athens herself learn'd Virtue at a Play.
Our Author me to Night a Soldier drew,
But faintly writ, what warmly you pursue :
To his great Purpose, had he equal Fire,
He'd not aim to please only, but inspire ;
He'd sing what hovering Fate attends our Isle,
And from base Pleasure rouse to glorious Toil :
Full Time the Earth t' a new Decision brings,
While William gives the Roman Eagle wings :
With Arts, and Arms shall Britain tamely end,
Which naked Picts so bravely could defend ?
The painted Heroes on th' Invaders press,
And think their Wounds Addition to their Dress :
In younger Years we've been with Conquest blest,
And Paris has the British Yoke confess'd ;
It's then in England, in blest England, known,
Her Kings are nam'd from a revolted Throne ?
But we offend——You no Examples need,
In Imitation of yourselves proceed ;
'Tis you your Country's Honour must secure,
Be all your Actions worthy of Namur :
With gentle Fires your Gallantry improve,
Courage is Brutal, if untouch'd with Love :
If soon our utmost Bravery's not display'd,
Think that bright Circle must be Captives made ;
Let Thoughts of saving them our Toils beguile,
And they reward our Labours with a Smile.

F I N I S.





J. Vander Gucht Inv. Sculp.

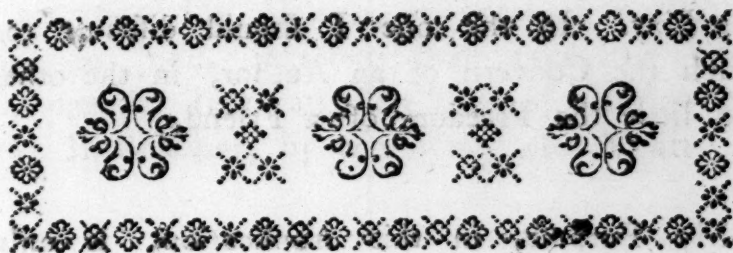
THE
TENDER HUSBAND;
OR, THE
ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS.
A
COMEDY.

Written by
Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Oportet ut is qui Audiat, Cogitet plura quàm Videat.
TULL. de Oratore.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. LOWNDES, W. OWEN, T. CASLON,
W. NICOLL, S. BLADON, and W. GRIFFIN.
MDCCCLXXI.





T O

Mr. A D D I S O N.

S I R,

Y^{OU} will be surpriz'd, in the midst
of a daily and familiar Conver-
sation, with an Address which bears
so distant an Air as a publick De-
dication: But to put You out of the Pain
which I know this will give You, I assure
You I do not design in it, what would be
very needless, a Panegyrick on Your Self, or
what, perhaps, is very necessary, a Defence of

vi DEDICATION.

the Play. In the one I should discover too much the Concern of an Author, in the other too little the Freedom of a Friend.

My Purpose, in this Application, is only to show the Esteem I have for You, and that I look upon my Intimacy with You, as one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life. At the same Time I hope I make the Town no ill Compliment for their kind Acceptance of this Comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far rais'd my Opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper Memorial of an inviolable Friendship.

I should not offer it to You as such, had I not been very careful to avoid every thing that might look Ill-natur'd, Immoral, or Prejudicial to what the Better Part of Mankind hold Sacred and Honourable.

Poetry, under such Restraints, is an obliging Service to Human Society; especially when it is us'd, like Your Admirable Vein, to recommend more useful Qualities in Your Self, or immortalize Characters truly Heroick in others.

I am,

DEDICATION. vii

I am, here, in Danger of breaking my Promise to You, therefore shall take the only Opportunity that can offer itself of resisting my own Inclinations, by complying with Yours.

I am,

SIR,

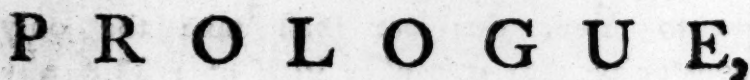
Your most Faithful

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

A 4

PRO-



Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

But now our British Theatre can boast
Drolls of all Kinds, a vast unthinking Host !
Fruitful of Folly and of Vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and Cits, and Barwds, and Pimps, and Beaux ;
Rough Country Knights are found of every Shire,
Of ev'ry Fashion gentle Fops appear ;
And Punks of different Characters we meet,
As frequent on the Stage as in the Pit ;
Our modern Wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there, by Chance, glean up a Fool :
Long ere they find the necessary Spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park :
To all his most frequented Haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court ;
As Love of Pleasure, or of Place invites :
And sometimes catch him taking Snuff at White's.

Howe'er,

PROLOGUE.

ix

*Howe'er, to do you Right, the present Age
Breeds very hopeful Monsters for the Stage,
That scorn the Paths their dull Forefathers trod,
And won't be Blockheads in the common Road.
Do but survey this crowded House to Night :
— Here's still Encouragement for those that write.*

*Our Author, to divert his Friends to Day,
Stocks with Variety of Fools his Play ;
And, that there may be something gay, and new,
Two Ladies Errant has expos'd to View :
The first a Damsel, travel'd in Romance ;
The t'other more refin'd ; she comes from France :
Rescue, like courteous Knights, the Nymph from Danger ;
And kindly treat, like well-bred Men, the Stranger.*



A
S O N G

Design'd for the Fourth Act,
but not Set.

I.

*SEE Britons, see with awful Eyes,
Britannia from her Seas arise!
Ten Thousand Billows round me roar,
While Winds and Waves engage,
That break in Froth upon my Shore,
And impotently rage.
Such were the Terrors, which of late
Surrounded my afflicted State;
United Fury thus was bent
On my devoted Seats,
'Till all the mighty Force was spent
In feeble Swells, and empty Threats.*

II.

*But now with rising Glory crown'd,
My Joys run high, they know no Bound;
Tides of unruly Pleasure flow
Through ev'ry swelling Vein,
New Raptures in my Bosom glow,
And warm me up to Youth again.
Passing Pumps my Streets adorn;
Captive Spoils in Triumph born,
Standards of Gauls, in Fight subdu'd,
Colours in hostile Blood embrou'd,
Ensigns of Tyrannic Might,
Foes to Equity and Right,*

*In Courts of British Justice wave on high,
Sacred to Law and Liberty.
My crowded Theatres repeat,
In Songs of Triumph, the Defeat.
Did ever joyful Mother see
So bright, so brave a Progeny!
Daughters with so much Beauty crown'd,
Or Sons for Valour so renown'd!*

III.

*But oh I gaze, and seek in vain
To find amidst this warlike Train
My absent Sons, that us'd to grace
With decent Pride this joyous Place:
Unhappy Youths! how do my Sorrows rise,
Swell my Breast and melt my Eyes,
While I your mighty Loss deplore?
Wild, and raging with Distress
I mourn, I mourn my own Success,
And boast my Victories no more.
Unhappy Youths! far from their native Sky,
On Danube's Banks interr'd they lie.
Germania, give me back my Slain,
Give me my slaughter'd Sons again.
Was it for this they rang'd so far,
To free thee from oppressive War!
Germania, &c.*

IV.

*Tears of Sorrow while I shed
O'er the Manes of my Dead,
Elasting Altars let me raise
To my living Heroes Praise;
Heaven give them a longer Stay,
As glorious Actions to display,
Or perish on as great a Day.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Harry Gubbin,
Humphry Gubbin,
Mr. Tipkin,
Clerimont, Sen.
Capt. Clerimont,
Mr. Pounce,

Mr. Bullock.
Mr. Penkethman.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Mills.
Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Escourt.

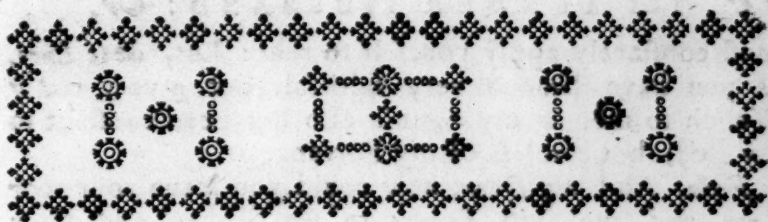
W O M E N.

Mrs Clerimont,
Aunt,
Niece,
Fainlove,
Jenny, Maid to Mrs. Clerimont,

Mrs. Cross.
Mrs. Powel.
Mrs. Oldfield.
Mrs. Kent.
Mrs. Sapsford.



THE



T H E
TENDER HUSBAND;
OR, THE
ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Clerimont, Sen. and Fainlove.

C L E R I M O N T, Sen.

ELL, Mr. *Fainlove*, how do you go on in
your Amour with my Wife?

W *Fain.* I am very civil and very distant;
if she smiles or speaks, I bow and gaze
at her — Then throw down my Eyes,
as if oppress'd by fear of Offence, then
steal a Look again 'till she again sees me — This is
my general Method.

Cler. Sen. And 'tis right — For such a fine Lady has
no Guard to her Virtue, but her Pride; therefore you
must

14 *The* TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

must constantly apply yourself to that: But, dear *Lucy*, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly Wench to me, so my Spouse also has been constant to my Bed, but careless of my Fortune.

Fain. Ah! my Dear, how could you leave your poor *Lucy*, and run into *France* to see Sights, and show your Gallantry with a Wife? Was not that unnatural?

Cler. Sen. She brought me a noble Fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it: Therefore carried her to see the World, forsooth, and make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, where she learn'd to lose her Money gracefully, to admire every Vanity in our Sex, and condemn every Virtue in her own, which, with ten thousand other Perfections, are the ordinary Improvements of a travel'd Lady. Now I can neither mortify her Vanity that I may live at Ease with her, or quite discard her, till I have catch'd her a little enlarging her innocent Freedoms, as she calls 'em: For this End I am content to be a *French* Husband, tho' now and then with the secret Pangs of an *Italian* one; and therefore, Sir, or Madam, you are thus equipp'd to attend and accost her Ladyship: It concerns you to be diligent: If we wholly part — I need say no more: If we do not — I'll see thee well provided for.

Fain. I'll do all I can, I warrant you, but you are not to expect I'll go much among the Men.

Cler. Sen. No, no, you must not go near Men, you are only (when my Wife goes to a Play) to sit in a Side Box with pretty Fellows — I don't design you to personate a real Man, you are only to be a pretty Gentleman — Not to be of any Use or Consequence in the World, as to yourself, but merely as a Property to others; such as you see now and then have a Life in the Intail of a great Estate, that seem to have come into the World only to be Tags in the Pedigree of a wealthy House — You must have seen many of that Species.

Fain.

Fain. I apprehend you, such as stand in Assemblies, with an indolent Softness and Contempt of all around 'em; who make a Figure in publick, and are scorn'd in private; I have seen such a one with a Pocket Glass to see his own Face, and an affected Perspective to know others. [Imitates each.]

Cler. Sen. Aye, aye, that's my Man — Thou dear Rogue.

Fain. Let me alone — I'll lay my Life I'll horn you, that is, I'll make it appear I might if I could.

Cler. Sen. Aye, that will please me quite as well.

Fain. To shew you the Progress I have made, I last Night won of her Five Hundred Pounds, which I have brought you safe. [Giving him Bills.]

Cler. Sen. Oh the damn'd Vice! That Women can imagine all Household Care, Regard to Posterity, and Fear of Poverty, must be sacrificed to a Game at Cards — Suppose she had not had it to pay, and you had been capable of finding your Account another Way —

Fain. That's but a Suppose —

Cler. Sen. I say, she must have comply'd with every thing you ask'd —

Fain. But she knows you never limit her Expences — I'll gain him from her for ever if I can —

[Aside.]

Cler. Sen. With this you have repaid me Two Thousand Pounds, and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supply'd her — We must have parted.

Fain. Then you shall part — if t'other way fails. [Aside.] However, I can't blame your Fondness of her, she has so many entertaining Qualities with her Vanity — Then she has such a pretty unthinking Air, while she saunters round a Room, and prattles Sentences —

Cler. Sen. That was her Turn from her Infancy; she always had a great Genius for knowing every thing,

16 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

thing, but what it was necessary she should — The Wits of the Age, the great Beauties, and short-liv'd People of Vogue, were always her Discourse and Imitation — Thus the Case stood when she went to *France*; but her fine Follies improv'd so daily, that tho' I was then proud of her being call'd Mr. *Clerimont's* Wife, I am now as much out of Countenance to hear myself call'd Mrs. *Clerimont's* Husband, so much is the Superiority of her Side.

Fain. I am sure if ever I gave myself a little Liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

Cler. Sen. I should have the whole Sex on my Back, should I pretend to retrench a Lady so well visited as mine is — Therefore I must bring it about that it shall appear her own Act, if she reforms; or else I shall be pronounc'd jealous, and have my Eyes pull'd out for being open — But I hear my Brother *Jack* coming, who, I hope, has brought yours with him — Hift, not a Word.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. I have found him out at last, Brother, and brought you the obsequious Mr. *Pounce*; I saw him at a Distance in a Crowd, whispering in their Turns with all about him — He is a Gentleman so receiv'd, so courted, and so trusted —

Pounce. I am very glad if you saw any thing like that, if the Approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desire it) to this Company —

Cler. Oh, the civil Person — But, dear *Pounce*, you know I am your profess'd Admirer; I always celebrated you for your excellent Skill and Address, for that happy Knowledge of the World, which makes you seem born for living with the Persons you are with, wherever you come — Now my Brother and I want your Help in a Business that requires a little more Dexterity than we ourselves are Masters of.

Pounce.

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 17

Pounce. You know, Sir, my Character is helping the Distress'd, which I do freely, and without Reserve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the Justice of the Occasion, and so lose the Grace of the Benefit — Now 'tis my Profession to assist a free-hearted young Fellow against an unnatural long-liv'd Father — to disencumber Men of Pleasure of the Vexation of unwieldy Estates, to support a feeble Title to an Inheritance, to —

Cler. Sen. I have been well acquainted with your Merits ever since I saw you, with so much Compassion, prompt a stammering Witness in *Westminster-hall* — that wanted Instruction — I love a Man that can venture his Ears with so much Bravery for his Friend —

Pounce. Dear Sir, spare my Modesty, and let me know to what all this Panegyric tends.

Cler. Sen. Why, Sir, what I would say is in Behalf of my Brother the Captain here, whose Misfortune it is that I was born before him.

Pounce. I am confident he had rather you should have been so, than any other Man in *England*.

Cler. You do me Justice, Mr. *Pounce* — But, though 'tis to that Gentleman, I am still a younger Brother, and you know we that are so, are generally condemn'd to Shops, Colleges, or Inns of Court.

Pounce. But you, Sir, have escap'd 'em; you have been trading in the noble Mart of Glory —

Cler. That's true — But the General makes such Haste to finish the War, that we Red Coats may be soon out of Fashion — and then I am a Fellow of the most easy, indolent Disposition in the World; I hate all Manner of Business.

Pounce. A compos'd Temper, indeed!

Cler. In such a Case, I should have no Way of Livelihood, but calling over this Gentleman's Dogs in the Country, drinking his stale Beer to the Neighbourhood, or marrying a Fortune.

Cler.

18 *The* TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

Cler. Sen. To be short, *Pounce* — I am putting *Jack* upon Marriage; and you are so public an Envoy, or rather Plenipotentiary, from the very different Nations of *Cheapside*, *Covent-Garden*, and *St. James's*; you have, too, the Mien and Language of each Place so naturally, that you are the properest Instrument I know in the World, to help an honest young Fellow to Favour in one of 'em, by Credit in the other.

Pounce. By what I understand of your many Prefaces, Gentlemen, the Purpose of all this is — That it would not, in the least, discompose this Gentleman's easy, indolent Disposition, to fall into Twenty Thousand Pounds, tho' it came upon him never so suddenly.

Cler. You are a very discerning Man — How could you see so far through me, as to know I love a fine Woman, pretty Equipage, good Company, and a clean Habitation?

Pounce. Well, though I am so much a Conjuror — What then?

Cler. Sen. You know a certain Person, into whose Hands you now and then recommend a young Heir, to be reliev'd from the Vexation of Tenants, Taxes, and so forth —

Pounce. What! my worthy Friend, and City-Patron, *Hexekiah Tipkin*, Banker, in *Lombard-street*; would the Noble Captain lay any Sums in his Hands?

Cler. No — But the noble Captain would have Treasure out of his Hands — You know his Niece.

Pounce. To my Knowledge, Ten Thousand Pounds in Money.

Cler. Such a Stature! such a blooming Countenance! so easy a Shape!

Pounce. In Jewels of her Grandmother's Five Thousand —

Cler. Her Wit so lively, her Mien so alluring!

Pounce. In Land a Thousand a Year.

Cler. Her Lips have that certain Prominence, that swelling Softness, that they invite to a Pressure; her Eyes that languish, that they give Pain, though they look

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 19

only inclin'd to Rest — Her whole Person that one Charm —

Pounce. Raptures ! Raptures !

Cler. How can it, so insensibly to itself, lead us through Cares it knows not, through such a Wilderness of Hopes, Fears, Joys, Sorrows, Desires, Despairs, Ecstasies, and Torments, with so sweet, yet so anxious Vicissitude ! —

Pounce. Why I thought you had never seen her —

Cler. No more I ha'n't.

Pounce. Who told you, then, of her inviting Lips, her soft sleepy Eyes ? —

Cler. You yourself —

Pounce. Sure you rave ; I never spoke of her afore to you.

Cler. Why, you won't face me down — Did you not just now say, she had Ten Thousand Pounds in Money, Five in Jewels, and a Thousand a Year ?

Pounce. I confess my own Stupidity, and her Charms — Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her ; you have the Cant of Loving ; but, pray, may we be free — That young Gentleman —

Cler. A very honest, modest Gentleman of my Acquaintance ; one that has much more in him than he appears to have ; you shall know him better, Sir ; this is Mr. *Pounce*. Mr. *Pounce*, this is Mr. *Fainlove* ; I must desire you to let him be known to you, and your Friends.

Pounce. I shall be proud — Well, then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young Lady, by being kept from the World, has made a World of her own — She has spent all her Solitude in reading Romances ; her Head is full of Shepherds, Knights, flowery Meads, Groves, and Streams ; so that if you talk like a Man of this World to her, you do nothing.

Cler. Oh, let me alone — I have been a great Traveller in Fairy Land myself ; I know *Oroondates*, *Cassandra* ; *Astrea* and *Clelia* are my intimate Acquaintance.

20 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

*Go, my Heart's Envoys, tender Sighs make haste,
And with your Breath swell the soft Zephyr's Blast;
Then near that Fair One, if you chance to fly,
Tell her, in Whispers, 'tis for her I die.*

Pounce. That would do, that would do — her very Language.

Cler. Sen. Why then, dear *Pounce*, I know thou art the only Man living that can serve him.

Pounce. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the Marriage Settlement between her and a Country-Booby, her Cousin, *Humphry Gubbin*, Sir *Harry's* Heir, who is come to Town to take Possession of her.

Cler. Sen. Well, all that I can say to the Matter is, that a Thousand Pounds on the Day of *Jack's* Marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the Dispatch of those Deeds.

Pounce. Why, a Thousand Pounds is a pretty Thing, especially when 'tis to take a Lady fair out of the Hands of an obstinate ill-bred Clown, to give her to a gentle Swain, a dying enamour'd Knight.

Cler. Sen. Ay, dear *Pounce* — consider but that — the Justice of the Thing.

Pounce. Besides, he is just come from the glorious *Blenheim*! Look ye, Captain, I hope you have learn'd an implicit Obedience to your Leaders.

Cler. 'Tis all I know.

Pounce. Then, if I am to command — make no one Step without me — And since we may be free — I am also to acquaint you, there will be more Merit in bringing this Matter to bear than you imagine — Yet right Measures make all things possible.

Cler. We'll follow yours exactly.

Pounce. But the great Matter against us is Want of Time, for the Nymph's Uncle, and 'Squire's Father, this Morning met, and made an End of the Matter —
But

But the Difficulty of a thing, Captain, shall be no Reason against attempting it.

Cler. I have so great an Opinion of your Conduct, that I warrant you we conquer all.

Pounce. I am so intimately employ'd by old *Tipkin*, and so necessary to him — that I may, perhaps, puzzle things yet.

Cler. Sen. I have seen thee cajole the Knave very dextrously.

Pounce. Why, really, Sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a Man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please — Now *Tipkin* is an absolute *Lombard-street* Wit, a Fellow that drolls on the Strength of Fifty Thousand Pounds: He is call'd on 'Change, *Sly-Boots*, and by the Force of a very good Credit, and very bad Conscience, he is a leading Person: But we must be quick, or he'll sneer old Sir *Harry* out of his Senses, and strike up the Sale of his Niece immediately.

Cler. But my Rival, what's he —

Pounce. There's some Hopes there, for I hear the Booby is as averse, as his Father is inclin'd to it — One is as obstinate, as the other cruel.

Cler. Sen. He is, they say, a pert Blockhead, and very lively out of his Father's Sight.

Pounce. He that gave me his Character, call'd him a docile Dunce, a Fellow rather absurd, than a direct Fool — When his Father's absent, he'll pursue any thing he's put upon — But we must not lose Time — Pray be you two Brothers at Home to wait for any Notice from me — While that pretty Gentleman and I, whose Face I have known, take a walk and look about for 'em — So, so — Young Lady — [Aside to Fainlove.]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Harry Gubbin and *Tipkin.*

Sir Har. Look ye, Brother *Tipkin*, as I told you before, my Business in Town is to dispose of an Hundred Head of Cattle, and my Son.

Tip.

22 *The* TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

Tip. Brother *Gubbin*, as I signified to you in my last, bearing Date *September 13th*, my Niece has a Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, and because I have found you a plain-dealing Man (particularly in the easy Pad you put into my Hands last Summer) I was willing you should have the Refusal of my Niece, provided that I have a Discharge from all Retrospects while her Guardian, and One Thousand Pounds for my Care.

Sir Har. Aye, but Brother, you rate her too high, the War has fetch'd down the Price of Women: The whole Nation is over-run with Petticoats; our Daughters lie upon our Hands, Brother *Tipkin*; Girls are Drugs, Sir, mere Drugs.

Tip. Look ye, Sir *Harry* — Let Girls be what they will — a Thousand Pounds a Year, is a Thousand Pounds a Year; and a Thousand Pounds a Year is neither Girl nor Boy.

Sir Har. Look ye, Mr. *Tipkin*, the main Article with me is, that Foundation of Wives Rebellion, and Husbands Cuckoldom, that cursed Pin-Money — Five Hundred Pounds *per Annum* Pin-Money.

Tip. The Word Pin-Money, Sir *Harry*, is a Term —

Sir Har. It is a Term, Brother, we never had in our Family, nor ever will — Make her Jointure in Widowhood accordingly large, but Four Hundred Pounds a Year is enough to give no Account of.

Tip. Well, Sir *Harry*, since you can't swallow these Pins, I will abate to Four Hundred Pounds.

Sir Har. And to mollify the Article — as well as specify the Uses, we'll put in the Names of several Female Utensils, as Needles, Knitting-Needles, Tape, Thread, Scissors, Bodkins, Fans, Play-Books, with other Toys of that Nature. And now, since we have as good as concluded on the Marriage, it will not be improper that the young People see each other.

Tip. I don't think it prudent 'till the very Instant of Marriage, lest they should not like one another.

Sir Har.

Sir Har. They shall meet — As for the young Girl she cannot dislike *Numps*; and for *Numps*, I never suffer'd him to have any thing he lik'd in his Life. He'll be here immediately; he has been train'd up from his Childhood under such a Plant as this in my Hand — I have taken Pains in his Education.

Tip. Sir Harry, I approve your Method; for since you have left off Hunting, you might otherwise want Exercise, and this is a subtle Expedient to preserve your own Health, and your Son's good Manners.

Sir Har. It has been the Custom of the *Gubbins* to preserve Severity and Discipline in their Families — I myself was caned the Day before my Wedding.

Tip. Aye, Sir Harry, had you not been well cudgelled in your Youth, you had never been the Man you are.

Sir Har. You say right, Sir, now I feel the Benefit of it — There's a Crab-Tree near our House, which flourishes for the Good of my Posterity, and has brush'd our Jackets, from Father to Son, for several Generations —

Tip. I am glad to hear you have all Things necessary for the Family within yourselves —

Sir Har. Oh! yonder, I see *Numps* is coming — I have dress'd him in the very Suit I had on at my own Wedding; 'tis a most becoming Apparel. —

Enter Humphry Gubbin.

Tip. Truly, the Youth makes a good Marriageable Figure.

Sir Har. Come forward, *Numps*, this is your Uncle *Tipkin*, your Mother's Brother, *Numps*, that is so kind as to bestow his Niece upon you. (*Don't be so glum, Sirrah,*) *Don't bow to a Man with a Face as if you'd knock him down, don't, Sirrah.* [Apart.]

Tip. I am glad to see you, Cousin Humphry — He is not talkative, I observe already.

Sir Har. He is very shrewd, Sir, when he pleases; Do you see this Crab-stick, you Dog: [Apart.] Well, *Numps,*

24 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Numps, don't be out of Humour. *Will you talk?*
[*Apart.*] Come, we're your Friends, *Numps*, come, Lad.

Hump. You are a pure Fellow for a Father. This is always your Tricks, to make a great Fool of one before Company. [*Apart to his Father.*]

Sir Har. Don't disgrace me, *Sirrah*: You grim, graceless Rogue. [*Apart.*] — Brother, he has been bred up to Respect and Silence before his Parents — Yet did you but hear what a Noise he makes sometimes in the Kitchen, or the Kennel, he's the loudest of 'em all.

Tip. Well, *Sir Harry*, since you assure me he can speak, I'll take your Word for it.

Hump. I can speak when I see Occasion, and I can hold my Tongue when I see Occasion.

Sir Har. Well said, *Numps* — *Sirrah*, I see you can do well, if you will. [*Apart.*]

Tip. Pray walk up to me, Cousin *Humphry*.

Sir Har. Aye, walk to and fro between us, with your Hat under your Arm. Clear up your Countenance. [*Apart.*]

Tip. I see, *Sir Harry*, you han't set him a Capering under a French Dancing-Master: He does not mince it: He has not learn'd to walk by a Courant, or a Borée — His Paces are natural — *Sir Harry*.

Hump. I don't know but 'tis, so we walk in the West of England.

Sir Har. Aye, right, *Numps*, and so we do — Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Brother, observe his Make, none of your Lath-back'd wishy washy Breed — Come hither, *Numps*. Can't you stand still? [*Apart.*]

[*Measuring his Shoulders.*]

Tip. I presume this is not the first Time, *Sir Harry*, you have measur'd his Shoulders with your Cane.

Sir Har. Look ye, Brother, two Foot and an half in the Shoulders.

Tip.

Tip. Two Feet and an Half? We must make some Settlement on the younger Children.

Sir Har. Not like him, Quotha'!

Tip. He may see his Cousin when he pleases.

Hump. But hark ye, Uncle, I have a Scruple I had better mention before Marriage than after.

Tip. What's that? What's that?

Hump. My Cousin, you know, is a-kin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young Man to marry his own Relations.

Sir Har. Hark ye, hark ye, *Numps*, we have got a Way to solve all that: *Sirrah!* Consider this Gudge! Your Cousin! Suppose I'd have you marry your Grandmother; what then? [*Apart.*]

Tip. Well, has your Father satisfy'd you in the Point, Mr. *Humphry*?

Hump. Aye, aye, Sir, very well: I have not the least Scruple remaining; no, no — not in the least, Sir.

Tip. Then hark ye, Brother; we'll go take a Whet, and settle the whole Affair.

Sir Har. Come, we'll leave *Numps* here — he knows the Way. Not marry your own Relations, *Sirrah!* [*Apart.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Hump. Very fine, very fine; how prettily this Park is stock'd with Soldiers, and Deer, and Ducks, and Ladies — Ha! where are the old Fellows gone? where can they be, tro' — I'll ask these People —

Enter Pounce and Fainlove.

Hump. Ha, you pretty young Gentleman, did you see my Father?

Fain. Your Father, Sir?

Hump. A Weazel-faced cross old Gentleman, with Spindle Shanks?

Fain. No, Sir.

B

Hump.

26 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Hump. A Crab-tree Stick in his Hand?

Pounce. We ha'n't met any Body with these Marks, but sure I have seen you before — Are not you Mr. *Humphry Gubbin*, Son and Heir to Sir *Henry Gubbin*?

Hump. I am his Son and Heir — But how long I shall be so I can't tell, for he talks every Day of disinheriting me.

Pounce. Dear Sir, let me embrace you — Nay, don't be offended if I take the Liberty to kiss you; Mr. *Fainlove*, pray [*Fainlove kisses*] kiss the Gentleman — Nay, dear Sir, don't stare and be surpriz'd, for I have had a Desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you one Day clinch your Fist at your Father, when his Back was turn'd upon you — For I must own I very much admire a young Gentleman of Spirit.

Hump. Why, Sir, would it not vex a Man to the Heart, to have an old Fool snubbing a Body every Minute afore Company —

Pounce. Oh fye, he uses you like a Boy.

Hump. Like a Boy! He lays me on, now and then, as if I were one of his Hounds — You can't think what a Rage he was in this Morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own Cousin.

Pounce. A Man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. *Humphry*; a Man can't be too scrupulous.

Hump. Sir, I could as soon love my own Flesh and Blood; we should squabble like Brother and Sister; do you think we should not, Mr. — ? Pray, Gentlemen, may I crave the Favour of your Names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the very Person that have been employed to draw up the Articles of Marriage between you and your Cousin.

Hump. Aye, say you so? Then you can inform me in some things concerning myself? — Pray, Sir, what Estate am I Heir to?

Pounce. To Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, an in-tailed Estate —

Hump. I am glad to hear it, with all my Heart; and
can

can you satisfy me in another Question — Pray how old am I at present ?

Pounce. Three and twenty last *March*.

Hump. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told by some of the Neighbourhood, that I was born the very Year the Pigeon-house was built, and every Body knows the Pigeon-house is three and twenty — Why, I find there has been Tricks play'd me ; I have obey'd him all along, as if I had been oblig'd to it.

Pounce. Not at all, Sir ; your Father can't cut you out of one Acre of Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year.

Hump. What a Fool have I been, to give him his Head so long !

Pounce. A Man of your Beauty and Fortune may find out Ladies enough that are not a-kin to you.

Hump. Look ye, Mr. What-d'ye-call — As to my Beauty, I don't know but they may take a Liking to that — But, Sir, mayn't I crave your Name ?

Pounce. My Name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your Service.

Hump. *Pounce*, with a *P*—— !

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an *S*——.

Hump. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, do you know any Gentlewoman that you think I could like ? For, to tell you truly, I took an Antipathy to my Cousin ever since my Father propos'd her to me — And since every Body knows I came up to be married, I don't care to go down, and look baulk'd.

Pounce. I have a Thought just come into my Head — Do you see this young Gentleman ? he has a Sister, a prodigious Fortune — 'Faith, you two shall be acquainted —

Fain. I can't pretend to expect so accomplish'd a Gentleman as Mr. *Humphry* for my Sister ; but, being your Friend, I'll be at his Service in the Affair.

Hump. If I had your Sister, she and I should live like two Turtles.

Pounce. Mr. *Humphry*, you shan't be fool'd any longer.

28 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

I'll carry you into Company ; Mr. *Fainlove*, you shall introduce him to Mrs. *Clerimont's* Toilet.

Fain. She'll be highly taken with him, for she loves a Gentleman whose Manner is particular.

Pounce. What, Sir, a Person of your Pretensions, a clear Estate, no Portions to pay ! 'Tis barbarous, your Treatment — Mr. *Humphry*, I'm afraid you want Money — There's for you — What, a Man of your Accomplishments ! *[Giving a Purse.]*

Hump. And yet you see, Sir, how they use me — Dear Sir, you are the best Friend I ever met with in all my Life — Now I am flush of Money bring me to your Sister, and I warrant you for my Behaviour — A Man's quite another thing with Money in his Pocket — you know.

Pounce. How little the Oaf wonders why I should give him Money ! You shall never want, Mr. *Humphry*, while I have it — Mr. *Humphry* ; but, dear Friend, I must take my Leave of you, I have some extraordinary Business on my Hands ; I can't stay ; but you must not say a Word —

Fain. But you must be in the Way Half an Hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. *Clerimont's*.

Pounce. Make 'em believe you are willing to have your Cousin *Bridget*, 'till Opportunity serves : Farewell, dear Friend. *[Ex. Pounce and Fain.]*

Hump. Farewell, good Mr. *Samuel Pounce* — But let's see my Cash — 'tis very true, the old Saying, a Man meets with more Friendship from Strangers, than his own Relations — Let's see my Cash, 1, 2, 3, 4, there on that Side — 1, 2, 3, 4, on that Side ; 'tis a foolish thing to put all one's Money in one Pocket, 'tis like a Man's whole Estate in one County — These five in my Fob — I'll keep these in my Hand, lest I should have a present Occasion — But this Town's full of Pick-pockets — I'll go Home again.

[Exit whistling.]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Pounce, and Captain Clerimont with his Arm-
in a Scarf.*

Pounce. **Y**OU are now well enough instructed both
in the Aunt and Niece to form your Beha-
viour.

Cler. But to talk with her apart is the great Matter.

Pounce. The antiquated Virgin has a mighty Affecta-
tion for Youth, and is a great Lover of Men and
Money — One of these, at least, I am sure I can
gratify her in, by turning her Pence in the Annuities, or
the Stocks of one of the Companies; some way or other
I'll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young
Lady.

Cler. Since that is her Ladyship's Turn, so busy and
fine a Gentleman as Mr. *Pounce* must needs be in her
good Graces.

Pounce. So shall you too — But you must not be
seen with me at first Meeting; I'll dog 'em, while you
watch at a Distance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Niece. Was it not my Gallant that whistled so charm-
ingly in the Parlour, before he went out this Morning?
He's a most accomplish'd Cavalier.

Aunt. Come, Niece, come — You don't do well to
make sport with your Relations, especially with a
young Gentleman that has so much Kindness for you.

Niece. Kindness for me! What a Phrase is there to ex-
press the Darts and Flames, the Sighs and Languishings
of an expecting Lover!

30 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Aunt. Pray, Niece, forbear this idle Trash, and talk like other People. Your Cousin *Humphry* will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the Talk and Compliment of Romances.

Niece. Good Madam, don't wound my Ears with such Expressions; do you think I can ever love a Man that's true and hearty! What a Peasant-like Amour do these coarse Words import? True and hearty! Pray, Aunt, endeavour a little at the Embellishment of your Stile.

Aunt. Alack-a-day, Cousin *Biddy*, these idle Romances have quite turn'd your Head.

Niece. How often must I desire you, Madam, to lay aside that familiar Name, Cousin *Biddy*? I never hear it without blushing—Did you ever meet with an Heroine, in those idle Romances as you call 'em, that was term'd *Biddy*?

Aunt. Ah! Cousin, Cousin—These are meer Vapours, indeed—Nothing but Vapours—

Niece. No, the Heroine has always something soft and engaging in her Name—Something that gives us a Notion of the Sweetness of her Beauty and Behaviour. A Name that glides through a half a Dozen tender Syllables, as *Elismunda*, *Clidamira*, *Deidamia*, that runs upon Vowels of the Tongue, not hissing through ones Teeth, or breaking them with Consonants—'Tis strange Rudeness those familiar Names they give us, when there is *Aurelia*, *Saccharissa*, *Gloriana*, for People of Condition; and *Celia*, *Chloris*, *Corinna*, *Mopsa*, for their Maids and those of lower Rank.

Aunt. Look ye, *Biddy*, this is not to be supported—I know not where you learn'd this Nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your Mother was a *Bridget* afore you, and an excellent Housewife.

Niece. Good Madam, don't upbraid me with my Mother *Bridget*, and an excellent Housewife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was, and spent her time in better Learning than ever you did—not in reading of Fights and Battles of Dwarfs and Giants; but in writing
out

out Receipts for Broths, Posslets, Caudles and Surfeit-Waters, as became a good Country Gentlewoman.

Niece. My Mother, and a *Bridget*!

Aunt. Yes, Niece, I say again your Mother, my Sister, was a *Bridget*! the Daughter of her Mother *Margery*, of her Mother *Sissy*, of her Mother *Alice*.

Niece. Have you no Mercy? Oh the barbarous Genealogy!

Aunt. Of her Mother *Winifred*, of her Mother *Joan*.

Niece. Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfy'd in the Point of my Nativity. Many an Infant has been plac'd in a Cottage with obscure Parents, 'till by chance some ancient Servant of the Family has known it by its Marks.

Aunt. Aye, you had best be search'd — That's like your calling the Winds the fanning Gales, before I don't know how much Company; and the Tree that was blown by it, had, forsooth, a Spirit imprison'd in the Trunk of it.

Niece. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then a Cloud this Morning had a flying Dragon in it.

Niece. What Eyes had you that you could see nothing? For my Part I look upon it to be a Prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before Night — But you have a gross Relish of Things. What noble Descriptions in Romances had been lost, if the Writers had been Persons of your Goût?

Aunt. I wish the Authors had been hang'd, and their Books burnt, before you had seen 'em.

Niece. Simplicity!

Aunt. A Parcel of improbable Lies.

Niece. Indeed, Madam, your Raillery is coarse —

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young Girls, and fill their Heads with a Thousand foolish Dreams of I don't know what.

Niece. Nay, now, Madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your Good.

32 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Niece. What, to burn *Philocles*, *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, and the rest of the Heroick Lovers, and take my Country Booby, Cousin *Humphry*, for an Husband!

Aunt. Oh dear, Oh dear, *Biddy*! Pray, good Dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the World; come, come, you shall marry your Cousin, and live comfortably.

Niece. Live comfortably! What kind of Life is that? A great Heiress live comfortably! Pray, Aunt, learn to raise your Ideas — What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably, is to live with Prudence and Frugality, as we do in *Lombard-street*.

Niece. As we do — That's a fine Life indeed, with one Servant of each Sex — Let's see how many things our Coachman is good for — He rubs down his Horses, lays the Cloth, whets the Knives, and sometimes makes Beds.

Aunt. A good Servant shou'd turn his Hand to every thing in a Family.

Niece. Nay, there's not a Creature in our Family, that has not two or three different Duties; as *John* is Butler, Footman, and Coachman; so *Mary* is Cook, Landress, and Chamber-Maid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that?

Niece. No — not I — nor at the Coach-Horses, tho' one has an easy Trot for my Uncle's Riding, and t'other an easy Pace for your Side-Saddle —

Aunt. And so you jeer at the good Management of your Relations, do you?

Niece. No, I'm well satisfied that all the House are Creatures of Business; but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor little Lap-Dog might have liv'd with me upon my Fortune without an Employment; but my Uncle threatens every Day to make him a Turn-spit, that he too, in his Sphere, may help us to live comfortably —

Aunt. Hark ye, Cousin *Biddy*.

Niece.

Niece. I vow I'm out of Countenance, when our Butler, with his careful Face, drives us all stowed in a Chariot drawn by one Horse ambling, and t'other trotting with his Provisions behind for the Family, from Saturday Night till Monday Morning, bound for Hackney — Then we make a comfortable Figure, indeed.

Aunt. So we do, and so will you always, if you marry your Cousin *Humphry*.

Niece. Name not the Creature.

Aunt. Creatpre! what your own Cousin a Creature!

Niece. Oh, let's be going; I see yonder another Creature that does my Uncle's Law Business, and has, I believe, made ready the Deeds, those barbarous Deeds!

Aunt. What, Mr. *Pounce* a Creature too! Nay, now I'm sure you're ignorant — You shall stay, and you'll learn more Wit from him in an Hour, than in a Thousand of your foolish Books in an Age — Your Servant, Mr. *Pounce*.

Enter Pounce.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private Discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, Sir.

Pounce. I should be loath to be esteem'd one of those who think they have a Privilege of mixing in all Companies, without any Business, but to bring forth a loud Laugh, or vain Jest.

Niece. He talks with the Mien and Gravity of a *Paladin*.

[*Aside.*

Pounce. Madam, I bought the other Day at Three and an Half, and sold at Seven.

Aunt. Then pray, Sir, sell for me in Time. *Niece*, mind him; he has an infinite Deal of Wit —

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you — I never neglect such Opportunities to serve my Friends.

34 *The TENDER HUSBAND; Or,*

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. *Pounce*, you are, I protest, without Flattery, the wittiest Man in the World.

Pounce. I assure you, Madam, I said last Night, before an Hundred Head of Citizens, that Mrs. *Barsheba Tipkin* was the most ingenious young Lady in the Liberties.

Aunt. Well, Mr. *Pounce*, you are so facetious — But you are always among the great Ones — 'Tis no Wonder you have it.

Niece. Idle! idle!

Pounce. But, Madam, you know Alderman *Grey-Goose*, he's a notable joking Man — Well, says he, here's Mrs. *Barsheba's* Health — She's my Mistress.

Aunt. That Man makes me split my Sides with laughing, he's such a Wag — (Mr. *Pounce* pretends *Grey-Goose* said all this, but I know 'tis his own Wit, for he's in love with me.) [Aside.

Pounce. But, Madam, there's a certain Affair I should communicate to you. [Apart.

Aunt. Aye, 'tis certainly so — He wants to break his Mind to me. [Captain Clerimont passing.

Pounce. Oh, Mr. *Clerimont*, Mr. *Clerimont* — Ladies, pray let me introduce this young Gentleman, he's my Friend, a Youth of great Virtue and Goodness, for all he is in a red Coat.

Aunt. If he's your Friend, we need not doubt his Virtue.

Cler. Ladies, you are taking the cool Breath of the Morning.

Niece. A pretty Phrase. [Aside.

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm Weather.

Cler. Oh, 'tis the Season of the Pearly Dews, and gentle Zephyrs.

Niece. Aye! pray mind that again, Aunt. [Aside.

Pounce. Shan't we repose ourselves on yonder Seat, I love improving Company, and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so — He's in love with me, and

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 35

and wants Opportunity to tell me so — I don't care if we do — He's a most ingenious Man.

[*Exeunt Aunt and Pounce.*]

Cler. We enjoy here, Madam, all the pretty Landscapes of the Country, without the Pains of going thither.

Niece. Art and Nature are in a Rivalry, or rather a Confederacy, to adorn this beauteous Park with all the agreeable Variety of Water, Shade, Walks, and Air. What can be more charming than these flowery Lawns?

Cler. Or these gloomy Shades? —

Niece. Or these embroider'd Vallies? —

Cler. Or that transparent Stream? —

Niece. Or these bowing Branches on the Banks of it, that seem to admire their own Beauty in the Crystal Mirrour?

Cler. I am surpriz'd, Madam, at the Delicacy of your Phrase — Can such Expressions come from Lombard-street?

Niece. Alas! Sir, what can be expected from an innocent Virgin, that has been immur'd almost one and twenty Years from the Conversation of Mankind, under the Care of an *Urganda* of an *Aunt*?

Cler. Bless me, Madam, how have you been abus'd! Many a Lady before your Age has had an hundred Lances broken in her Service, and as many Dragons cut to pieces in Honour of her.

Niece. Oh, the charming Man! [*Aside.*]

Cler. Do you believe *Pamela* was one and twenty before she knew *Musidorus*?

Niece. I could hear him ever — [*Aside.*]

Cler. A Lady of your Wit and Beauty might have given Occasion for a whole Romance in Folio before that Age.

Niece. Oh, the Powers! Who can he be? Oh, Youth unknown! But let me, in the first Place, know whom I talk to, for, Sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your Person, and your History — You

36 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

seem, indeed, by your Deportment, and the distinguishing Mark of your Bravery which you bear, to have been in a Conflict — May I not know what cruel Beauty obliged you to such Adventures, till she pitied you?

Cler. Oh, the pretty Coxcomb! [*Aside.*] Oh, *Blenheim, Blenheim!* Oh, *Cordelia, Cordelia!*

Niece. You mention the Place of Battle — I would fain hear an exact Description of it — Our publick Papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the Sun rose on that glorious Day — Were there not a great many Flights of Vulturs before the Battle began?

Cler. Oh, Madam, they have eaten up half my Acquaintance.

Niece. Certainly never Birds of Prey were so feasted — by Report, they might have lived Half a Year on the very Legs and Arms our Troops left behind 'em.

Cler. Had we not fought near a Wood, we should ne'er have got Legs enough to have come home upon. The Joiner of the Foot-Guards has made his Fortune by it,

Niece. I shall never forgive your General — He has put all my ancient Heroes out of Countenance; he has pull'd down *Cyrus* and *Alexander*, as much as *Louis le Grand* — But your own Part in that Action?

Cler. Only that slight Hurt, for the Astrologer said at my Nativity — Nor Fire, nor Sword, nor Pike, nor Musquet shall destroy this Child, let him but avoid fair Eyes — But, Madam, mayn't I crave the Name of her that has captivated my Heart?

Niece. I can't guess whom you mean by that Description; but if you ask my Name — I must confess you put me upon revealing what I always keep as the greatest Secret I have — for, would you believe it — they have call'd me — I don't know how to own it, but they have call'd me — *Bridget.*

Cler.

Cler. Bridget?

Niece. Bridget.

Cler. Bridget?

Niece. Spare my Confusion, I beseech you, Sir, and if you have Occasion to mention me, let it be by *Parthenissa*, for that's the Name I have assum'd ever since I came to Years of Discretion.

Cler. The unsupportable Tyranny of Parents, to fix Names on helpless Infants which they must blush at all their Lives after! I don't think there's a Sirname in the World to match it.

Niece. No! what do you think of *Tipkin*?

Cler. Tipkin! Why, I think if I was a young Lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Niece. Pray how would you get rid of it?

Cler. I'd change it for another — I could recommend to you three very pretty Syllables — What do you think of *Clerimont*?

Niece. Clerimont! Clerimont! Very well — But what Right have I to it?

Cler. If you will give me Leave, I'll put you in Possession of it. By a very few Words I can make it over to you, and your Children after you.

Niece. Oh, fye! Whither are you running! You know a Lover should sigh in private, and languish whole Years before he reveals his Passion; he should retire into some solitary Grove, and make the Woods and wild Beasts his Confidants — You should have told it to the Echo half a Year before you had discovered it even to my Hand-maid. And yet besides — to talk to me of Children — Did you ever hear of an Heroine with a big Belly?

Cler. What can a Lover do, Madam; now the Race of Giants is extinct? Had I lived in those Days, there had not been a Mortal six Feet high, but should have own'd *Parthenissa* for the Paragon of Beauty, or measur'd his Length on the Ground — *Parthenissa* should have been heard by the Brooks and Desarts at Midnight — the Echo's Burden, and the River's Murmur.

Niece.

38 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Niece. That had been a Golden Age, indeed! But see, my Aunt has left her grave Companion, and is coming towards us — I command you to leave me.

Cler. Thus *Oroondates*, when *Statira* dismiss'd him her Presence, threw himself at her Feet, and implor'd Permission but to live. [Offering to kneel.]

Niece. And thus *Statira* rais'd him from the Earth, permitting him to live and love. [Exit Cler.]

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Is not Mr. *Pounce's* Conversation very improving, Niece?

Niece. Is not Mr. *Clerimont* a very pretty Name, Aunt?

Aunt. He has so much Prudence.

Niece. He has so much Gallantry.

Aunt. So sententious in his Expressions.

Niece. So polish'd in his Language.

Aunt. All he says, is, methinks, so like a Sermon.

Niece. All he speaks favours of Romance.

Aunt. Romance, Niece? Mr. *Pounce*! what favours of Romance?

Niece. No, I mean his Friend, the accomplish'd Mr. *Clerimont*.

Aunt. Fye, for one of your Years to commend a young Fellow!

Niece. One of my Years is mightily govern'd by Example! You did not dislike Mr. *Pounce*.

Aunt. What, censorious too? I find there is no trusting you out of the House — A Moment's fresh Air does but make you still the more in love with Strangers, and despise your own Relations.

Niece. I am certainly by the Power of an Inchantment plac'd among you, but I hope I this Morning employ'd one to seek Adventures, and break the Charm.

Aunt. Vapours, Biddy, indeed! Nothing but Vapours — Cousin *Humphry* shall break the Charm.

Niece.

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 39

Niece. Name him not — Call me still *Biddy*, rather than name that Brute. [Exeunt Aunt and Niece.]

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. A perfect *Quixote* in Petticoats! I tell thee, Pounce, she governs herself wholly by Romance — It has got into her very Blood — She starts by Rule, and blushes by Example — Could I but have produc'd one Instance of a Lady's complying at first Sight, I shou'd have gained her Promise on the Spot — How am I bound to curse the cold Constitutions of the *Philoclea's* and *Statira's*! I am undone for want of Precedents.

Pounce. I am sure I labour'd hard to favour your Conference; and ply'd the old Woman all the while with something that tickled either her Vanity or her Covetousness; I consider'd all the Stocks, old and new Company, her own Complexion and Youth, Partners for Sword-blades, Chamber of *London*, Banks for Charity, and Mine Adventurers, till she told me I had the Repute of the most facetious Man that ever came to *Garraway's* — For you must know, public Knaves and Stock Jobbers pass for Wits at her End of the Town, as common Cheats and Gamesters do at yours.

Cler. I pity the Drudgery you have gone through; but what's next to be done towards getting my pretty Heroine?

Pounce. What should next be done, in ordinary Method of Things — You have seen her, the next regular Approach is, that you cannot subsist a Moment, without sending forth musical Complaints of your Misfortune, by Way of Serenade.

Cler. I can nick you there, Sir, — I have a scribbling Army Friend, that has wrote a triumphant, rare, noisy Song, in Honour of the late Victory, that will hit the Nymph's Fantafque to a Hair; I'll get every thing ready as soon as possible.

Pounce.

40 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Pounce. While you are playing upon the Fort, I'll be within, and observe what Execution you do, and give you Intelligence accordingly.

Cler. You must have an Eye upon Mr. *Humphry*, while I feed the Vanity of *Parthenissa* — For I am so experienced in these Matters, that I know none but Coxcombs think to win a Woman by any Desert of their own — No, it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing Humour of your Mistress, than exerting any good Quality in yourself.

*'Tis not the Lover's Merit wins the Field,
But to themselves alone the Beauteous yield.*

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont, Fainlove (carrying her Lap-Dog) and Jenny.

Jen. **M**Adam, the Footman that's recommended to you is below, if your Ladyship will please to take him.

Mrs. Cler. Oh, fye; don't believe I'll think on't — It is impossible he should be good for any thing --- The *English* are so fancy with their Liberty --- I'll have all my lower Servants *French* --- There cannot be a good Footman born out of an absolute Monarchy ---

Jen. I am beholden to your Ladyship, for believing so well of the Maid-Servants in *England*.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, *Jenny*, I could wish thou wert really *French*: For thou art plain *English* in spite of Example --- Your Arms do but hang on, and you move perfectly upon Joints. Not with a Swim of the whole Person --- But I am talking to you, and have

have not adjusted myself To-day : What pretty Company a Glas is, to have another Self ! (*Kisses the Dog.*) The Converse in Soliloquy ! To have Company that never contradicts or displeases us ! The pretty visible Echo of our Actions (*Kisses the Dog.*) How easy, too, it is to be disencumber'd with Stays, where a Woman has any thing like Shape, if no Shape, a good Air — But I look best when I'm talking.

[*Kisses the Lap-Dog in Fainlove's Arms.*]

Jen. You always look well.

Mrs. Cler. For I'm always talking, you mean so, that disquiets thy fullen *English* Temper, but I don't really look so well when I am silent — If I do but offer to speak — Then I may say that — Oh, blefs me, *Jenny*, I am so pale, I am afraid of myself — I have not laid on half Red enough — What a dough-bak'd Thing was I before I improv'd myself, and travel'd for Beauty — However, my Face is very prettily design'd To-day.

Fain. Indeed, Madam, you begin to have so fine an Hand, that you are younger every Day than other.

Mrs. Cler. The Ladies abroad us'd to call me *Mademoiselle Titian*, I was so famous for my colouring ; but pr'ythee, Wench, bring me my black Eye-brows out of the next Room.

Jen. Madam, I have 'em in my Hand.

Fain. It would be happy for all that are to see you To-day, if you could change your Eyes too.

Mrs. Cler. Gallant enough — No, hang it, I'll wear these I have on ; this Mode of Visage takes mightily ; I had three Ladies last Week came over to my Complexion — I think to be a fair Woman this Fortnight, 'till I find I'm ap'd too much — I believe there are an hundred Copies of me already.

Jen. Dear Madam, won't your Ladyship please to let me be of the next Countenance you leave off ?

Mrs. Cler. You may, *Jenny* ---- but I assure you ---- it is a very pretty Piece of Ill-nature, for a Woman
that

42 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

that has any Genius for Beauty, to observe the servile Imitation of her Manner, her Motion, her Glances, and her Smiles.

Fain. Aye, indeed, Madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the Inimitable.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, as you say, *Fainlove*, the *French* Mien is no more to be learn'd, than the Language, without going thither — Then again to see some poor Ladies who have clownish, penurious *English* Husbands, turn and torture their old Cloaths into so many Forms, and dye 'em into so many Colours, to follow me --- What say'st, *Jenny*? What say'st? Not a Word?

Jen. Why, Madam, all that I can say —

Mrs. Cler. Nay, I believe, *Jenny*, thou hast nothing to say any more than the rest of thy Country Women --- The Spleneticks speak just as the Weather lets 'em --- They are mere talking Barometers — Abroad the People of Quality go on so eternally, and still go on, and are gay and entertain — In *England* Discourse is made up of nothing but Question and Answer — I was t'other Day at a Visit, where there was a profound Silence, for, I believe, the third Part of a Minute.

Jen. And your Ladyship there?

Mrs. Cler. They infected me with their Dulness. Who can keep up their good Humour at an *English* Visit? — They sit as at a Funeral, silent in the Midst of many Candles — One, perhaps, alarms the Room — 'Tis very cold Weather — then all the Mutes play their Fans — 'till some other Question happens, and then the Fans go off again —

Boy. Madam, your Spinnet Master is come.

Mrs. Cler. Bring him in, he's very pretty Company.

Fain. His Spinnet is, he never speaks himself.

Mrs. Cler. Speak, *Simpleton*! What then, he keeps out Silence, does not he — Oh, Sir, you must forgive me, I have been very idle — Well, you pardon me
(*Master*)

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 43

(*Master bows* —) Did you think I was perfect in the Song — (*Bows*) but pray let me hear it once more.

[*Let us see it* — *Reads*.

S O N G.

With studied Airs, and practis'd Smiles,
Flavia my ravish'd Heart beguiles :
The Charms we make, are curs alone,
Nature's Works are not our own ;

Her skilful Hand gives ev'ry Grace,
And shows her Fancy in her Face,
She feeds with Art an am'rous Rage,
Nor fears the Force of coming Age.

You sing it very well : But, I confess, I wish you'd give more into the *French Manner*. — Observe me hum it à la *Françoise*.

With studied Airs, &c.

The whole Person, every Limb, every Nerve sings — the *English Way* is only being for that Time a mere musical Instrument, just sending forth a Sound without knowing they do so — Now I'll give you a little of it, like an *English Woman* — You are to suppose I've deny'd you twenty Times, look'd silly, and all that — Then with Hands and Face insensible — I have a mighty Cold.

With studied Airs, &c.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Captain *Clerimont*, and a very strange Gentleman, are come to wait on you.

Mrs. Cler. Let him and the very strange Gentleman come in.

Fain. Oh ! Madam, that's the Country Gentleman I was telling you of.

Enter

44 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Enter Humphry and Captain Clerimont.

Fain. Madam, may I do myself the Honour to recommend Mr. *Gubbin*, Son and Heir to Sir *Harry Gubbin*, to your Ladyship's Notice?

Mrs. Cler. Mr. *Gubbin*, I am extremely pleased with your Suit, 'tis antique, and originally from *France*.

Hump. It is always lock'd up, Madam, when I'm in the Country. My Father prizes it mightily.

Mrs. Cler. 'Twould make a very pretty dancing Suit in a Mask. Oh! Captain *Clerimont*, I have a Quarrel with you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Ladyship's Husband desires to know whether you see Company to-day, or not?

Mrs. Cler. Who, you Clown?

Serv. Mr. *Clerimont*, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. He may come in.

Enter Clerimont, Senior.

Mrs. Cler. Your very humble Servant.

Cler. Sen. I was going to take the Air this Morning in my Coach, and did myself the Honour, before I went, to receive your Commands, finding you saw Company.

Mrs. Cler. At any Time, when you know I do, you may let me see you. Pray, how did you sleep last Night? — If I had not asked him that Question, they might have thought we lay together. [*Aside.*] [*Here Fainlove looking through a Perspective, bows to Clerimont, Senior.*] But, Captain, I have a Quarrel with you — I have utterly forgot those three Goupees you promis'd to come again, and shew me.

Cler. Sen. Then, Madam, you have no Commands this Morning?

Mrs. Cler. Your humble Servant, Sir. — But, oh! [*As she is going to be led by the Captain.*] Have you sign'd that Mortgage to pay off my Lady *Faddle's* Winnings at *Ombre*?

Cler. Sen. Yes, Madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cler. Then all's well, my Honour's safe. [*Exit Clermont, Sen.*] Come, Captain, lead me this Step — for I'm apt to make a false one — you shall shew me.

Cler. I'll shew you, Madam, 'tis no Matter for a Fiddle; I'll give you 'em the *French Way*, in a teaching Tune. Pray, more quick — *O Mademoiselle que faites-vous — A moi* — There again — Now slide, as it were, with and without Measure — There you out-did the Gypsey — and you have all the Smiles of the Dance to a Tittle.

Mrs. Cler. Why truly, I think, that the greatest Part — I have seen an *English* Woman dance a Jig with the Severity of a Vestal Virgin —

Hump. If this be *French* dancing and singing, I fancy I could do it — Haw! Haw! [*Capers aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost the Step, without any of our Country Bashfulness. Give me your Hand — Haw! haw! So, so, a little quicker — That's right, Haw! Captain, your Brother deliver'd this Spark to me, to be diverted here, till he calls for him. [*Exit Clermont.*]

Hump. This cutting so high makes one's Money jingle confoundedly: I'm resolv'd I'll never carry above one Pocket full hereafter.

Mrs. Cler. You do it very readily — You amaze me.

Hump. Are the Gentlemen in *France* generally so well bred as we are in *England*? — Are they, Madam, ha! But, young Gentleman, when shall I see this Sister? Haw! haw! haw! Is not the higher one jumps the better?

Fain. She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you — you're so gay — and dance so very high —

Hump. What should ail me? Did you think I was Wind-gall'd? I can sing, too, if I please — but I won't 'till I see your Sister — This is a mighty pretty House.

Mrs. Cler. Well, do you know that I like this Gentleman extremely? I should be glad to form him — But were you never in *France*, Mr. Gubbin?

Hump.

46 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Hump. No ; — but I'm always thus pleasant, if my Father's not by — I protest, I'd advise your Sister to have me — I'm for marrying her at once — Why should I stand shally-shally, like a Country Bumpkin ?

Fain. Mr. Gubbin, I dare say she'll be as forward as you ; we'll go in and see her. [*Apart.*

Mrs. Cler. Then he has not yet seen the Lady he is in Love with. I protest very new and gallant — Mr. Gubbin, she must needs believe you a frank Person — *Fainlove*, I must see this Sister too, I'm resolv'd she shall like him.

*There needs not Time true Passion to discover ;
The most believing is the most a Lover.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Niece, sola.

Niece. Oh *Clerimont ! Clerimont !* To be struck at first Sight ! I'm asham'd of my Weakness ; I find in myself all the Symptoms of a raging Amour ; I love Solitude ; I grow pale ; I sigh frequently ; I call upon the Name of *Clerimont* when I don't think of it — His Person is ever in my Eyes, and his Voice in my Ears — Methinks I long to lose myself in some pensive Grove, or to hang over the Head of some warbling Fountain, with a Lute in my Hand, soft'ning the Murmurs of the Water.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Bidly, Bidly ; where's *Biddy Tipkin* ?

Niece. Whom do you enquire for ?

Aunt. Come, come, he's just a coming at the Park Door.

Niece. Who is coming ?

Aunt. Your Cousin *Humphry* — who should be coming ? Your Lover, your Husband that is to be — Pray, my Dear, look well, and be civil for your Credit and mine too.

Niece. If he answers my Idea, I shall railly the Rustic to Death.

Aunt.

Aunt. Hift — here he is.

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Aunt, your humble Servant — Is that —
ha! Aunt?

Aunt. Yes, Cousin *Humphry*, that's your Cousin *Bridget*.
Well, I'll leave you together.

[Exit Aunt. They sit.]

Hump. Aunt does as she'd be done by, Cousin *Bridget*,
does not she, Cousin? ha! What, are you a *Londoner*,
and not speak to a Gentleman? Look ye, Cousin, the
old Folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be
proper to see how I lik'd you, as not caring to buy a
Pig in a Poke — for I love to look before I leap.

Niece. Sir, your Person and Address bring to my
Mind the whole History of *Valentine* and *Orson*: What,
would they marry me to a wild Man? Pray answer me a
Question or two.

Hump. Aye, aye, as many as you please, Cousin *Bridget*.

Niece. What Wood were you taken in? How long
have you been caught?

Hump. Caught!

Niece. Where were your Haunts?

Hump. My Haunts!

Niece. Are not Cloaths very uneasy to you? Is this
strange Dress the first you ever wore?

Hump. How!

Niece. Are you not a great Admirer of Roots, and
raw Flesh? — Let me look upon your Nails —
Don't you love Blackberries, Haws, and Pig-nuts,
mightily?

Hump. How!

Niece. Can't thou deny that thou wert suckled by a
Wolf? You han't been so barbarous, I hope, since you
came amongst Men, as to hunt your Nurse —
Have you?

Hump. Hunt my Nurse? Aye, 'tis so, she's distracted
as sure as a Gun — Hark ye, Cousin, pray will you
let me ask you a Question or two?

Niece.

48 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Niece. If thou hast yet learnt the Use of Language speak, Monster.

Hump. How long have you been thus?

Niece. Thus! What would'st thou say?

Hump. What's the Cause of it? Tell me truly now — Did you never love any Body before me?

Niece. Go, go, thou'rt a Savage. [Rises.]

Hump. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Niece. Thou'rt a Monster, I tell thee.

Hump. Indeed, Cousin, tho' 'tis Folly to tell thee so — I am afraid thou art a mad Woman.

Niece. I'll have thee into some Forest.

Hump. I'll take thee into a dark Room.

Niece. I hate thee.

Hump. I wish you did — There's no Hate lost, I assure you, Cousin *Bridget*.

Niece. Cousin *Bridget*, Quoth'a — I'd as soon claim Kindred with a Mountain Bear — I detest thee.

Hump. You never do any Harm in these Fits, I hope — But do you hate me in earnest?

Niece. Dost thou ask it, ungentle Forester.

Hump. Yes, for I've a Reason, look ye. It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your Senses, for to tell you truly — I don't much care for you; and there is another fine Woman, as I am inform'd, that is in some hopes of having me.

Niece. This merits my Attention. [Aside.]

Hump. Look ye d'ye see — as I said, since I don't care for you — I would not have you set your Heart on me — but if you like any Body else let me know it — and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old Folks that would couple us.

Niece. This wears the Face of an Amour — There is something in that Thought which makes thy Presence less unsupportable.

Hump. Nay, nay, now you're growing fond; if you come with these Maids Tricks, to say you hate at first and afterwards like me, — you'll spoil the whole Design.

Niece.

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 49

Niece. Don't fear it — When I think of consorting with thee, may the wild Boar defile the cleanly Ermin, may the Tiger be wedded to the Kid!

Hump. When I of thee, may the Pole-Cat catterwaul with the Civet!

Niece. When I harbour the least Thought of thee, may the Silver *Thames* forget its Course!

Hump. When I like thee, may I be sous'd over Head and Ears in a Horse-pond! — But do you hate me?

Enter Aunt.

Niece. For ever: and you me?

Hump. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha! I like this — They are come to Promises — and Protestations. [*Aside.*

Hump. I am very glad I have found a Way to please you.

Niece. You promise to be constant.

Hump. 'Till Death.

Niece. Thou best of Savages!

Hump. Thou best of Savages! Poor *Biddy*.

Aunt. Oh the pretty Couple joking on one another. Well, how do you like your Cousin *Humbry* now?

Niece. Much better than I thought I should — He's quite another Thing than what I took him for — We have both the same Passions for one another.

Hump. We wanted only an Occasion to open our Hearts — Aunt.

Aunt. Oh, how this will rejoice my Brother, and Sir *Harry*! we'll go to 'em.

Hump. No, I must fetch a Walk with a new Acquaintance, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*.

Aunt. An excellent Acquaintance for your Husband! Come, Niece, come.

Niece. Farewell, Rustic.

Hump. B'ye, *Biddy*.

Aunt. Rustic! *Biddy*! Ha! ha! pretty Creatures.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. DOES she expect me, then, at this very Instant?

Pounce. I tell you, she ordered me to bring the Painter at this very Hour precisely, to draw her Niece — for to make her Picture peculiarly charming, she has now that down-cast pretty Shame, that warm Cheek, glowing with the Fear and Hope of To-day's Fate, with the inviting, coy Affectation of a Bride, all in her Face at once. Now I know you are a Pretender that Way.

Cler. Enough, I warrant, to personate the Character on such an inspiring Occasion.

Pounce. You must have the Song I spoke of perform'd at this Window — at the End of which I'll give you a Signal — Every thing is ready for you, your Pencil, your Canvas stretch'd — your — Be sure you play your Part in Humour: To be a Painter for a Lady, you're to have the excessive Flattery of a Lover, the ready Invention of a Poet, and the easy Gesture of a Player.

Cler. Come, come, no more Instructions; my Imagination out-runs all you can say: Be gone, be gone!

[Exit Pounce.]

A S O N G.

I.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,

So very kind, and yet so shy?

Why does the cold forbidding Air

Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 51

*Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew?*

II.

*In vain you strive with all your Art,
By turns to freeze and fire my Heart :
When I behold a Face so fair,
So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,
My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee less nor more.*

After the Song Pounce appears beckoning the Captain.

Pounce. Captain, Captain.

[Exit Captain.]

SCENE, *Niece's Lodgings, two Chairs and a Table.*

Enter Aunt and Niece.

*Aunt. Indeed, Niece, I am as much overjoy'd to see
your Wedding Day, as if it were my own.*

Niece. But, why must it be huddled up so?

*Aunt. Oh, my Dear, a private Wedding is much
better; your Mother had such a Bustle at hers, with
Feasting and Fooling: Besides, they did not go to Bed
'till Two in the Morning.*

*Niece. Since you understand things so well, I wonder
you never married yourself.*

*Aunt. My Dear, I was very cruel thirty Years ago,
and no Body ask'd me since.*

Niece. Alas-a-day!

*Aunt. Yet, I assure you, there were a great many
Matches propos'd to me — There was Sir Gilbert
Jolly; but he, forsooth, could not please; he drank Ale,
and smok'd Tobacco, and was no fine Gentleman,
forsooth — but, then again, there was young Mr.
Peregrine Shapely, who had travel'd, and spoke French,
and smil'd at all I said; he was a fine Gentleman —*

52 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

but then he was Consumptive: And yet again, to see how one may be mistaken; Sir *Jolly* dy'd in half a Year, and my Lady *Shapely* has by that thin Slip eight Children, that should have been mine; but here's the Bridegroom. So, Cousin *Humphry*!

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Your Servant, Ladies — So, my Dear —

Niece. So, my Savage —

Aunt. O fye, no more of that to your Husband, *Biddy.*

Hump. No matter, I like it as well as Duck or Love; I know my Cousin loves me as well as I do her.

Aunt. I'll leave you together; I must go and get ready an Entertainment for you when you come Home. *[Exit.*

Hump. Well, Cousin, are you constant? — Do you hate me still?

Niece. As much as ever.

Hump. What an Happiness it is, when Peoples Inclinations jump! I wish I knew what to do with you: Can you get no Body, d'ye think, to marry you?

Niece. Oh! *Clerimont, Clerimont!* Where art thou? *[Aside.*

Enter Aunt, and Captain Clerimont disguis'd.

Aunt. This, Sir, is the Lady, whom you are to draw — You see, Sir, as good Flesh and Blood as a Man would desire to put in Colours — I must have her Maiden Picture.

Hump. Then the Painter must make haste — Ha, Cousin!

Niece. Hold thy Tongue, good Savage.

Cler. Madam, I'm generally forc'd to new-mould every Feature, and mend Nature's Handy-work; but here she has made so finish'd an Original, that I despair of my Copy's coming up to it.

Aunt.

Aunt. Do you hear that, Niece?

Niece. I don't desire you to make Graces where you find none.

Cler. To see the Difference of the Fair Sex! — I protest to you, Madam, my Fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing Faces for those that sit to me. The first Entertainment I generally meet with, are Complaints for Want of Sleep; they never look'd so pale in their Lives, as when they sit for their Pictures — Then, so many Touches and Re-touches, when the Face is finish'd — That Wrinkle ought not to have been, those Eyes are too languid, that Colour's too weak, that Side-look hides the Mole on the left Cheek. In short, the whole Likeness is struck out: But in you, Madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid Justice.

Hump. A comical Dog, this!

Aunt. Truly the Gentleman seems to understand his Business.

Niece. Sir, if your Pencil flatters like your Tongue, you are going to draw a Picture that won't be at all like me. Sure, I have heard that Voice somewhere. [*Aside.*]

Cler. Madam, be pleas'd to place yourself near me, nearer still, Madam, here falls the best Light — You must know, Madam, there are three Kinds of Airs which the Ladies most delight in — There is your Haughty — your Mild — and your Pensive Air — The Haughty may be express'd with the Head a little more erect than ordinary, and the Countenance with a certain Disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite, inexorable: This kind of Air is generally heightened with a little knitting of the Brows — I gave my Lady *Scornwell* her Choice of a Dozen Frowns, before she could find one to her Liking.

Niece. But what's the Mild Air?

Cler. The Mild Air is compos'd of a Languish, and a Smile — But if I might advise, I'd rather be a Pensive Beauty; the Pensive usually feels her Pulse, leans

54 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

on one Arm, or sits ruminating with a Book in her Hand — which Conversation she is supposed to chuse, rather than the endless Importunities of Lovers.

Hump. A comical Dog. —

Aunt. Upon my Word he understands his Business well; I'll tell you, Niece, how your Mother was drawn — She had an Orange in her Hand, and a Noddy in her Bosom, but a Look so pure and fresh-colour'd, you'd have taken her for one of the Seasons.

Cler. You seem, indeed, Madam, most inclin'd to the Pensive — The Pensive delights also in the Fall of Waters, pastoral Figures, or any rural View suitable to a fair Lady, who, with a delicate Spleen, has retired from the World, as sick of its Flattery and Admiration.

Niece. No — since there is Room for Fancy in a Picture, I would be drawn like the Amazon *Thalestris*, with a Spear in my Hand, and an Helmet on a Table before me — At a Distance behind, let there be a Dwarf, holding by the Bridle a Milk-white Palfrey —

Cler. Madam, the Thought is full of Spirit; and, if you please, there shall be a *Cupid* stealing away your Helmet, to shew that Love should have a Part in all gallant Actions.

Niece. That Circumstance may be very picturesque.

Cler. Here, Madam, shall be your own Picture, here the Palfrey, and here the Dwarf — The Dwarf must be very little, or we shan't have Room for him.

Niece. A Dwarf cannot be too little.

Cler. I'll make him a Blackamoor, to distinguish him from the other too powerful Dwarf — [*Sighs.*] the *Cupid* — I'll place that beauteous Boy near you, 'twill look very natural — He'll certainly take you for his Mother *Venus*.

Niece. I leave these Particulars to your own Fancy.

Cler.

Cler. Please, Madam, to uncover your Neck a little; a little lower still — a little, little lower.

Niece. I'll be drawn thus, if you please, Sir.

Cler. Ladies, have you heard the News of a late Marriage between a young Lady of a great Fortune, and a younger Brother of a good Family?

Aunt. Pray, Sir, how is it?

Cler. This young Gentleman, Ladies, is a particular Acquaintance of mine, and much about my Age, and Stature; (look me full in the Face, Madam;) he accidentally met the young Lady, who had in her all the Perfections of her Sex; (hold up your Head, Madam, that's right;) she let him know that his Person and Discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her — The Difficulty was, how to gain a second Interview, (your Eyes full upon mine, Madam;) for never was there such a Sigher in all the Valleys of *Arcadia*, as that unfortunate Youth, during the Absence of her he lov'd —

Aunt. A-lack-a-day — poor young Gentleman!

Niece. It must be he — what a charming Amour is this!

Cler. At length, Ladies, he bethought himself of an Expedient; he dress'd himself just as I am now, and came to draw her Picture; (your Eyes full upon mine, pray, Madam.)

Hamp. A subtle Dog, I warrant him.

Cler. And by that Means found an Opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Aunt. Indeed, your Friend was a very vicious young Man.

Niece. Yet perhaps the young Lady was not pleas'd at what he had done.

Cler. But, Madam, what were the Transports of the Lover, when she made him that Confession?

Niece. I dare say she thought herself very happy, when she got out of her Guardian's Hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, Niece — There are abundance of those head-strong young Baggages about Town.

56 The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

Cler. The Gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first Sight; but when she sat to him for her Picture, and assum'd all those Graces that are proper for the Occasion — his Torment was so exquisite, his Passions so violent, that he could not have liv'd a Day, had he not found Means to make the Charmer of his Heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the World to stand shally-shally about a Woman, when one has a Mind to marry her.

Cler. The young Painter turn'd Poet on the Subject; I believe I have the Words by Heart.

Niece. A Sonnet! pray repeat it.

I.

*When gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
A thousand Shafts around her fly,
A thousand Swains unheeded die.*

II.

*If then she labours to be seen,
With all her killing Air and Mien;
For so much Beauty, so much Art,
What Mortal can secure his Heart?*

Hump. I fancy if 'twas sung, 'twould make a very pretty Catch.

Cler. My Servant has a Voice, you shall hear it.

[Here it is sung.]

Aunt. Why, this is pretty. I think a Painter should never be without a good Singer — It brightens the Features strangely — I profess I'm mightily pleas'd; I'll but just step in, and give some Orders, and be with you presently.

Niece. Was not this adventurous Painter called *Clerimont*?

Cler.

Cler. It was *Clerimont*, the Servant of *Parthenissa*; but let me beseech that beauteous Maid to resolve, and make the Incident I feign'd to her a real one — Consider, Madam, you are environ'd by cruel and treacherous Guards, which would force you to a disagreeable Marriage; your Case is exactly the same with the Princess of the *Leontines* in *Clelia*.

Niece. How can we commit such a Solecism against all Rules! What, in the first Leaf of our History to have the Marriage? You know it cannot be.

Cler. The pleasantest Part of the History will be after Marriage.

Niece. No! I never yet read of a Knight that entered Tilt or Tournament after Wedlock — 'Tis not to be expected — When the Husband begins, the Hero ends; all that noble Impulse to Glory, all the generous Passion for Adventures is consumed in the Nuptial Torch; I don't know how it is, but *Mars* and *Hymen* never hit it.

Hump. [*Lisp'ning.*] Consum'd in the Nuptial Torch! *Mars* and *Hymen*! What can all this mean? — I am very glad I can hardly read — They could never get these foolish Fancies into my Head — I had always a strong Brain. [*Aside.*] Hark ye, Cousin, is not this Painter a comical Dog?

Niece. I think he's very agreeable Company —

Hump. Why then I tell you what — marry him — A Painter's a very genteel Calling — He's an ingenious Fellow, and certainly poor, I fancy he'd be glad on't; I'll keep my Aunt out of the Room a Minute or two, that's all the Time you have to consider — [*Exit.*]

Cler. Fortune points out to us this only Occasion of our Happiness: Love's of Celestial Origin, and needs no long Acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers, like Angels, speak by Intuition — Their Souls are in their Eyes —

Niece. Then I fear he sees mine. [*Aside.*] But I can't think of abridging our Amours, and cutting off all farther Decorations of Disguise, Serenade, and Adventure.

58 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Cler. Nor would I willingly lose the Merit of long Services, Midnight Sighs, and plaintive Solitudes — were there not a Necessity.

Niece. Then to be seiz'd by Stealth!

Cler. Why, Madam, you are a great Fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed, Madam, you ought to be stol'n; nay, in strictness, I don't know but you ought to be ravish'd.

Niece. But then our History will be so short.

Cler. I grant it; but you don't consider there's a Device in another's leading you instead of this Person that's to have you; and, Madam, tho' our Amours can't furnish out a Romance, they'll make a very pretty Novel — Why smiles my Fair?

Niece. I am almost of Opinion, that had *Oroondates* been as pressing as *Clerimont*, *Cassandra* had been but a Pocket-Book: But it looks so ordinary, to go out at a Door to be married — Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a Window, and run away with.

Enter Humphry and Pounce.

Hump. Well, Cousin, the Coach is at the Door. If you please I'll lead you.

Niece. I put myself into your Hands, good Savage; but you promise to leave me.

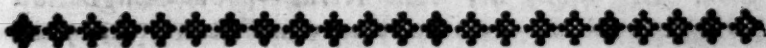
Hump. I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

Pounce. [To *Cler.*] You'll have Opportunity enough to carry her off; the old Fellows will be busy with me — I'll gain all the Time I can, but be bold and prosper.

Niece. *Clerimont*, you follow us.

Cler. Upon the Wings of Love.

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

Cler. Sen. **T**HEN she gave you this Letter, and bid you read it as a Paper of Verfes?

Fain. This is the Place, the Hour, the lucky Minute — Now am I rubbing up my Memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruin'd me, that I may attack her right.

Cler. Sen. Your Eloquence would be needless — 'tis so unmodish to need Persuasion: Modesty makes a Lady embarrass'd — But my Spouse is above that, as for Example, [*Reading her Letter.*] “Fainlove, You don't seem to want Wit — therefore I need say no more, than that Distance to a Woman of the World is becoming in no Man, but an Husband: An Hour hence come up the back Stairs to my Closet.”

Adieu, Mon Mignon.”

I am glad you are punctual, I'll conceal myself to observe your Interview — Oh, Torture! but this Wench must not see it — [*Aside.*]

Fain. Be sure you come time enough to save my Reputation.

Cler. Sen. Remember your Orders, Distance becomes no Man but an Husband.

Fain. I am glad you are in so good Humour on the Occasion; but you know me to be but a Bully in Love, that can bluster only 'till the Minute of Engagement — But I'll top my Part, and form my Conduct by my own Sentiments — If she grows coy, I'll grow more fancy — 'Twas so I was won myself. —

60 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Cler. Sen. Well, my dear Rival — your Affignation draws nigh — you are to put on your Transport, your impatient throbbing Heart won't let you wait her Arrival — Let the dull Family-thing and Husband, who reckons his Moments by his Cares, be content to wait, but you are a Gallant, and measure Time by Extasies.

Fain. I hear her coming — to your Post — good Husband know your Duty, and don't be in the way when your Wife has a Mind to be in private — To your Post, into the Coal-hole.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont.

Welcome, my Dear, my tender Charmer — Oh! to my longing Arms — feel the Heart pat, that falls and rises as you smile or frown — Oh, the extatic Moment!

I think that was something like what has been said to me. [*Aside.*

Mr. Cler. Very well — *Fainlove* — I protest I value myself for my Discerning — I knew you had Fire through all the Respect you shew'd me — But how came you to make no direct Advances, young Gentleman? — Why was I forc'd to admonish your Gallantry.

Fain. Why, Madam, I knew you a Woman of Breeding, and above the senseless Niceties of an *English* Wife — The *French* Way is, you are to go so far, whether they are agreeable or not: If you are so happy as to please, Nobody that is not of a constrain'd Behaviour, is at a Loss to let you know it — Besides, if the humble Servant makes the first Approaches, he has the Impudence of making a Request, but not the Honour of obeying a Command.

Mrs. Cler. Right — a Woman's Man should conceal Passion in a familiar Air of Indifference — Now there's *Mr. Clerimont*; I can't allow him the least Freedom, but the unfashionable Fool grows so fond of me, he cannot hide it in public —

Fain.

Fain. Aye, Madam, I have often wonder'd at your Ladyship's Choice of one that seems to have so little of the *Beau Monde*, in his Carriage, but just what you force him to — while there were so many pretty Gentlemen — *[Dancing.]*

Mrs. Cler. O young Gentleman, you are mightily mistaken, if you think such Animals as you, and pretty *Beau Titmouse*, and pert *Billy Butterfy*, tho' I suffer you to come in, and play about my Rooms, are any Ways in Competition with a Man whose Name one would wear.

Fain. Oh! Madam! then I find we are —

Mrs. Cler. A Woman of Sense must have Respect for a Man of that Character, but, alas! Respect — What is Respect? Respect is not the Thing — Respect has something too solemn for soft Moments — Your Things are more proper for Hours of Dalliance.

Cler. Sen. [sneezing.] How have I wrong'd this fine Lady! — I find I am to be a Cuckold out of her pure Esteem for me.

Mrs. Cler. Besides, those Fellows for whom we have Respect, have none for us; I warrant on such an Occasion *Clerimont* would have rusted a Woman out of all Form, while you —

Cler. Sen. A good Hint — now my Cause comes on. *[Aside.]*

Fain. Since, then, you allow us fitter for soft Moments, why do we misemploy 'em. Let me kiss that beauteous Hand, and clasp that graceful Frame.

Mrs. Cler. How, *Fainlove*! What, you don't design to be impertinent — But my Lips have a certain Roughness on 'em to-day, han't they?

Fain. [Kissing.] No — they are all Softness — Their delicious Sweetness is inexpressible — Here Language fails — Let me applaud thy Lips not by the Utterance but by the Touch of mine.

Enter Clerimont, Sen. drawing his Sword.

Cler. Sen. Ha, Villain! Ravisher! Invader of my Bed and Honour! draw.

Mrs.

60 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Cler. Sen. Well, my dear Rival — your Affignation draws nigh — you are to put on your Transport, your impatient throbbing Heart won't let you wait her Arrival — Let the dull Family-thing and Husband, who reckons his Moments by his Cares, be content to wait, but you are a Gallant, and measure Time by Extasies.

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Fain.

The Accomplish'd Fools. 61

Fain. Aye, Madam, I have often wonder'd at your Ladyship's Choice of one that seems to have so little of the *Beau Monde*, in his Carriage, but just what you force him to — while there were so many pretty Gentlemen — *[Dancing.]*

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Fain. *[Kissing.]* No — they are all Softness — Their delicious Sweetness is inexpressible — Here Language fails — Let me applaud thy Lips not by the Utterance but by the Touch of mine.

Enter Clerimont, Sen. drawing his Sword.

Cler. Sen. Ha, Villain! Ravisher! Invader of my Bed and Honour! draw.

Mrs.

62 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Mrs. Cler. What means this Insolence — this Intrusion into my Privacy? What, do you come into my very Closet without knocking? Who put this into your Head?

Cler. Sen. My Injuries have alarm'd me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your Bravado, the Author of 'em.

Mrs. Cler. O poor Mr. *Fainlove* — Must he die for his Complaisance, and innocent Freedoms with me? How could you, if you might? Oh! the sweet Youth! What, fight Mr. *Fainlove*? What will the Ladies say?

Fain. Let me come at the Intruder on Ladies private Hours — The unfashionable Monster — I'll prevent all future Interruption from him — Let me come —

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

Mrs. Cler. O the brave pretty Creature! Look at his Youth and Innocence — He is not made for such rough Encounters — Stand behind me — Poor *Fainlove*? — There is not a Visit in Town, Sir, where you shall not be displayed at full Length for this Intrusion — I banish you for ever from my Sight and Bed.

Cler. Sen. I obey you, Madam, for Distance is becoming in no Man but an Husband — [*Giving her the Letter, which she reads, and falls into a Swoon.*] I've gone too far — [*kissing her.*] The Impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my Indiscretion led her to — This is the first Kiss I've had these six Weeks — but she awakes. — Well, *Jenny*, you topp'd your Part, indeed — Come to my Arms thou ready willing Fair One — Thou hast no Vanities, no Niceties; but art thankful for every Instance of Love that I bestow on thee —

[*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Cler. What, am I then abus'd? Is it a Wench then of his? Oh me! Was ever poor abus'd Wife, poor innocent Lady thus injur'd!

[*Runs and seizes Fainlove's Sword.*]

Cler.

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 63

Cler. Sen. Oh the brave pretty Creature! — Hurt Mr. *Fainlove*! Look at his Youth, his Innocence — Ha! ha! *[Interposing.]*

Fain. Have a Care, have a Care, dear Sir — I know by myself she'll have no Mercy.

Mrs. Cler. I'll be the Death of her — let me come on — Stand from between us, Mr. *Clerimont* — I would not hurt you. *[Pushing and crying.]*

Cler. Sen. Run, run, Jenny. *[Exit Jenny.]*

[Looks at her upbraidingly before he speaks.]
Well, Madam, are these the innocent Freedoms you claim'd of me? Have I deserv'd this? How has there been a Moment of yours ever interrupted with the real Pangs I suffer? The daily Importunities of Creditors, who become so by serving your profuse Vanities: Did I ever murmur at supplying any of your Diversions, while I believ'd 'em (as you call'd 'em) harmless? Must, then, those Eyes, that us'd to glad my Heart with their familiar Brightness, hang down with Guilt? Guilt has transform'd thy whole Person; nay, the very Memory of it — Fly from my growing Passion.

Mrs. Cler. I cannot fly, nor bear it — Oh! look not —

Cler. Sen. What can you say? speak quickly. *[Offering to draw.]*

Mrs. Cler. I never saw you mov'd before — Don't murder me, Impenitent; I'm wholly in your Power as a Criminal, but remember I have been so in a tender Regard.

Cler. Sen. But how have you consider'd that Regard?

Mrs. Cler. Is't possible you can forgive what you ensnar'd me into? — Oh! look at me kindly — You know I have only err'd in my Intention, nor saw my Danger, 'till, by this honest Art, you had shown me what 'tis to venture to the utmost Limit of what is lawful. You laid that Train, I'm sure, to alarm, not to betray, my Innocence — Mr. *Clerimont* scorns such Baseness! Therefore I kneel — I weep, I am convinc'd. *[Kneels.]*

Cler. Sen. takes her up embracing her.
Cler.

64 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Cler. Sen. Then kneel, and weep no more — my Fairest — my Reconcil'd! — Be so in a Moment, for know I cannot (without wringing my own Heart,) give you the least Compunction — Be in Humour — It shall be your own Fault, if ever there's a serious Word more on this Subject.

Mrs. Cler. I must correct every Idea that rises in my Mind, and learn every Gesture of my Body a-new — I detest the Thing I was.

Cler. Sen. No, no — You must not do so — Our Joy and Grief, Honour and Reproach, are the same; you must slide out of your Foppery, by Degrees, so that it may appear your own Act.

Mrs. Cler. But this Wench! —

Cler. Sen. She is already out of your Way — You shall see the Catastrophe of her Fate yourself — But still keep up the fine Lady till we go out of Town — You may return to it with as decent Airs as you please — And now I have shown you your Error, I'm in so good Humour as to repeat you a Couplet on the Occasion —

*They only who gain Minds, true Laurels wear:
'Tis less to conquer, than convince, the Fair.* [Exeunt.]

Enter Pounce, with Papers.

[*A Table, Chairs, Pen, Ink, and Paper.*]

Pounce. 'Tis a Delight to gall these old Rascals, and set 'em at Variance about Stakes, which I know neither of 'em will ever have Possession of.

Enter Tipkin, and Sir Harry.

Tip. Do you design, Sir Harry, that they shall have an Estate in their own Hands, and keep House themselves, poor Things?

Sir Har. No, no, Sir, I know better; they shall go down into the Country, and live with me, not touch a Farthing of Money, but having all Things necessary provided, they shall go tame about the House, and breed.

Tip.

Tip. Well, Sir *Harry*, then considering that all human Things are subject to change, it behoves every Man that has a just Sense of Mortality, to take care of his Money.

Sir *Har.* I don't know what you mean, Brother — What do you drive at, Brother?

Tip. This Instrument is executed by you, your Son, and my Niece, which discharges me of all Retrospects.

Sir *Har.* It is confess'd, Brother; but what then? —

Tip. All that remains is, That you pay me for the young Lady's twelve Years Board, as also all other Charges, as Wearing Apparel, &c.

Sir *Har.* What is this you say? Did I give you my Discharge from all Retrospects, as you call it, and after all do you come with this and t'other, and all that? I find you are, I tell you, Sir, to your Face, I find you are —

Tip. I find, too, what you are, Sir *Harry*.

Sir *Har.* What am I, Sir? What am I?

Tip. Why, Sir, you are angry.

Sir *Har.* Sir I scorn your Words, I am not angry — Mr. *Pounce* is my Witness, I am as gentle as a Lamb — Would it not make any Flesh alive angry, to see a close Hunk come after all with a Demand of —

Tip. Mr. *Pounce*, pray inform Sir *Harry* in this Point.

Pounce. Indeed, Sir *Harry*, I must tell you plainly, that Mr. *Tipkin*, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover — For tho' this Case may be consider'd *Multi-farian*; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *Vitalim*, or vulgarly express'd — Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the Power is settled as the Law requires, *Assensu Patris*, by the Consent of the Father — That Circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the Advantages which accrue to your Family, by this Alliance, which corroborates Mr. *Tipkin's* Demand, and avoids all Objections that can be made.

Sir *Har.* Why then I find you are his Adviser in all this —

Pounce. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, to show you I love to promote

66 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

more among my Clients a good Understanding ; tho' Mr. *Tipkin* may claim Four Thousand Pounds, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that he shall take Three Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-eight Pounds, Four Shillings, and Eight-pence Farthing.

Tip. Indeed, Mr. *Pounce*, you are too hard upon me.

Pounce. You must consider a little, Sir *Harry* is your Brother.

Sir *Har.* Three Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-eight Pounds, Four Shillings, and Eight-pence Farthing ! For what, I say ? for what, Sir ?

Pounce. For what, Sir ! For what she wanted, Sir, a fine Lady is always in want, Sir — Her very Cloaths would come to that Money in half the Time.

Sir *Har.* Three Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-eight Pounds, Four Shillings and Eight-pence Farthing for Cloaths ! Pray how many Suits does she wear out in a Year ?

Pounce. Oh, dear Sir, a fine Lady's Cloaths are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

Sir *Har.* Well, I'll save her Cloaths for the future, after I have got her into the Country — I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked Town, where Cloaths are worn out by Sight — And as to what you demand, I tell you, Sir, 'tis Extortion ?

Tip. Sir *Harry*, do you accuse me of Extortion ?

Sir *Har.* Yes, I say Extortion.

Tip. Mr. *Pounce*, write down that — There are very good Laws provided against Scandal and Calumny — Loss of Reputation may tend to Loss of Money —

Pounce. Item, For having accus'd Mr. *Tipkin* of Extortion.

Sir *Har.* Nay, if you come to your *Items* — Look ye, Mr. *Tipkin*, this is an Inventory of such Goods as were left to my Niece *Bridget* by her deceas'd Father, and which I expect shall be forth-coming at her Marriage to my Son —

Imprimis, A golden Locket of her Mother's, with something very ingenious in *Latin* on the Inside of it —

Item,

Item, A Couple of Musquets, with two Shoulder-belts and Bandeliers.

Item, A large Silver Caudle-cup, with a true Story engraven on it.

Pounce. But, Sir Harry —

Sir Har. *Item*, A Base Viol, with almost all the Strings to it, and only a small Hole on the Back.

Pounce. But nevertheless, Sir —

Sir Har. This is the Furniture of my Brother's Bed-chamber that follows — A Suit of Tapestry Hangings, with the Story of *Judith* and *Holofernes*, torn only where the Head should have been off — an old Bedsted curiously wrought about the Posts, consisting of two Load of Timber. — A Hone, a Bason, three Razors, and a Comb-case — Look ye, Sir, you see I can *Item* it.

Pounce. Alas! Sir Harry, if you had ten Quire of *Items*, 'tis all answer'd in the Word *Retrospect*.

Sir Har. Why then, Mr. *Pounce* and Mr. *Tipkin*, you are both Rascals.

Tip. Do you call me Rascal, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Yes, Sir.

Tip. Write it down, Mr. *Pounce* — at the End of the Leaf.

Sir Har. If you have Room, Mr. *Pounce* — Put down Villain, Son of a Whore, Curmudgeon, Hunks, and Scoundrel.

Tip. Not so fast, Sir Harry, he cannot write so fast, you are at the Word Villain — Son of a Whore, I take it, was next — You may make the Account as large as you please, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Come, come, I won't be us'd thus — Hark ye, Sirrah, draw — What do you do at this End of the Town without a Sword? — Draw, I say —

Tip. Sir Harry, you are a Military Man, a Colonel of the Militia.

Sir Har. I am so, Sirrah, and will run such an extorting Dog as you through the Guts, to show the Militia is useful.

Pounce. Oh dear, oh dear! — How am I concern'd

68 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

cern'd to see Persons of your Figure thus mov'd —
The Wedding is coming in — We'll settle these things
afterwards.

Tip. I am calm.

Sir Har. *Tipkin*, live these two Hours — but expect —

*Enter Humphry leading Niece, Mrs. Clerimont led by
Fainlove, Capt. Clerimont, and Clerimont Sen.*

Pounce. Who are these? Hey-day, who are these, *Sir
Harry*? Ha!

Sir Har. Some Frolick, 'tis Wedding-day — no
Matter.

Hump. Haw, haw; Father — Master Uncle — Come,
you must stir your Stumps, you must dance — Come,
old Lads, kiss the Ladies —

Mrs. Cler. *Mr. Tipkin*, *Sir Harry*, — I beg Pardon
for an Introduction so *mal-a-propos* — I know sudden
Familiarity is not the *English Way* — Alas, *Mr. Gubbin*,
this Father and Uncle of yours must be new model'd —
How they stare both of them!

Sir Har. Hark ye, *Numps*, who is this you have brought
hither? Is it not the famous *fine Lady Mrs. Clerimont* —
What a Pox did you let her come near your Wife —

Hump. Look ye, don't expose yourself, and play some
mad Country Prank to disgrace me before her — I shall
be laugh'd at, because she knows I understand better.

Mrs. Cler. I congratulate, Madam, your coming
out of the Bondage of a Virgin State — A Woman can't
do what she will properly 'till she's marry'd.

Sir Har. Did you hear what she said to your Wife?

Enter Aunt before a Service of Dishes.

Aunt. So, *Mr. Bridegroom*, pray take that Napkin,
and serve your Spouse To-day, according to Custom.

Hump. *Mrs. Clerimont*, pray know my Aunt.

Mrs. Cler. Madam, I must beg your Pardon; I can't
possibly like all that vast Load of Meat that you are
sending in to Table — besides, 'tis so offensively sweet, it
wants that *Haut-goût* we are so delighted with in *France*.

Aunt.

Aunt.

Aunt. You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you.
Who is this?

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam, I only speak for the future;
little Saucers are so much more polite — Look ye, I'm
perfectly for the *French* Way, whene'er I'm admitted, I
I take the Whole upon me.

Sir Har. The *French*, Madam, — I'd have you to
know —

Mrs. Cler. You'll not like it at first, out of a natural
English Sullenness, but that will come upon you by De-
grees — When I first went into *France*, I was mortally
afraid of a Frog, but in a little Time I cou'd eat nothing
else, except Sallads.

Aunt. Eat Frogs! have I kiss'd one that has eat
Frogs — Paw! Paw!

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam — A Frog and a Sallad are
delicious Fare — 'tis not long come up in *France* itself,
but their glorious Monarch has introduced the Diet
which makes 'em so spiritual — He eradicated all gross
Food by Taxes, and for the Glory of the Monarch sent
the Subject a grazing; but I fear I defer the Entertain-
ment and Diversion of the Day.

Hump. Now Father, Uncle — before we go any fur-
ther, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's to-
gether — then I give either of you two Hours to guess
which is my Wife — And 'tis not my Cousin — so far
I'll tell you.

Sir Har. How! What do you say? But oh! — you
mean she is not your Cousin now — she's nearer a-kin;
that's well enough — Well said, *Numps* — Ha, ha, ha!

Hump. No, I don't mean so, I tell you I don't mean
so — My Wife hides her Face under her Hat.

[All looking at Fainlove.]

Tip. What does the Puppy mean? His Wife under a Hat!

Hump. Aye, aye, that's she, that's she — a good Jest,
'faith —

Sir Har. Hark ye, *Numps* — what dost mean, Child? —
Is that a Woman, and are you really marry'd to her?

Hump. I am sure of both.

Sir

70 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Sir Har. Are you so, *Sirrah*? then, *Sirrah*, this is your Wedding Dinner, *Sirrah*, — Do you see, *Sirrah*, here's roast Meat.

Hump. Oh, ho! what, beat a marry'd Man! Hold him, *Mr. Clerimont*, Brother *Pounce*, *Mr. Wife*; No Body stand by a young marry'd Man!

[Runs behind Fainlove.]

Sir Har. Did not the Dog say, Brother *Pounce*? What, is this *Mrs. Ragout* — This *Madam Clerimont*? Who the Devil are you all, but especially who the Devil are you too?

[Beats Humphry and Fainlove off the Stage, following.]

Tip. *[Aside.]* Master *Pounce*, all my Niece's Fortune will be demanded now — for I suppose that red Coat has her — Don't you think you and I had better break?

Pounce. You may as soon as you please, but 'tis my Interest to be honest a little longer.

Tip. Well, *Biddy*, since you would not accept of your Cousin, I hope you han't disposed of yourself elsewhere.

Niece. If you'll for a little while suspend your Curiosity, you shall have the whole History of my Amour to this my Nuptial Day, under the Title of the Loves of *Clerimont* and *Parthenissa*.

Tip. Then, *Madam*, your Portion is in safe Hands —

Cler. Come, come, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend; here's honest *Mr. Pounce* shall be my Engineer, and I warrant you we beat you out of all your Holds —

Aunt. What, then, is *Mr. Pounce* a Rogue? he must have some Trick, Brother; it cannot be; he must have cheated t'other Side, for I'm sure he's honest.

[Apart to Tipkin.]

Cler. Sen. *Mr. Pounce*, all your Sister has won of this Lady, she has honestly put into my Hands, and I'll return it her, at this Lady's particular Request. *[To Pounce.]*

Pounce. And the Thousand Pounds you promis'd in your Brother's Behalf, I'm willing should be hers also.

Cler. Then go in, and bring 'em all back to make the best of an ill Game; we'll eat the Dinner and have a Dance together, or we shall transgress all Form.

Re-enter

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 71

Re-enter Fainlove, Humphry, and Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Well, since you say you are worth something, and the Boy has set his Heart upon you, I'll have Patience 'till I see further.

Pounce. Come, come, *Sir Harry*, you shall find my Alliance more considerable than you imagine; the *Pounce's* are a Family that will always have Money, if there's any in the World — Come, Fiddlers.

DANCE *here.*

Cler. *You've seen th' Extremes of the domestic Life.*

A Son too much confin'd — too free a Wife;

By generous Bonds you either shou'd restrain,

And only on their Inclinations gain;

Wives to obey must love, Children revere,

While only Slaves are govern'd by their Fear.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. ESTCOURT.

BRITONS, who constant war, with factious Rage,
For Liberty against each other wage,
From Foreign Insult save this English Stage.
No more th' Italian squalling Tribe admit,
In Tongues unknown; 'tis Popery in Wit.
The Songs, (their selves confess,) from Rome they bring,
And 'tis High-Mass, for aught you know, they sing.
Husbands take Care, the Danger may come nigher,
The Women say their Eunuch is a Friar.

But is it not a serious Ill, to see
Europe's great Arbiters so mean can be;
Passive, with an affected Joy to sit,
Suspend their native Taste of manly Wit;
Neglect their Comic Humour, Tragic Rage,
For known Defects of Nature, and of Age?
Arise, for Shame, ye conqu'ring Britons rise;
Such unadorn'd Effeminacy despise:
Admire, (if you will doat on Foreign Wit,)
Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ.
So shall less Works, such as To-night's slight Play,
At your Command with Justice die away;
'Till then, forgive our Writers, that can't bear
You shou'd such very Traumontanes appear,
The Nations, which contend you, to revere.

Let Anna's Soil be known for all its Charms;
As fam'd for Lib'ral Sciences, as Arms:
Let those Derision meet, who would advance
Manners, or Speech, from Italy or France.
Let them learn You, who wou'd your Favour find,
And English be the Language of Mankind.

FINIS.







J. Basire Sculp.

THE
LYING LOVER:
OR, THE
LADIES FRIENDSHIP.
A
COMEDY.

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Hæc nôsse salus est adolescentulis.

Ter.

The SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:
Printed for T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, and W. NICOLL.
MDCCLXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OLD *Bookwit.*
Young *Bookwit.*
Love-more.
Frederick.
Latine.
Storm.
Charcoal.

Captain *Griffin.*
Mr. *Wilks.*
Mr. *Mills.*
Mr. *Toms.*
Mr. *Cibber.*
Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Mr. *Bullock.*

W O M E N.

Penelope.
Victoria.
Betty.
Lettice.



Mrs. *Rogers.*
Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Mrs. *Cox.*
Mrs. *Lucas.*

*Constables, Watch, Turnkey, Cookmaid, and several
Goal-birds.*

SCENE, LONDON.



P R O L O G U E.

*ALL the commanding Powers that awe Mankind
Are in a trembling Poet's Audience join'd,
Where such bright Galaxies of Beauty sit,
And at their Feet assembled Men of Wit:
Our Author therefore owns his deep Despair
To entertain the Learned or the Fair;
Yet hopes that both will so much be his Friends;
To pardon what he does, for what h'intends;
He aims to make the coming Action move
On the dread Laws of Friendship and of Love;
Sure then he'll find but very few severe,
Since there's of both so many Objects here.
He offers no gross Vices to your Sight,
Those too much Horror raise for just Delight;
And to detain th' attentive knowing Ear,
Pleasure must still have something that's severe.
If then you find our Author treads the Stage,
With just regard to a reforming Age;
He hopes, he humbly hopes, you'll think there's due
Mercy to him, for Justice done to you.*



EPILOGUE.

*OUR too advent'rous Author soar'd To-night
Above the little Praise, Mirth to excite,
And chose with Pity to chastise Delight.
For Laughter's a distorted Passion, born
Of sudden Self Esteem, and sudden Scorn;
Which when 'tis o'er, the Men in Pleasure wise,
Both him that mov'd it, and themselves, despise:
While generous Pity of a painted Wee
Makes us ourselves both more approve and know.
What is that Truth within, which Nature gave
For Man, to Man, e'er Fortune made a Slave?
Sure it descends from that dread Power alone
Who levels Thunder from his awful Throne,
And shakes both Worlds——yet bears the Wretched
groan.*

}
}

*'Tis what the ancient Sage could ne'er define,
Wonder'd——and call'd; Part human, Part divine:
'Tis that pure Joy, which guardian Angels know,
When timely they assist their Care below;
When they the Good protect, the Ill oppose;
'Tis what our Sovereign feels, when she bestows,
Which gives her glorious Cause such high Success,
That only on the Stage you see Distress.*

THE

THE
LYING LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.

LATINE.

BUT have you utterly left *Oxford*?

Y. Book. For ever, Sir, for ever; my father has given me leave to come to town, and I don't question but will let my return be in my own choice—But, *Jack*, you know we were talking in *Maudline* walks last week of the necessity, in intrigues, of a faithful, yet a prating servant—We agreed therefore to cast lots who should be the other's foot-man for the present expedition—Fortune, that's always blind, gave me the superiority.

Lat. She shall be call'd no more so, for that one action: and I am, Sir, in a literal sense, your very humble servant—

Y. Book. Begin then the duty of an useful valet, and flatter me egregiously—Has the fellow fitted me? How is my manner? my mien? Do I move freely? Have I kicked off the trammels of a gown? Or does not the tail on't seem still tuck'd under my arm, where my hat is? with pert jirk forward, and little hitch in my gait like a scholastick beau?—This wig, I fear looks like a cap.

Lat. No, faith, it looks like a cap and gown too? tho' at the same time you look as if you ne'er had worn either—

Y. Book. But my sword—does it hang careless?—do I look bold, negligent, and erect? that is, do I look as if I could kill a man without being out of humour?

I horribly mistrust myself—Am I military enough in my air? I fancy people see I understand *Greek*. Don't I pore a little in my visage?—Han't I a down bookish lour? a wise sadness?—I don't look gay enough and unthinking, I fancy.

Lat. I protest you wrong yourself:—You look very brisk, and very ignorant.

Y. Book. Oh fie—I am afraid you flatter me.

Lat. I don't indeed—I'll be hang'd if my tutor would know either of us—But, good master, to what use do you design to put the noble arts and sciences he taught us—The conduct of our lives, the government of our passions, were his daily talk to us, good man?

Y. Book. Good man? Why I'll obey his precepts, but abridge 'em—For as he used to advise me, I'll contract my thoughts—as I'll tell you, *Jack*—For the passions, I'll turn them all into that one dear passion, love; and when that's the only torture of my heart, I'll give that tortured heart quite away, deny there's any such thing as pain, and turn *Stoick* a shorter way than e'er thy tutor taught thee—This is the new philosophy, you Rogue you——

Lat. But you would not in earnest be thought wholly illiterate?

Y. Book. No; for as when I walk, I'd have you know by my motion I can dance; so when I speak I'd have you see I read—yet would ordinarily neither cut capers, nor talk sentences—But you prate as if I came to town to get an employment;—No; hang business—hang care, let it live and prosper among the men—I'll ne'er go near the solemn ugly things again—I'll keep company with none but Ladies—bright Ladies—Oh *London! London!* Oh Woman! Woman! I am come where thou livest, where thou shinest.

Lat. Hey-day! why, were there no women in *Oxford*?

Y. Book. No, no; why, do you think a bed-maker's a woman?

Lat. Yes, and thought you knew it.

Y. Book. No, no, 'tis no such thing—As he that is not honest or brave is no man; so she that is not witty or fair is no woman—No, no, *Jack*—to come up to that high

high name, and object of desire—She must be gay and chaste, she must at once attract, and banish you—I don't know how to express myself—but a woman methinks is a being between us and angels—She has something in her that at the same gives awe and invitation; and I swear to you I was never out on't yet—But I always judged of men, as I observed they judged of women: there is nothing shews a man so much as the object of his affections—But what do you stare at so considerably?

Lat. Faith, Sir, I am wondering at you—how 'tis possible you could be so janty a town-spark in a moment, and have so easy a behaviour—I look methinks to you, as if I were really your footman—

Y. Book. Why, if you're serious in what you say—I owe it wholly to the indulgence of an excellent father, in whose company I was always free, and unconstrain'd—But what's this to ladies, *Jack*, to ladies—I was going to tell you I had study'd 'em, and know how to make my approaches to 'em by contemplating their frame, their inmost temper—I don't ground my hopes on the scandalous tales and opinions your wild fellows have of 'em—Fellows that are but mere bodies—Machines—which at best can but move gracefully—No, I draw my pretences from philosophy, from nature—

Lat. You'll give us by and by a lecture over your mistress: you can dissect her.

Y. Book. That I can indeed, and have so accurately observed on woman, that I can know her mind by her eye, as well as her doctor shall her health by her pulse—I can read approbation through a glance of disdain—Can see when the Soul is divided by a sparkling tear that twinkles and betrays the heart; a sparkling tear's the dress and livery of love—Of love made up of hope, and fear, of joy and grief—

Lat. But what have the wars to do with all this? Why must you needs commence soldier all of a sudden?

Y. Book. Were't not a taking compliment with my college face and phrase t'accost a lady—Madam, I bring your ladyship a learned heart, one newly come from the University—If you want definitions, axioms, and arguments, I am an able school-man—I have read *Aristotle* twice over, compared his jarring commentators too, examined all the famous peripateticks, know where the

10. *The* LYING LOVER: *or,*

Scotists and the Nominals differ: This certainly must needs enchant a Lady.

Lat. This is too much on th' other side.

Y. Book. The name of a soldier bids you better welcome: 'Tis valour and feats done in the field a man should be cried up for—nor is't so hard to achieve.

Lat. The fame of it, you mean—

Y. Book. Yes; and that will serve—'Tis but looking big, bragging with an easy grace, and confidently mustering up an hundred hard names they understand not: Thunder out *Villeroy*, *Catinat*, and *Beuffers*; speak of strange towns and castles, whose barbarous names, the harsher they're to the ear, the rarer and more taking—Still running over lines, trenches, outworks, counterescarp, and forts, citadels, mines, countermines, pickering, pioneers, centinels, paroles, and others, without sense or order, that matters not, the women are amaz'd, they admire to hear you rap 'em out so readily; and many a one that went no farther for't, retailing handsomely some warlike terms, passes for a brave fellow—Don't stand gaping, but live and learn, my lad—I can tell thee ten thousand arts, to make thee known and valued in these regions of wit and gallantry, the park; the playhouse—

Lat. Now you put me in mind where we are—What have we to do here thus early—now there's no company?

Y. Book. Oh! Sir, I have put on so much of the soldier with my red coat, that I came here to observe the ground I am to engage upon—Here must I act, I know, some lover's part, and therefore came to view this pleasant walk—I privately rambled to town last *November*—Here, ay here—I stood and gaz'd at high Mall, till I forget 'twas winter, so many pretty she's marched by me—Oh! to see the dear things trip, trip along, and breathe so short, nipt with the season—I saw the very air not without force leave their dear lips.—Oh! they were intolerably handsome.

Lat. You'll see, perhaps, such to-day—but how to come at 'em—

Y. Book. Ay, there's it, how to come at 'em—

Lat. Are you generous?

Y. Book. I think I am no niggard

Lat.

THE LADIES FRIENDSHIP.

II

Lat. You must entertain them high, and bribe all about 'em. They talk of *Ovid*, and his art of loving; be liberal and you outdo his precepts—The art of love, sir, is the art of giving—Be free to women, they'll be free to you; not ev'ry open handed fellow hits it neither. Some give by lap-suls, and yet ne'er oblige. The manner you know of doing a thing is more than the thing itself—Some drop a jewel, which would have been refused if bluntly offered.

Y. Book. Some lose at play what they design a present.

Lat. Right—the skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of yourself; 'tis done with so much ease; but a liberal blockhead presents his mistress as he'd give an alms.

Y. Book. Leave such blockheads to their deserved ill fortune—Tell me if thou know'st these ladies?

Lat. No, not I, sir, they are above an academick converse many degrees—I've seen ten thousand verses writ in the University on wenches not fit to be either of their handmaids—I never spoke to such a fine thing as either in all my whole life—I'm downright asleep o'sudden—I must fall back, and glad it is my place to do so: yet I can get you intelligence perhaps—I'll to the footman.

Y. Book. Do you think he'll tell?—

Lat. He would not to you perhaps—but to a brother footman—Do you but listen at the entrance of the mall at noon, and you'll have all the Ladies characters in town among the lacqueys—You know all fame begins from our domesticks—

Y. Book. That was a wise man's observation—Follow him, and know what you can. *Exit Latine.*

Enter Penelope, Victoria, Simon and Lettice.

Pen. A walk round would be too much for us—we'll keep the Mall—But to our talk—I must confess I have terrors when I think of marrying *Lovemore*: he is indeed a man of an honest character—he has my good opinion, but love does not always follow that—he is so wise a fellow, always so precisely in the right, so observing and so jealous—he's blameless indeed, but not to be commended: what good he has, has no grace in't: he's one of those who's never highly mov'd, except to anger—Give me a man that has agreeable faults, rather than offensive virtues.

Vic.

Viola. Offerfive virtues, madam!

Pen. Yes—I don't know how—there's a sort of virtue, or prudence, or what you'll call it, that we can but just approve. That does not win us—*Loveless* wants that fire—that conversation-spirit I would have. They say he's learn'd as well as discreet, but I'm no judge of that: I'm sure he's no woman's scholar; his wisdom he should turn into wit, and his learning into poetry or humour.

Viola. Well, I'm not so much of your mind, I like a sober passion.

Pen. A sober passion! you took me up just now when I said an offensive virtue——Bless me;

[stumbling almost to a fall.]

Y. Book. *[catching her]* How much am I indebted to an accident that favours me with an occasion of this small service! for 'tis to me a happiness beyond expression thus to kiss your hand.

Pen. The occasion, methinks, is not so obliging, nor the happiness you mention, worth that name, sir.

Y. Book. 'Tis true, madam, I owe it all to fortune, neither your kindness nor my industry had any share in't: thus am I still as wretched as I was, for this happiness I so much prize had doubtless been refus'd by want of merit.

Pen. 'T has very soon you see lost what you valued in it: but I find you and I, sir, have a different sense; for in my opinion we enjoy with most pleasure, what we attain with least merit—Merit is a claim, and may pretend justly to favour; when without it what's conferr'd is more unexpected, and therefore more pleasing.

Y. Book. You talk very well, madam, of an happiness you can't possibly be acquainted with, the enjoying without desert. But indeed you have done me a very singular good office, in letting me know myself very much qualify'd for felicity.

Viola. I swear he's a very pretty fellow, and how readily the thing talks—I begin to pity *Loveless*, but I begin to hate *Penelope*. How he looks! he looks at her!

Y. Book. But judge, madam, what the condition of a passionate man must be, that can approach the hand only of her he dies for, when her heart is inaccessible.

Pen. 'Tis very well the heart lies not so easily to be seized

seized as the hand—I find—pray, sir—I don't know what there is in this very odd fellow, I'm not angry, tho' he's downright rude.—But I must——

Y. Book. But your heart, madam, your heart—

[*pressingly.*]

Pen. You seem'd, sir, I must confess, to have shewn a ready civility when I'd like to fall just now, for which I cou'd not but thank you, and permit you to say what you pleas'd on that occasion—But your heart, madam; 'tis a sure sign, sir, you know not me—Or if you are what indeed you seem—a gentleman—sure you forget yourself, or rather you talk by memory, a form or cant which you mistake for something that's gallant.

Y. Book. Madam, I very humbly beg your pardon, if I press'd too far, and too abruptly—I forgot indeed that I broke through decencies, and that tho' you have been long a familiar to me, I am a stranger to you.

Pen. Pray, familiar stranger, what can you mean? I never saw you before this instant, nor you me, I believe.

Y. Book. Perhaps not that you know of, madam.—For your humility, it seems, makes you so little sensible of your own perfection, that you o'erlook your conquest; nor have you e'er observ'd me, tho' I hover day and night about your lodging, haunt you from place to place, at balls, in the park, at church—I gave you all the serenades you've had, yet never till this minute cou'd I find you, and this minute an unfortunate one—But this is always my luck, when I am out of the field.

Vic. You've travell'd then, and seen the wars, sir?

Y. Book. I—madam—I—All that I know of the matter is, that *Lewis* the fourteenth mortally hates me. They talk of French gold—What heaps have I refus'd!—yet to be generous even to an enemy, I must allow that prince has reason for his rancour to me.—There has not been a skirmish, siege, or battle since I bore arms, I made not one in; no, nor the least advantage got over the enemy but I had my share, tho' perhaps not all my share o'th' glory—you've seen my name, tho' you don't know it, often in the *Gazette*.

Pen. I never read news.

Enter

Enter Latine.

Lat. What tale's he telling now, tro?

Y. Book. You've never heard, I suppose, of such names as *Ruremond*, *Keyserwaert*, and *Liege*: nor read of an *English* gentleman left dead by his precipitancy upon a parapet at *Venlo*.—I was thought so indeed, when the first account came away.—Every man has his failings—Rashness is my Fault.

Lat. Don't you remember a certain place call'd *Oxford* among your towns, Sir?

Y. Book. Shaw, away—Oh!—oh! I beg your pardon, ladies; this fellow knows I was shot in my left arm, and cannot bear the least touch, yet will still be rushing on me.

Lat. He has a lye, I think, in every joint. [*Aside*.

Pen. Do you bear any commission, Sir?

Y. Book. There's an intimate of mine, a general officer, who has often said, *Tom*, if you would'st but stick to any one application, thou might'st be any thing—'tis my misfortune, madam, to have a mind too extensive. I began last summer's campaign with the renowned prince *Eugene*, but was forced to fly into *Holland* for a duel with that rough captain of the *Hussars*, *Paul Diack*—they talk of a regiment for me—but those things—besides it will oblige me to attend it, and then I can't follow honour where-e'er she's busiest, but must be confined to one nation—when indeed 'tis rather my way of serving with such of our allies as most want me.

Pen. But I see you soldiers never enjoy such a thing as rest—you but come home in winter to turn your valour on the ladies, 'tis but just a change of your warfare.

Y. Book. I had immediately return'd to *Holland*, but your beauties at my arrival here disarm'd me, madam, made me a man of peace, or rais'd a civil war within me rather.—You took me prisoner at first sight, and to your charms I yielded up an heart, till then unconquer'd. Martial delights (once best and dearest to me) vanish'd before you in a moment, and all my thoughts grew bent to please and serve you.

Let. *Love*more's in the walk, madam, he'll be in a fit.

Y. Book. Rob me o'th' sudden this of all my Happiness! yet e'er you quite forsake me, authorize my passion, licence my innocent flames, and give me leave to love such charming sweetness.

Pen. He that will love, and knows what 'tis to love, will ask no leave of any but himself. [*Ex. Ladies.*]

Y. Book. Follow 'em, *Jack.*

Lat. I know as much of 'em already as needs. The footman was in his talking vein—the handsomer of the two, says he, I serve, and she lives in the Garden.

Y. Book. What Garden?

Lat. *Covent-Garden*: The other lies there too. I did not stay to ask her name, but I shall meet him again, I took particular notice of the livery.

Y. Book. Ne'er trouble thyself to know which is which, my heart and my good genius tell me, 'tis she, that pretty she I talk'd to.

Lat. If, with respect to your worship's opinion, I might presume to be of a contrary one, I should think the other the handsomer now.

Y. Book. What the dumb thing! the picture—No, love is the union of minds, and she that engages mine must be very well able to express her own. But I suppose some scolding landlady has made you so enamour'd with silence. But here are two o'the dearest of my old comrades, they seem amaz'd at something by their action.

Enter Lovemore and Frederick.

Fred. How! a collation on the water, and music too?

Love. Yes, music and a collation.

Fred. Last night?

Love. Last night too.

Fred. An handsome treat?

Love. A very noble one.

Fred. Who gave it?

Love. That I'm yet to learn.

Y. Book. How happy am I to meet you here!

Love. When I embrace you thus—no happiness can equal mine. [*Saluting.*]

Y. Book. I thrust myself intruding'y upon you; but you'll pardon a man overjoy'd to see you.

Love. Where you're always welcome, you never can intrude.

Y. Book. What were you talking of?

Love.

Love. Of an entertainment.

Y. Book. Given by some lover?

Love. As we suppose.

Y. Book. That circumstance deserves my curiosity; pray go on, and let me share the story.

Love. Some ladies had the fiddles last night.

Y. Book. Upon the wa-er too methought you said?

Love. Yes, 'twas upon the water.

Y. Book. Water often feeds the flame.

Love. Sometimes.

Y. Book. And by night too?

Love. Yes, last night.

Y. Book. He chose his time well——The lady is handsome?

Love. In most mens eyes she is.

Y. Book. And the musick?

Love. Good, as we hear.

Y. Book. Some banquet follow'd?

Love. A sumptuous one, they say.

Y. Book. And neither of you all the while know who gave this treat? ha, ha.

Love. D'ye laugh at it?

Y. Book. How can I chuse, to see you thus admire a slight divertisement I gave myself?

Love. You?

Y. Book. Ev'n I——

Love. Why have you got a mistress here already?

Y. Book. I should be sorry else: I've been in town this month or more, though for some reasons I appear but a little yet by day, i' th' dark o' th' evening I peep out, and *incognito* make some visits. Thus have I spent my time but ill, were not——

Lat. Do you know what you say, sir?—Don't lay it on so thick.——

Y. Book. Nay, you must be sure to take care to be in the way as soon as they land, to shew up stairs—I beg pardon, I was giving my fellow some directions about receiving some women of quality that sup with me to-night *incog.*—But you're my dearest friends, and shall hear all——

Fred. to Love. How luckily your rival discovers himself.

Y. Book. I took five barges, and the fairest kept for my

my company; the other four, I fill'd with music of all sorts, and of all sorts the best; in the first were fiddles, in the next theorbo, lutes, and voices.

Flutes and such pastoral instruments i'th' third,
Loud musick from the fourth did pierce the air.
Each consort vy'd by turns,
Which with most melody shou'd charm our ears.
The fifth the largest of 'em all, was neatly hung,
Not with dull tapestry, but with green boughs,
Curiosity interlac'd to let in air,
And every branch with jessamines, and orange posies deck'd.

In this the feast was kept.

Hither with five other ladies I led her whose beauty alone governs my destiny. Supper was serv'd up straight; I will not trouble you with our bill of fare, what dishes were best lik'd, what sauces most commended; 'tis enough I tell you this delicious feast was of six courses, twelve dishes to a course.

Lat. That's indeed enough of all conscience. [*Aside.*

Love. Oh the torture of jealousy! [*Aside.*] But, sir, how seem'd the lady to receive this entertainment? we must know that.

Y. Book. Oh! that was the height on't—She, I warrant you, was quite negligent of all this matter. You know their way. They must not seem to like—No, I warrant it wou'd not so much as smile to make the fellow vain, and believe he had power to move delight in her—ha, ha!

Love. But how then?

Y. Book. Why you must know my honour grew poetick—I pull'd off my sword-knot, and with that bound up a coronet of ivy, laurel, and flowers; with that round my temples, and a plate of richest fruits in my hand, on one knee I presented her with it as a *cornucopia*, an offering from her humble swain of all his harvest—to her the *Ceres* of our genial feast, and rural mirth—she smil'd—the ladies clapp'd their hands, and all our musick struck sympathetick rapture at my happiness; while gentle winds, the river, air, echo'd the harmony in notes more soft than they receiv'd it. Methought all nature seem'd to die for love like me. To all my heart and every pulse beat time—Oh the pleasures of successful love

love! ha, *Love*! ha! what, hast thou got a good office lately—You're afraid I should make some request. Pry'thee ben't so shy, I have nothing to ask but of my mistress; what's the matter?

Love. I only attend, sir, I only attend—

Y. Book. Then I'll go on. As soon as we had supp'd, the fire-works play'd. Squibs of all sorts were darted through the skies, whose spreading fires made a new day. A flaming deluge seem'd to fall from Heaven, and with such violence attack'd the waves, you wou'd have thought the fiery element had left his sphere, to ruin his moist enemy. Their contest done, we landed, danc'd till day, which hasty *Sol* disturb'd us with too soon. Had he ta'en our advice, or fear'd my anger, he might in *Thetis's* lap have slept as long as at *Alcmena's* labour he's reported: but steering not as we wou'd have prescrib'd, he put a period to our envy'd mirth.

Love. Trust me you tell us wonders, and with a grace as rare as the feast itself, which all our summer's mirth can't equal.

Y. Book. My mistress took me o'th' sudden—I had not a day's warning.

Love. The treat was costly tho', and finely order'd.

Y. Book. I was forc'd to take up with this trifle. He that wants time can't do as he wou'd.

Love. Farewel, we shall meet again at more leisure.

Y. Book. Number me among your creatures.

Love. Oh Jealousy! thou rack, jealousy!

Fred. What reason have you to feel it? the circumstances of the feast nothing agree—

Love. In this time and place they do; the rest is nothing.

[*Ex. Fred. and Love*,

Lat. May I speak now, sir, without offence?

Y. Book. 'Tis in your choice now to speak or not, but before company you'll spoil all.

Lat. Do you walk abroad and talk in your sleep? or do you use to tell your dreams for current truth?

Y. Book. Dull brain!

Lat. Why you beat out mine with your battles, your fire-works, your musick, and your feasts. You've found an excellent way to go to your wars, and yet keep out of danger—then you feast your mistress at the cheapest

rate

rate that ever I knew! Why d'ye make 'em believe you ha' been here these six weeks?

Y. Book. My passion has the more growth, and I the better ground to make love.

Lat. You'd make one believe fine things, that wou'd but harken to you—But this lady might soon have found you out—

Y. Book. Some acquaintance I have got however; this is making love, scholar, and at the best rate too.

Lat. To speak truth, I'm hardly come to myself yet, your great supper lies on my stomach still. I defy *Pontack* to have prepar'd a better o'th' sudden. Your enchanted castles, where strangers found strange tables, strangely furnished with strange cats, were but six-penny ordinaries to the fifth barge; you were an excellent man to write romances, for having feasts and battles at command, your *Quixote* in a trice would over-run the world; revelling and skirmishing cost you nothing; then you vary your scene with so much ease, and shift from court to camp with such facility—

Y. Book. I love thus to outvie a news-monger; and as soon as I perceive a fellow thinks his story will surprise—I choke him with a stranger, and stop his mouth with an *extempore* wonder: didst thou but know what a pleasure 'tis to cram their own news down their throats again!—

Lat. 'Tis fine but may prove dangerous sport, and may involve us in a peck of troubles: pry'thee, *Tom*, consider that I am of quality to be kick'd or can'd by this L—

Y. Book. Hush, hush, call it not lying; as for my waging war, it is but just I snatch and steal from fortune that fame which she denies me opportunity to deserve—My father has cramp'd me in a college, while all the world has been in action. Then as to my lying to my mistress, 'tis but what all the lovers of liberty do.—Call it not by that coarse name a lye. 'Tis wit, 'tis fable, allegory, fiction, hyperbole,—or be it what you call it; the world's made up almost of nothing else. What are all the grave faces you meet in publick? — mere silent lyes, dark solemn fronts, by which they wou'd disguise vain empty silly noddles.—But after all, to be serious, since I am resolved honestly to love, I don't care how artfully I obtain the woman I pitch upon.

upon.—Besides, did you ever know any of them acknowledged they lov'd as soon as they lov'd—No, they'll let a man dwell upon his knees—whom they languish to receive into their arms—They're no fair enemy—therefore 'tis but just, that

*We use all arts the fair to undermine,
And learn with gallantry to hide design.* [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter old Bookwit, Penelope, and Lettice.

O. B. **M**istress Penelope, I have your father's leave to wait upon you, madam, and talk to you this morning; nay to talk to you of marriage.

Pen. To talk to me of marriage, fir?

O. Book. Yes, madam, in behalf of my son *Tom Bookwit*.

Pen. Nay, there may perhaps be something said to that. [Aside.

O. Book. I sent for him from *Oxford* with that design, he came to town but yesterday; and if a father can judge, he brings from a college the mien and air of a court—I love my son entirely, and hope, madam, you take my thoughts as to you, to be no want of respect to you.

Pen. 'Twere want of sense, fir, to do that.

O. Book. If I can remember my style to my mistress of old, I'll ease *Tom's* way, and raise her expectation of my son. [aside.] Madam, had I my hat, my feather, pantaloons, and jerkin on, as when I woo'd your humble servant's mother, I would deliver you his errand. I married her just such a young thing as you: her complexion was charming, but not indeed with all your sweetness.

Pen. Oh! fir!

O. Book. Her neck, and bosom were the softest pillows, her shape was not of that nice sort; some young women suffer in shapes of their mother's making, by spare diet, straight lacing, and constant chiding. But 'twas the work of nature, free, unconstrain'd, healthy and

and—But her charms had not all that emanation which yours have.

Pen. Oh fie! fie!

O. Book. Not those thousand thousand graces, that soft army of loves and zephyrs, millions of airy beings that attend around you, and appear only to the second sight of lovers.

Pen. O fie! Pray, good Sir, you'll leave nothing for your son to say.

O. Book. I did not think I had such a memory. I find the women are now certainly daughters of the women before 'em.—Flattery still does it. [*Aside.*] Tom is my only son, and I extremely desirous to have him settled.—I own I think him of much merit.

Pen. He would derogate from his birth, were he not much a gentleman. But to receive a man in the character of a pretender at first sight——

O. Book. I'll walk him by and by before your window, where your own eyes shall judge—I think there's nothing above his pretences but yourself; but when one of so many excellent qualities bestows herself, it must be condescension.—You shall not answer—Farewel, daughter: we are but too apt to believe what we wish——

[*Exit O. Book.*]

Pen. 'Tis as you said, Lettice, Old Book-wit came to propose his son.

Lett. I overheard the old Gentleman talk of it last night.—But, Madam, you han't heard the song that was made on you.—Oh 'tis mighty pretty, the Gentleman is dying for you, he says it, pure pure verses.

Pen. Whoever writ 'em, he's not the first Poet I have made. They may talk, and say Nature makes a Poet, but I say Love makes a Poet. Don't you see elder brothers, who are by nature born above wit, shall fall in love, and write verses—nay, and pretty good ones, considering they can tagg'em to settlements: but let's see.

To CELIA's Spinnet.

Reading. *Thou soft machine that does her hands obey,
Tell her my grief in thy harmonious lay.*

Poor man——

*To shun my moan to thee she'll fly.
To her touch be sure reply,
And, if she removes it, die.*

The

The device is just and truly poetical.

Know thy bliss—Ay, ay, there I come in.

Know thy bliss, with rapture shake,

Tremble o'er all thy numerous make ;

Speak in melting sounds my tears,

Speak, my joys, my hopes, my fears,

Which all depend upon me:

Thus force her, when from me she'd fly,

By her own hand, like me, to die.

Well, certainly nothing touches the heart of woman so much as poetry. I suppose the master is in the next room, 'tis his hour, desire him to walk in. 'Twill make one's ears tingle, a song o' one's self.

[*Here the song is performed to a spinet.*]

Well, dost think, *Lettice*, my grave lover writ this fine thing—say'st thou?

Lett. No, Madam.—Nobody writes songs on those they are sure of.

Pen. Sure of me! the insolent!

Lett. Nay, I know no more than that he said he'd turn me away as soon as he had married you.

Pen. 'Tis like enough.—That's the common practice of your jealous-headed fellows.—Well, I have a good mind to dress myself anew, put on my best looks, and send for him to dismiss him.—I know he loves me.

Lett. I never knew him shew it but by his jealousy.

Pen. As you say, a jealous fellow love?—'tis all mistake, 'tis only for himself he has desires; nor cares what the object of his wishes suffers, so he himself has satisfaction—No, he has a gluttony, an hunger for me.

Lett. An hunger for you! I protest, Madam, if you'd let me be his cook, and make you ready, I'd poison him. But I'm glad *Simon* disobey'd you, and told the Gentleman's servant who you were, and your lodging—

Pen. Did the rogue do so?—Call him hither.

Lett. *Simon*, why *Simon*.

Enter Simon.

Pen. Sirrah, I find I must at last turn you off, you saucy fellow, don't stand staring and dodging with your feet, and wearing out your livery hat with squeezing for an excuse, but answer me, and that presently.

Sim. I will, Madam, as soon as you ask me a question.

Pen.

Pen. Not afore them—Mr. *Pert* don't you know you told the gentleman's footman in the park who I was, against my constant order, when I walk early. Come, firrah, tell all that passed between you.

Sim. Why, madam, the gentleman's gentleman came up to me very civilly, and said his master was in discourse with my lady he supposed—Then he fell into talk about vails—about profits in a service ; at last, after a deal of discourse between us——

Pen. Come, without this preamble,—what he ask'd you, impertinence,—tell that, do——

Sim. He ask'd about you, and Madam *Victoria*.—I said, the handsomest of the two is my Lady.

Pen. Speak on boldly, *Simon* ; I'm never angry at a servant that speaks truth.

Sim. He told me he should be very proud of my acquaintance ; indeed, madam, the man was very well-spoken, and shewed a great deal of respect for me, on your ladyship's account—He is a mighty well-spoken man, and said, he found I was a smart Gentleman—said he'd come again.

Pen. Go, you have done your business.

Go down,

[*Exit.*

Lett. Well, after all, madam ; I did not think that Gentleman displeased you.

Pen. Had young *Bookwit* his mien and conversation, how easily would he exclude *Lovemore* !

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Lovemore* is coming up, madam.

Pen. He has not heard sure of this new proposal.

Lett. 'Tis possible he may, and come to rant or upbraid your ladyship ; I wonder you endure him on these occasions.

Pen. I'll rack his very heart-strings. He shall know all that man e'er suffered for his native mistress, woman.

Lett. His father, madam, has been so long coming out of *Suffolk*.—There are strange tricks in the world, but 'tis not my place to speak——

Pen. However, his father may come at last ; I will not wholly lose him ; as bad as he is, he's better than no husband at all—Stay in the room, I'll talk to you as if he were not present——

Enter

Enter Lovemore.

Love. Ah! *Penelope!* inconstant! fickle *Penelope!*

Pen. But, *Lettice*, you don't tell me what the gentleman said; now there's no body here you may speak——

Love. Now there's no body here?——Then I am a thing, an utensil——I am no body, I have no essence that I am sensible of——I think 'twill be so soon——This ingrate,—this perjur'd!

Pen. Tell me, I say,—how the match happened to break off;

Love. This is downright abuse.——What! don't you see me, madam?

Lett. He had the folly, upon her being commonly civil to him, to talk of directing her affairs before his time: in the first place, he thought it but necessary her maid, her faithful servant *Mrs. Betty*, should be remov'd.

Love. Her faithful servant *Mrs. Betty!*——Her betrayer, her whisperer, *Mrs. Lettice.*——Madam, wou'd you but hear me—I will be heard——

Pen. Pr'ythee step, *Lettice*, and see what noise is that without.

Love. The noise is here, madam; 'tis I that make what you call noise——'Tis I that claim aloud my right, and speak to all the world the wrongs I suffer.

Pen. Cooling herbs well steep'd—a good anodyne at night, made of juice of hellebore, with very thin diet, may be of use in these cases.

[Both looking at him as disturb'd.]

Love. Cases!—What cases? I shall downright run mad with this damn'd usage. Am I a jest?

Lett. A jest!—no faith, this is far from a merry madness—Ha! ha! ha!

Love. Harky'e *Lettice*—I'll downright box you——Hold your tongue, gipsy——

Lett. Dear madam, save me—go you to him——

Pen. Let him take you.—Bless me—how he stares,——take her.

Lett. Take her }

Pen. Take her }

[Running round each other.]

Love. Very fine—No, madam, your gallant, your spark last night; your fine dancer, entertainer, shall take you——He that was your swain, and you, I warrant, a fantastick nymph of the flood, or forest; ha! ha! ha! to be out all night with a young fellow.—Oh! that makes

ha ! to be out all night with a young fellow—Oh ! that makes you change your countenance, does it so?—Fine lady—You wonder how I came to know—why chuse a discreeter the next time—he told me all himself—swoon—die for shame at hearing of these words,—do—

Pen. I am indeed downright ashamed for him that speaks 'em; whence this insolence, if not from utter distraction, under this roof?

Love. Oh ! the ingrate ! —Have not I, madam, two long years, two ages, with humblest resignation depended on your smiles; and shall I suffer one of yesterday's—to treat you, to dance all night with you?

Pen. Speak softly—my father's coming down.

Love. Thy father's coming down ! faithless !—thou hast no father. But to cross me by night upon the water !

Pen. Well, by night upon the water—What then ?

Love. Yes, all night.

Pen. What of that ?

Love. Without blushing when you hear of it ?

Pen. Blush for what !—What do you drive at ?

Love. Can you then coldly ask what 'tis I mean, thou reveller, thou rambler; a fine young lady with your midnight frolicks ! But what do I pretend to?—I know not how with bended knees to call you *Ceres*,—make you an offering of summer fruits, and deify your vanity;—Thou art no goddess, thou art a very woman, with all the guile—Your barges ! your treats ! your fireworks !

Pen. What means the insolent ! You grow insufferable.

Love. Oh *Penelope* ! that look, that disdainful look has pierc'd my soul, and ebb'd my rage to penitence and sorrow—I own my fault—I am too rash—

Pen. Th' imaginary enemies you raise are but mere forms of your sickly brain—so I think, and scorn 'em. A diffident, an humorous and ungenerous man, who without grounds calls me inconstant, shall surely find me so : She will be very happy that takes a constant man with twenty thousand humours.

Love. Is it a fault my life's bound up in thee,
That all my powers change with thy looks,

That my eyes glote on thee when thou'rt present,
And ake and roll for light when thou'rt absent?

Pen. A little ill usage, I see, improves a lover strangely; I never heard him speak so well in my life before. [*Aside.*]

Lov. Of you I am not jealous;
'Tis my own indefert that gives me fears,
And tenderness forms dangers where they're not;
I doubt and envy all things that approach thee:
Not a fond mother of a long wish'd for only child be-
holds with such kind terrors her infant offspring as I
do her I love. She thinks it's food, if she's not by,
unwholesome; and all the ambient air made up
of fevers and of quartan agues, except she shrouds
it in her arms.—Such is my unpitied anxious care
for you, and can I see another ———

Pen. What other?

Lov. Nay, if you make a secret of your meeting,—
there's all that I suspect in't.—Another?——Young
Bookwit is another.

Pen. I never saw his face.—Young *Bookwit*

Lov. What! not tho' he solicited a glance, with
symphonies of charming note, with sumptuous dishes!
—Not when the flying meteors from the earth made a
new day!—not see him!—Oh! that was hard,—
that was unkind, not one look for all this gallantry!
—But love is blind,—You can be all night with the
son, all day with the father, and never see either.—
His father was here this morning; seek not to excuse,
—I know your arts, and see their aim too—Go, go,
take your *Bookwit*,—Forget your lover as he must now
you. [*Going.*]

Hen. Hear but three words.

Lov. What shall they be?

Pen. Prithee hear me.

Lov. No, no, your father's coming down.

Pen. He is not coming, nor can he overhear us.
There's time and privacy enough to disabuse you.

Lov. I'll hear nothing unless you will be married,
unless you give me as a present earnest of your self
three kisses, and your word for ever.

Pen. To give way to my satisfaction then—and be
friends

friends again, you wou'd, Mr. Lovemore, have three Kisses——

Lov. Three kisses, your faith, and hand.

Pen. Nothing else ; will you be so contented ?

Lov. I'll expect higher terms, if you accept not these——Quickly then.

Pen. Well then, No, my father's coming ? ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Laugh at my sufferings !—slight my anger. Is this your base requital of my love ; Revenge, revenge,—I'll print on thy favourite in his heart's blood my revenge. Our swords—our swords shall dispute our pretences, rather than he enjoy what my long services entitle me to, which is to do myself right for what he intends an injury ; tho' perhaps what we shall dispute for is better lost.

Pen. Mr. Lovemore, you have taken very great liberties ; you say I have injured you in regard to another.—Is your opinion then of what you say you will dispute for, such as you just now said——better lost.

Lov. Look you, madam,—so—therefore—as to that—this is such—for that it—You don't consider what you said to me——

Pen. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Lov. You shall by all that's——You shall repent this.

[Flings out.

Pen. This is all we have for't, a little dominion before hand——These are the creatures that are born to rule us, who creep, who flatter, and servilely beseech your favour ; which obtain'd, they grow swollen, proud and insolent ; pry into the gift, the manner of bestowing, with all the little arts th' ungrateful use to hide, or kill their sense and conscience of a benefit——

Lett. Ay, ay, madam, 'tis so——I had a sweetheart once, a lady's butler, to whom I gave a lock of my hair ; and the villain, when we quarrell'd told me half of 'em were grey.

Pen. Ha ! ha ! ha ! the ingrate——the faithless, as Lovemore says——

Lett. And yet, Madam, the rogue stole a letter out of a book to ask me for it—as my next suitor found out.

Pen. However, I am sure 'tis in my fate to be subject to one of them very suddenly.

Lett. Ah! madam! the gentleman this morning—

Pen. The fellow's very well, and I am mightily mistaken if my cousin *Victoria* did not think so—

Lett. And so do you heartily. [Aside.]

Pen. Yet I wish I had seen this young *Bookwit* before *Lovemore* came to day.—

Lett. I'll tell you how, madam—*Victoria* has ne'er a lover, and is your entire friend—Now madam, suppose you got her to write a letter to this young gentleman in her own name—You meet him under that name *incognito*; then if an accident should happen, both you and she may be safe, and puzzle the truth: you never writ to him, she never met him—

Pen. A lucky thought—step to her immediately—I'll come to her, or she to me.

Lett. I fly, I fly— [Exit]

Pen. This is indeed a lucky hint of the wench, in which I have another drift too—Now shall I sift my friend *Victoria*, and perfectly understand whether she likes that agreeable young fellow; for if her reserv'd humour easily falls in with this design on *Bookwit*, she's certainly smitten with the other, and suspects me to be so too—What is this dear, this sudden intruder love, that *Victoria's* long and faithful friendship, *Lovemore's* anxious and constant passion, both vanish before it in a moment?—Why are our hearts so accessible at our eyes:—My dear—

Enter *Victoria*.

Viñ. Dear *Pen.* I ran to you—well, what is't?

Pen. Set chairs and the *Bohea* tea, and leave us. [Exit. *Lett.*] Dear *Victoria*—you have always been my most intimate bosom-friend—your wary carriage and circumspection have often been a safety against errors to me—I must confess it. [Filling her tea.]

Viñ. But, my dear, why this preface to me?—To the matter—

Pen. You know all that has pass'd between me and Mr. *Lovemore*.

Viñ. I have always approv'd him, and do now more than ever—For 'tis not a mien and air, that makes that worthy creature, a kind husband: But—

Pen. True, but here was old *Bookwit* this morning,
with

with my father's authority to talk to me of the subject of love.

Via. Nay, madam, if so, and you can resolve to obey your father,—I contend not for *Love*more; for tho' the young men of this age are so very vicious, so expensive both of their health and fortune——

Pen. How zealous she is to put me out of her way! False creature! [*Aside.*]—But, my dear friend, you don't take me—Your friendship out-runs my explanation—'Twas for his son at *Oxford* he came to me—he is to talk with him before the door that I may view him——by and by——

Via. Nay, as one must obey their parents wholly—I think a raw young man that never saw the town, is better than an old one that has run through all its vices—I congratulate your good fortune—There's a great estate—and he knows nothing, just come to town—The furniture and the horse-cloaths will be all your own device for the wedding, and the horses, when and where you please—He knows no better——

Pen. But one shall be so long teaching a raw creature a manner——

Via. Never let him have one—'twill make him like himself, and think of making advances elsewhere: You'd better have him a booby—How could I think of the old fellow for you—Look you, *Pen.* old age has its infirmities, and 'tis a sad prospect for an honest young woman to be sure of being a nurse, and never of being a mother——

Pen. Oh! that I had but your prudence? But, my dear, I have a request to make to you, and that is, that you would write him an assignation this evening in the park—I'll obey the appointment, and converse with him under that disguise! for the old people will clap up a match before I know any thing of the real man—And if one don't know ene's husband, how can one manage him? that is to say, obey him?

Via. Oh! pray my dear, do you think I don't understand—Oh! and there's another thing—A scholar makes the best husband in the world.

Pen. Because they are the most knowing——

Via. No, because they are the least knowing—But I'll go immediately and obey your commands—I wish

you heartily well, my dear, in this matter. [*Kisses her.*

Pen. I thank you, dearest—I don't doubt it indeed.

Vict. Where are you going now, my dear—Oh! fie! this is not like a friend—Do I use you so, dear madam?

Pen. Nay, indeed madam, I must wait on you—

Vict. Indeed you shan't—Indeed you shan't.

[*Pen. follows.*

Pen. Well, madam, will you promise then to be as free with me?—Thus does she hope to work me out of my lover, by being made my confidant—But that baseness has been too fashionable to pass any more—I have not trusted her—the cunning creature—I begin to hate her so—I'll never be a minute from her. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Bookwit, Young Bookwit and Latine.

O. Book. Well, *Tom*, where have you saunter'd about since I saw you? Is not the town mightily increas'd since you were in it?

Y. Book. Ay, indeed, I need not have been so impatient to have left *Oxford*; had I staid a year longer, they had builded to me.

O. Book. But I don't observe you affected much with the alterations—Where have you been?

Y. Book. No faith, the *New-Exchange* has taken up all my curiosity.

O. Book. Oh! but, son, you must not go to places to stare at women. Did you buy any thing?

Y. Book. Some baubles—But my choice was so distracted among the pretty merchants and their dealers, I knew not where to run first—One little lispings rogue, ribbandths, gloveaths, tippeths, Sir, cries another, will you buy a fine sword-knot? then a third pretty voice and curt'sie—Does not your lady want hoods, scarfs, fine green silk stockings—I went by as if I had been in a seraglio, a living gallery of beauties—staring from side to side; I bowing, they laughing—so made my escape, and brought your son and heir safe to you, through all these darts and glances—to which indeed my breast is not impregnable—But I wonder whence I had this amorous inclination—

O. Book. Whoever you had it from, sirrah, 'tis your business to correct it—by fixing it upon a proper object—But, *Tom*, you know I am always glad to hear you talk with the gaiety before me, that you do elsewhere

where—But I have now something of consequence (that sudden serious look was so like me) [*Aside.*] What I am going to say now, I tell you, is extraordinary---

Y. Book. I could not indeed help some seeming extravagancies I have been forc'd to—But——

O. Book. I do not grudge you your expences, I was not going to speak on't—for I decay, and so do my desires, while yours grow still upon you—Therefore what may be spar'd from mine, I heartily give you to supply yours—'Tis but the just order of things—I scorn to hoard what I only now can gaze at, while your youth and person want those entertainments you may become and taste—All your pleasures are mine also—In you my youth and gayer years methinks I feel repeated.

Y. Book. Then what can give you, sir, uneasiness?

O. Book. Your affectation of a soldier's dress, makes me think you bent upon a dangerous, tho' noble course. That you'll expose a life, that is dearer to your father than your self, to daily hazards; I therefore have resolved to settle thee, and chosen a young lady, witty, prudent, rich and fair——

Y. Book. Oh, *Victoria*! [*Aside*] You cannot move too slowly in such a business.

O. Book. Nay, 'tis no sudden thing—Her father and I have been old acquaintance, and I was so confident of her worth, and your compliance, that I can't with honour disengage myself.

Y. Book. How, Sir! when honour calls me to the field, where I may perpetuate your name by some brave exploit——

O. Book. You may do it much better, *Tom*, at home by a brave boy—Come, come, it must be so——

Y. Book. What shall I do for some invention? [*Aside.*

O. Book. Let it be so, dear *Tom*, it must be so.

Y. Book. What if it be impossible?

O. Book. Impossible! as how?

Y. Book. Upon my knees I beg your pardon, Sir; I am——

O. Book. What!——

Y. Book. At *Oxford*——

O. Book. What art thou at *Oxford*? Rise and tell me.

Y. Book. Why I am married there, since you needs must know.

O. Book.

O. Book. Married without my consent !

Y. Book. There was a force upon me ; you'll easily get all annull'd if you desire it :—It was the cross'est, most unhappy accident—Yet indeed she is an excellent creature !

Lat. How could he conceal this all this while from me ?—But I remember he us'd to be out of college whole nights we knew not where. [*Aside.*]

Penelope and Victoria at the window.

Pen. The very man we met this morning ; and I employ my rival to write to him ! how confidently she stares at the fellow, and observes his action !

Vict. Betty, do you see with what intent, and with what fire in her eyes *Penelope* gazes yonder ?—But take you that letter and give it when the old gentleman's gone.—Goodness !—how concern'd she seems ! Well, some women !— [*Ex. Ladies from above.*]

O. Book. Let that pass, since the business is irrevocable——What is her name ?

Y. Book. *Matilda*, and her father's *Newton*.

O. Book. They're names I never heard before ; but go on.

Y. Book. This lady, Sir, I saw in a publick Assembly ; at the first sight she made me her's for ever. From that instant I languish'd—nor had vital heat out of her presence—The sun to me shed influence in vain, —he rose and set both unobserv'd, nor was to any living this human life so much a dream as me : All this she observ'd, but not untouch'd observed. She shew'd a noble gratitude to a noble passion ; favours I soon received, but severely modest ones.

Lat. Oh ! that's presupp'os'd, you to be sure wou'd ne'er desire any other. [*Aside.*]

Y. Book. We had contriv'd to meet o' nights. The sweetest hours of love ; and there was I One evening in her lodging——'Twas as I remember, Yes, 'twas on the second of *December*.

That's the very night I was caught——

Lat. 'Tis strange, a fellow of his wit to be trepan'd into a marriage—— [*Aside.*]

Y. Book. Her father supp'd abroad that night, which made us think ourselves secure—But coming home by
acci-

accident sooner than we expected, we heard him at the door—How did that noise surprize us! She hid me behind the bed, then lets him in.

O. Book. I tremble for the poor young lady——

Pray go on——How did she recover herself?

Y. Book. She fell into the prettiest artful little tales to divert him, and hide her discomposure—which he interrupted by telling her she must be married suddenly to one proposed to him that evening—— This was to me daggers.

O. Book. But she!

Y. Book. She by general answers in that case manag'd it so well, that he was going down, when instantly my watch in my pocket struck ten—He turns him short on his amazed daughter, asked where she had it—She cry'd her cousin *Martha* sent it out of the country to be mended for her—He said he would take care on't; she comes to me, but as I was a giving it her, the string was so entangled in the cock of a pistol I always had about me on those occasions, that my haste to disengage it fir'd it off—My mistress swoons away—The father ran out crying murder—I thought her dead, fear'd his return, which he soon did, with two boist'rous rogues, his sons, and his whole family of servants—I wou'd have made my escape, but they oppos'd me with drawn swords; I wounded both; but a lusty wench with a fireshovel at one blow struck down my sword, and broke it all to pieces——

O. Book. But still the poor young lady!

Y. Book. Here was I seiz'd—Mean time *Matilda* wakes from her trance—beholding me held like a ruffian, both her brothers bleeding—She was returning to it—What should I do? I saw the hoary father in the divided sorrow, for his son's lives, and daughter's honour, of both which he thought me the invader—She with pitying, dying, and reproaching looks beseech'd me—and taught me what I ow'd her constant love—I yielded, Sir, I own, I yielded to the just terror of their family resentment, and to my mistress's more dreadful upbraiding. Thus am I, Sir, the martyr of a honest passion——

O. Book. That I most blame is, that you conceal'd

it from your best friend—I'll instantly to *Penelope's* father, and make my apology—He is my friend. [*Exit.*]

Lat. This marriage strangely surpriz'd me——

Y. Book. Why, did you believe it too, as well as the old gentleman? why then I did it excellently——
ha! ha! ha!

Lat. What, the watch!—the pistol! lady swooning, her pitying, upbraiding looks! all chimæra!

Y. Book. Nothing but downright wit, to keep my self safe for *Victoria*.

Lat. May I desire one favour?

Y. Book. What can I deny thee, my privado?

Lat. Only that you'd give me some little secret hint—when next you L—are going to be witty——
But to jumble particulars so readily! 'tis impossible you cou'd, I believe, at the beginning of your tale know the ending——yet——

Y. Book. These are gifts, child, mere gifts; 'tis not to be learnt—the skill of lying—Except humour, wit, invention, presence of mind, retention, memory, circumspection, &c.—were to be attained by industry—
You must not hum, nor haw, nor blush for't——

Lat. Who have we got here?

Betty Entering.

Bet. May I be so bold as to crave the liberty to ask your name?

Y. Book. My bright hand-maid, my little she *Ganymede*—thou charming *Hebe*—You may ask me my name—for I won't tell it you—till you do—because I'd have the more words with you——

Bet. Are not you Mr. *Bookswit*?

Y. Book. The very same, my dear.

Bet. There then—He's a mighty pretty man.

[*Exit.* *Betty.*]

Y. Book. reading. You may wonder—this evening near *Rosamond's pond*, on the other side the *Park*. *Victoria*.
Oh the happiness! What is become of the girl?——
Oh! *Latine!* *Latine!* ask me fifty questions all at once!
What ails me? Why this joy?—Who is this from?
—Oh I could die methinks this moment, lest there should be in fate some future ill to dash my present joy--
Why, *Jack*, why dost not ask me what's the matter?

Lat.

Lat. If you'd but give me leave——

Y. Book. No, do not speak—Let me talk all, I fain would celebrate my fair one's praise, her every beauty! But the mind is too full to utter any thing that is articulate, and will give way to nothing but mere names and interjections—Oh!—*Victoria!*—*Victoria!*—*Victoria!*—Oh my *Victoria*—Read there.

Lat. Well, I own this is subscribed *Victoria*—But still I am afraid of mistakes.

Y. Book. No—Kneel down and ask forgiveness—You don't believe that she that would not speak to me would write—But after all raptures and extasies—pr'ythee step after the maid, learn what you can of her fortune, and so forth—Get interest to be admitted another time. [*Exit. Lat.*]

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sir, your servant.

Y. Book. Yours, Sir, have you business with me?

Fred. This paper speaks it.

Y. Book. reading. *Of a friend you've made me your mortal enemy—With your sword I expect satisfaction to-morrow morning at six in Hyde-park.* Lovemore.

Do you know the contents of this letter?

Fred. Yes, Sir, it is a challenge from Lovemore.

Y. Book. Are you to be his second?

Fred. I offer'd it, but he will meet you single.

Y. Book. The fewer the better cheer.

Fred. You're very pleasant, sir.

Y. Book. My good humour was ever challenge-proof—I will be very punctual. [*Exit Fred.*] I fall into business very fast—There, thou dear letter of love—be there, thou of hatred—There—Men of business must fort their papers—I fear he saw me put up two letters.

Enter Latine.

Oh, *Jack*, more adventures, another lady has writ.
Lat. Let's see it.

Y. Book. No, always tender of rep.—she is of quality—A gentleman usher came with it—I can't believe there's any thing in that old whim of being wrapt in one's mother's smock to be thus lucky—I suppose I

was used like other children—They clapp'd me on a skull-cap—swath'd me hard, play'd me in arms, and shew'd me *London*—But howe'er it comes about, I have strange luck with the women.

Lat. But let us see this letter.

Y. Book. reading. *No, no—A woman of condition to go so far—But indeed your passion—your wit—My page, at the back-stairs—Secrecy and your veracity.*—

Lat. There her ladyship has nick'd it—Pox, I'll be as humorous and frolick as you—You pert fellows are the only successful—

Y. Book. Well said, lad—and as Mr. *Bays* says, now the plot thickens upon us, we'll spend our time as gaily as the best of 'em—and all of it in love—

For since through all the race of men we find

Each to some darling passion is inclin'd,

Let love be still the bias of my mind.

[Exeunt.] }

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Victoria and Betty.

Vict. **T**HIS was indeed, *Betty*, a very diverting accident, that I should be employ'd to write to her lover—Now I can't but think how angry my cousin *Pen* is—She frets, I warrant, at her very looking-glass, which us'd to be her comforter upon all occasions. Ha! ha! ha!

Bet. I would not be in poor Mrs. *Lettice's* place for all the world—Nothing to be sure can please to-day; did you mind how she nestled and fum'd inwardly to see your ladyship look so well?—Nay, indeed, madam, you were in high beauty—

Vict. Yet I must confess I was myself a little discompos'd—I was ashamed for my friend—And then to see her shew such a regard for a fellow—

Bet. But I swear, were I to have my will, you should be always angry at me—It gives your ladyship such a pretty fierceness, and quick spirit to your features—Not that you want it—yet it adds—

Vict. There are some people very unhappily pretend to

to fire and life ; there's poor stupid insipid lady *Fad* has heard of the word spleen, and distaste, and sets up for being out of humour, with that unmeaning face of hers.

Bet. You're in a fine humour, madam——

Via. Her ladyship's physician prescrib'd anger to her—upon which she comes in publick with her eyes staringly open—this she designs for vivacity, and gapes about like a wandering country lady—She pretends to be a remarker, and looks at every body—But alas she wants it here—and knows not that to see, is no more to look, than to go, is to walk—For you must know, *Betty*, every child can see—but 'tis an observing creature that can look—as every pretty girl can go, but 'tis a fine woman that walks.

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Via. But by the way there's Mrs. *Penelope*, methinks, does neither ; I have a kindness for her, but she has no gesture in the least—My dear——

Enter Penelope.

Pen. Well, my dear——

Bet. How civilly people of quality hate one another. [*Aside.*]

Pen. Well, my dear, were you not strangely surpriz'd to see that this young *Bookwit* should be the foldier we met this morning ?

Via. The confident lying creature ? Indeed I wonder'd you'd suffer him to entertain you so long.

Pen. You must know, madam, he's married too at *Oxford*.

Via. The ugly wretch ! I think him downright disagreeable——But perhaps this is a fetch of hers ; he had no married look. [*Aside.*]

Pen. Yet I am resolv'd to go to your assignation, if it be but to confront the coxcomb, and laugh at his lye——Such fellows should be made to know themselves, and that they're understood.

Via. I'll wait upon you, my dear,——She's very prettily dress'd. [*Aside.*] But indeed, my dear, you shan't go with your hood so——It makes you look abominably, with your head so forward—There—[*displacing her head.*] That's something—You had before

fore a fearful, silly blushing look—Now you command all hearts——

Pen. Thank you, my dear——

Viñ. Your servant, dearest——

Pen. But alas, Madam, who patch'd you to day ?—
Let me see—It is the hardest thing in dress—I may say without vanity—I know a little of it—That so low on the cheek pulps the flesh too much——Hold still, my dear, I'll place it just by your eye——Now she downright squints. [*Aside.*

Viñ. There's nothing like a sincere friend——for one is not a judge of one's self—I have a patch-box about me. Hold, my dear, that gives you a sedate air, that large one near your temples——

Pen. People, perhaps, don't mind these things——But if it be true as the poet finely sings, *That all the passions in the features are*, we may shew, or hide 'em, as we know how to affix these pretty artificial moles——

Viñ. And so catch lovers, and puzzle physiognomy.

Pen. 'Tis true; then pray, my dear, let me put a little disdain in your face——for we'll plague this fop—There——that on your forehead does it.

Viñ. Hold, my dear, I'll give indifference for him; a patch just under the point of your lip exactly shews it—and that you're dumb to all applications.

Pen. You wish I would be. [*Aside.*

Viñ. There, my dear.

Pen. But, dear madam, your hair is not half powder'd——*Betty* bring the powder-box to your lady—It gives one a clean look (though your complexion does not want it) to enliven it.

Viñ. Oh! fie, this from you! but I know you won't flatter me, you're too much my friend.

Pen. Now, madam, you shall see—— [*Powders her.*
Now she looks like a spright. [*Aside.*

Viñ. Thank you, my dear, we'll take an hack——
Our maids shall go with us—Come, my dear friend.

[*Ex. Arm in Arm.*

Bett. Pray madam *Lettice*, be pleased to go on.

Lett. Indeed madam, *Betty*, I must beg your pardon.

Bett. I am at home, dear madam *Lettice*——

Lett. Well, madam, this is unkind——I don't use you with this ceremony——

[*Exeunt*
Enter.

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine after a flourish.

Y. Book. Victoria ! Victoria ! Victoria !

Lat. Make way, make way——By your leave——Stand by——Victoria !

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.

Y. Book. Well said, Jack——Let me see any of your sparks besides my self, keep such an equipage ! I don't question but in a little time I shall be a finer fop than the town has yet seen——All my lacqueys shall be linguists as thou art——While thus I ride immortal steeds——how my horses stare at me !——They see I am a very new sort of beau——

Lat. This is rare——The having this noise of musick——But won't it be reckon'd a disturbance——

*Y. Book. No, no, it is an usual gallantry here——But the vocal is an elegance hardly known before me here who am the founder of accomplished fools——of which I'll institute an order——All coxcombs of learning and parts shall after me be call'd *Bookwits*——A sect will soon be more numerous, and in more credit than your Aristotelians, Platonists and Academicks——*

Lat. Sir, 'twill be extraordinary, and you are really a wise person——You put your theory of philosophy into practice——'Tis not with you a dead letter——

Y. Book. Oh ! Sir, no : The design of learning is for the use of life——Therefore I'll settle a family very suddenly, and shew my literature in oeconomy——

Lat. As how, pray ?

*Y. Book. I'll have four Peripatetick footmen, two followers of *Aristippus* for *Valets de Chambre*, and an Epicurean cook——with an Hermetical chymist (who are good only at making fires) for my skullion, and then I think all is dispos'd——But methinks this fair one takes state upon her——But I am none of your languishers——I am not known in town, and if I misbehave, 'tis but being sent back to my small beer, and three half-penny commons——and I, like many another beau, only blaz'd and vanish'd——*

Lat. But you know I love musick immoderately——How do you dispose your entertainment ? let 'em begin——

Y. Book. Well, give me but leave——The fiddles will cer.

certainly attract the ladies, I mean the nymphs who have grotto's round this enchanted forest—In the first place, your intelligences that move this vehicle—How the fellows stare!

Chair. Good your honour speak to us in *English*—

Y. Book. Why then you chairmen—wherever I move, you are to follow me—For I mean to strut, shine through the dusk of the evening, and look as like a lazy town-fool as I can, to charm 'em—

Lat. But the musick—

Y. Book. But remember, ye sons of *Phæbus*, brethren of the string and lyre; that is to say, ye fiddlers,—Let me have a flourish as I now direct—When I lift up my cane, let it be martial—If I but throw myself just forward on it, or raise it smoothly—Sigh all for love, to shew, as I think fit—That I would die, or fight for her you see me bow to—Well then strike up—

S O N G, by Mr. *Leveridge*.

I.

VENUS has left her Grecian isles,
With all her gaudy train
Of little loves, soft cares and smiles,
In my larger breast to reign.

II.

Ye tender herds and list'ning deer,
Forget your food, forget your fear,
The bright *Victoria* will be here.

III.

The savages about me throng,
Mov'd with the passion of my song,
And think *Victoria* stays too long.

Y. Book. There's for you, *Jack*; is this not like a fine gentleman that writes for his own diversion?

Lat. And nobody's else.

Y. Book. Now I warrant one of your common sparks would have stamp'd, fretted, and cry'd, What the devil fool'd! jilted! abus'd! while I in metre, to shew you how well nothing at all may be made to run—

*The savages about me throng,
Mov'd with the passion of my song,
And think Victoria stays too long.*

Lat. I begin to be one of those savages.

Euter Victoria, Penelope, Lettice and Betty.

Viç. We had better have staid where we were, and listened to the charming echo, then have come in search of that lyar.

Lat. Do you see yonder ?

Y. Book. [*Gives the sign and sings himself.*] Thus, madam, have I spent my time almost ever since I saw you, repeated your name to the woods, the dales, and echoing groves——

Pen. Pr'ythee observe him. Now he begins.

Y. Book. I had not time to carve your name on every tree, but that's a melancholy employment, not for those lovers who are favour'd with assignation——

Viç. Pr'ythee, cousin, do you talk to him in my name.---I'll be silent till I see farther.

Pen. The spring is now so forward, that it must indeed be attributed to your passion that you are not in the field.

Y. Book. You do me justice, madam, in that thought, for I am strangely pestered to be there. Well, the *French* are the most industrious people in the world—I had a letter from one of their generals, that shall be nameless (it came over by the way of *Holland*) with an offer of very great terms, if I would but barely send my opinion in the use of pikes—about which he tells me, their prince and generals have lately held a grand court martial.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lat. These cunning things keep still together to puzzle us—I'll alarm him. Sir, one word——

Viç. Come, come, we'll have no whispering, no messages at present. Some other ladies have sent, but they than't have you from us.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. I hold myself oblig'd to be of the same humour ladies are in, Ha! ha! ha! Now pray do me the favour to tell me what I laugh'd at.

Pen.

Pen. Why you must know—Your talking of the *French* and war, put us in mind of a young coxcomb that came last night from *Oxford*, calls himself soldier, treats ladies, fights battles, raises jealousies with downright lyes of his own inventing; ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. That must be an impudent young rascal certainly! ha! ha! ha!

Vic. Nay, this is beyond comparison——

Y. Book. I can't conceive how one of these sneaking Academicks could personate such a character: for we bred in camps, have a behaviour that shews we are us'd to act before crouds——

Pen. 'Tis certainly so—Nay he has been confronted with it, as plainly as I speak to you, and yet not blush'd for it, but carry'd it as if he knew not the man.

Y. Book. That may be, 'tis want of knowing themselves makes these coxcombs so confident.

Pen. The faithless! shameless! Well then, to see if possible such a one may be brought to that sense, I tell you, this worthy hero two days ago was in hanging-sleeves at *Oxford*, and is called Mr. *Book-wit*. Ha! ha!

Y. Book. Well, was it not well enough carry'd?—Pho, I knew you well enough, and you knew me, before you writ to me for Mr. *Book-wit*'s son. But I fell into that way of talking purely to divert you——I knew you a woman of wit and spirit, and that acting that part would at least shew I had fire in me, and wish'd myself what I would be half an age to serve and please you—Suffer in camps, all the vicissitudes of burning heats and sharp afflicting colds——

Vic. Look you, Sir, I shall tell Mrs *Matilda Newton*, your spouse at *Oxford*, what you are saying to another lady——

Pen. Pr'ythee cousin, never give your self the trouble to meddle in such a work—One hardly knows how to speak it to a gentleman, but don't touch the affair of so impudent a liar——

Y. Book. Ha! ha! ha! Why madam, have they told you of the marriage too? Well, I was hard put to it there. I had like to have been gravell'd, faith—You were more beholden to me for that, than any thing. Had it not been for that, they had marry'd

ry'd me to Mrs. *Penelope*, old *Getwell's* granddaughter; the great fortune. But I refus'd her for you—who are a greater—— [Aside.]

Lat. Sir, sir, pray one word——

Pen. and *Vict.* Stand off, firrah.

Vict. You shan't come near him, none of your dumb signs.

Pen. Then you have refus'd *Penelope*, tho' a greater fortune. What could you dislike in her?

Y. Book. The whole woman—Her person, nor carriage please me. She is one of those women of condition, who do and say what they please with an assur'd air, and think that's enough, only to be call'd fine mistress such a one's manner——

Pen. This is not to be endur'd—I do assure you, Sir, Mrs. *Penelope* has refus'd your betters.

Y. Book. I don't much value my betters in her judgment—But am sorry to see you concern'd for her. When I have been at church, where I first saw you—I've seen the gay giddy thing in a gallery watching eyes to make curt'sies. She is indeed a very ceremonious church-woman, and never is guilty of a sin of omission to any lady of quality within eye-shot—in short, I don't like the woman, and wou'd go to *Tunis* or *Aleppo* for a wife, before I'd take her——

Vict. I cannot bear this of my friend: if you go on Sir, at this rate, *Tunis* or *Aleppo* are the properest places for you to shew your gallantry in, t'will never be received by any here—I hope she believes me. [Aside.]

Pen. The lady's in the right on't, who can confide in a known common impostor?

Y. Book. Ah madam! how can you use a man that loves you, so unjustly?—But call me what you will, lyar, cheat, impostor—do but add, your servant, and I am satisfied. I have indeed, madam, ran through many shifts in hopes to gain you—and could be contented to run through all the shapes in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, cou'd I but return to this on my bended knees, of my fair one's humblest servant.

Vict. Pr'ythee let us leave him—as you told me, I wonder you can suffer him to entertain you so long—Leave him, let him kneel to the trees, and call to the woods

woods if he will——Oh, I could brain him——How ugly he looks kneeling to her ! [Aside.

Pen. No, I'll stay to plague him more——But what opinion can I have of this sudden passion.——You hardly know me, I believe, or my circumstances !

Y. Book. No, no, not I——I don't know you, your mother was not alderman *Sterling's* daughter——your father Mr. *Philips* of *Grays-Inn*, who had an estate and never practis'd? you had not a brother kill'd at *Landen*? your sister *Diana* is not dead? nor you are not co-heiress with miss *Molly*,——No, madam, I don't know you, no, nor love you.

Pen. I wish I had taken her advice in going——He means her all this while. Pshaw this is downright fooling. Let's go, my dear, leave him to the woods, as you say. I wish 'twas full of bears. [Aside.

Vi& No,——Now I'll stay to plague him.

Pen. No, you shan't stay——Sir, we have given ourselves the diversion to see you and confront you in your falsehoods; in which you have entangled your self to that degree, you know not even the woman you pretend to; and therefore, sir, I so far despise you, that if you should come after me with your fiddles——I have a porter——Ready to let you in. [Aside.

Vi& I don't know how to threaten a gentleman in that manner: but I'm sure I shall never entertain any man that has disobligh'd my friend, while my name's *Victoria* ! [Exeunt arm in arm.

Lat. Master, methinks these ladies don't understand wit. They are very rough with you.

Y. Book. Ay, they were somewhat dull——But really *Victoria* discover'd herself at her going, methinks agreeably enough——

Lat. I believe they are irrecoverably lost. Pox on't, when I gave you so many signs to——

Y. Book. Well, hang thinking. Let's to the tavern, and in every glass name a new beauty; 'till I either forget, or am inspir'd with some new project to attain her.

*While in a lovely bowl I drown my care,
She'll cease to be, or I to think her, fair.*

[Exeunt.
A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Covent Garden.

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.

Y. Book. **T**HIS Roebuck has almost done my business—*Rigby's* an honest fellow, and wou'd not poison us. The wine had good-humour, mirth and joy in't. My blood beats high and frolick? What says my dear lacquey? ha?

Lat. Why, sir, I say, sir, that I am in so noble, so exalted a condition, that I almost forget I am your honour's footman.

Y. Book. Do but your business well to-night——

Lat. Who says the tongue stutters, legs falter, and eyes fail with drink—'Tis false, my dear master, my tongue runs faster than ever—my legs so brisk and nimble, that I can't stand still; and my eyes are better then ever they were, for I see every thing double. But the letter, the letter, I warrant I give it her.

Y. Book. Here, here, *Jack*, take it.

Lat. Let's come nearer the lamp—This is the foul copy of it that 'tis wrap'd in—Let me judge—Now I'll be sedate—Let me read it again.

Y. Book. But you look cursedly fluster'd; they'll say you're drunk—Let's see, I must comb your wig a little.

Lat. I shall be kick'd for this letter here about the middle—You should not talk of joys too soon—You should write miserable a fortnight, or three weeks longer—I shall be kick'd.

Y. Book. What then? what then? A man of your philosophy must needs remember, the body's but the organ of the mind—kicks come under the topick of things without—What shall I do for powder for this smart bob? [*Combs out his own wig into Lat.*]

Lat. 'Tis no matter, sir, powder comes under the notion of things without.

Y. Book. Oh! but ladies are no philosophers;
but

but as to being drubb'd (those stockings too) you must fix your imagination upon some other object, and you may by force of thought suspend your feeling. The body is but the instrument of the mind—and you may command an instrument.

Lat. No, sir, I'd have you to know, I'll save my carcase by mere dint of eloquence. You have no other orders?

Y. Book. No: but may persuasion, grace and elocution hang on thy lips. But if you can come in to *Victoria*, she and the wine you've drank will inspire you. Farewel. [Exit.]

Lat. This is the enchanted castle which the lady fair inhabits. Ha! Mr. *Simon*, sir, I'm your most humble servant——My dear friend——

Enter Simon.

Sim. Your servant, good sir, my lady is with madam *Victoria* at cards—She'll lie here to-night—But all's ruin'd. They are both huge angry with your master. But *Lettice* having taken a fancy to you, Mr. *John*, spoke up rarely, that she did indeed.

Lat. Can't one come to the speech of her?

Sim. I was ordered to have a strict eye to the door, and let nobody in whatever—I don't care for going up, because she'll see I have made a cap of one of the finest napkins, for which she'll make a plaguy noise.

Lat. Nay, nay, you are exactly of my mind, I love to avoid anger.

Sim. You are a little disguis'd in drink tho', Mr. *John*—But I han't seen you, not I—Go strait up.——Mrs. *Lettice* is in the anti-chamber.

Lat. I thank you, dear friend. My master bids me upon these occasions—— [Gives him money.]

Sim. I beg your pardon, good Mr. *John*.

Lat. Look you, I am a servant as well as you, what do you mean Mr. *Simon*? Come, come, time's precious. When your lady's marry'd, all these vales will end.

Sim. Nay, I said behind your back, Mr. *John*, that you were very well spoken—Well, put up briskly. I'll stand your friend as much as one servant can to another, against all masters and mistresses whatever.

Lat. Thanks, good Mr. *Simon*.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE opens and discovers Lettice reading by a small candle, two large ones by her unlighted.

Lett. 'Tis a most sad thing, one dares not light a large candle, except company's coming in; and I scarce can read this piteous story—*Well in all these distresses and misfortunes, the faithful Argalus was renown'd all over the plains of Arca--Arca--Arcadia—for his loyal and true affection to his charming paramour, Parthenia---* Blessings on his heart for it—there's no such suitors now a-days——[*Weeping.*]——But I hope they'll come together again at the end of the book, and marry, and have several children——Oh! bless me! A man here! [*Turns over the leaves.*] The gentleman's pretty man——[*Aside.*]

Enter Latine.

I wonder by what means, with what impudence, you could offer to come up stairs, at this time o'the night, and my lady in the next room—I protest I'll cry out. [*In a low voice all.*]

Lat. Dear Mrs. Lettice, my love to you——[*Aloud.*]

Lett. Hift! hift! I am methinks, however, loth to discover you, because servants must do as they are bid——for I know it was not to see me, but some message from your master you came about.

Lat. I offer'd to bring a letter from him, in hopes to see you, my dearest. I'll not give it at all, I don't care, my dearest. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Lett. Pho! pho! now you are rude, because you know one dare not discover you, you do what you will. How he kisses one's hand—I warrant he has kiss'd his betters. Pray did you never live in a lady's service?

Lat. No, nor do I value any of the sex but your dear self Mrs. Lettice—I would be discover'd. [*Aside.* I'm in a rapture! in a flame!

Pen. *Within.* Who's there? [*Voice within.*]

Lett. Hift! hift! cou'd not you have forc'd a kiss quietly——Madam——Madam——Hold me fast——Shew the letter, my lady's coming——I tell you, sir, she will receive no message at all——Get you down stairs, you impudent! Hold me faster yet, she loves your master. [*Softly aside to Latine.*]

Enter

Enter Penelope and Victoria.

Pen. What can this mean ? What fellow's that has seiz'd the wench ?

Lett. Madam, madam, here's Mr. *Bookwit's* footman drunk, and has directly stole up stairs with some ill design, I fear on me—But has a letter from his master to your ladyship,

Pen. Call up the servants ; *Simon, William, Kate, Alse* ; I'll have the rascal well basted for his insolence——
———*Serv'd* just as his master deserves.

Lat. kneeling. Let not those lips, more sweet than labour of *Hybleæan* bees, utter a sentence, as if a *Libyan* lioness on a mountain gave thee suck, and thou wert the obdurate offspring of a rock.

Vict. Hybleæan ! Libyan ! obdurate ! Ridiculous——
The fellow has got his master's cant ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Pen. I'll put him out of it, I'll warrant you——
What, will no one come up there ?

Enter Servants with Brooms, &c.

Lat. Oh ! for the force of eloquence to allay and reconcile the passion of this angry mansion—I had like to have said plain house, which had been against the laws of buskin, in which I would at present talk.

Pen. Did you ever hear any thing like this ? ha ! ha !

Mad. Madam, shall I beat him ?

Lat. Ah culinary fair, compose thy rage ; thou whose more skilful hand is still employed in offices for the support of nature, descend not from thyself, thou bright cookmaid—There I sunk again ! with heightened gusts and quickning tastes, by you what wou'd be labour else is made delight. Thou great robust, let not thy hand all red assault a life it should rather preserve.

Maid. Good madam, excuse me, I can't touch him——
———*I have bowels for him.* [*Weeping.*]

Simon. I wish I had his learning, I'll warrant he buys in every thing where he lives.

Lat. This, madam, this faithful paper tells you the passions of the tenderest heart that ever bled for cruel maid—Oh *Victoria* ! did you but hear his sighs, his restless hours ! ——how often he repeats *Victoria* !

Lett. Victoria ! Then I find this is none on't meant to my lady—Nor to me neither——The master and the man are both rogues. [*Aside.*]

Pen. Receive your seasonable epistle now at midnight !

Vic. He can't mean me—To you he all along address'd—Wou'd I could read it without her. [*Aside.*]

Pen. To shew you I value neither author nor bearer of it—Kick the fellow down.

Lat. Nay madam, since matters must come to extremities, I'd rather have the honour of your ladyship's command, 'to be cudgel'd by your good family, than have it from my master. A disappointed lover in his rage will strike stone-walls, and things inanimate, much more a poor live footman. Therefore I must deliver my message---I'll read it to you ladies, for I see you are friends.

Pen. Away with him.

Lat. *If the sincerity of my intentions were not*——

Lett. Get out, false wretch.

Lat. *Demonstrable, in spite of*——

Maid. Take that——

Lat. *These accidents, in which I have been involv'd, I should not dare to tell you how alternately joys, raptures, extacies, miseries, doubts, and anxieties do attack a breast devoted to you.*

Whither shall injur'd virtue fly for shelter,

When love and honour suffer thus in me !

Oh ! I could rage, call elements about me, spout cataracts——

Must I be drubb'd with broom-staves ? [*Exit. Lat.*]

Pen. Come in, my dear, again——The night is cold. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lovemore and Frederick.

Love. It is so pleasant a night, that I will see you over the garden to your lodgings——

Fred. That compliment won't pass upon me——Your reason for sauntering this way is that 'tis near *Penelope's*.

Love. I come for her sake ! No ; should she write, beseech, kneel to me, I think I ne'er should value her more. No, I'll be no longer her tool, her jest ; she shall not dally with a passion she deserves not——

C

Fred.

Fred. 'Twere very well, were this resolution in your power; but believe me, friend, one smile, one glance that were but doubtful, whether favourable, would conquer all your indignation.

Love. Faith, I'm afraid what you say is true.

Fred. Then strive not to be rationally mad, which you attempt, if you think you can at once be at your own command and at another's—Wou'd you be master of your self, and have a mistress?

Love. But I can rebel against that mistress.

Fred. Do if you can — Nay, I'm sure 'tis in your power, because to-morrow morning you are to fight a rival for her—because tho' you know she lies backwards, and you can't so much as see her chamber-window, you must needs walk hither. Well, I protest I'm of your mind; there is methinks now a particular amiable gloom about that house—Tho' perhaps to ordinary beholders it is exactly like the others.

Love. You are very witty, I must confess, at your friend's follies, Mr. *Frederick*.

Fred. I won't then any longer disturb your meditation, but e'en go home like a dull rogue as I am, and without love enough to any woman, or hatred enough to any man to keep me awake——fall fast asleep——I was going to wish you rest, but you are above all that——If it should rain, I'd advise you not to forget it does, but go into the *Piazza*. [*Exit.*

Love. 'Tis very well, I'm deservedly laugh'd at. But the door opens —— *Bookwit's* footman! [*Latine crosses the stage.*] the master I suppose is there too: I'll watch for his coming out—The morning approaches too slowly——He shall not sleep to-night except it be for ever——Oh revenge! Oh jealousy!——

Enter young Bookwit, with a Bottle and Glass, singing.

Y. Book. *Since the day of poor man,
That little little span,
Tho' long it can't last,
For the future and past
Is spent with remorse and despair :*

With

*With such a full glass
Let that of life pass,
'Tis made up of trouble,
A storm tho' a bubble,
There's no bliss but forgetting your care.*

I wonder what's become of poor *Latine*, I wish he had a bumper of this—— [Drinks.

Love. I have no patience to observe his insolent jollity ; how immoderately joyful my misery has made him ! *Bookwit* !

Y. Book. *Love*more ?

Love. What, sir ! are you diverting the thoughts of to-morrow morning's business with midnight riot ? Or is it an assignation keeps you out of bed thus late ?

Y. Book. An hour or two till morning is not much in either of our lives——Therefore I must tell you now, sir, I am ready for your message.

Love. That conscious light and stars are witnesses of——

Y. Book. I want no witnesses——I have a sword, as you bid me meet you. [They draw and fight.

Love. You've done my business. [Falls.

Y. Book. Then I've done what you desired me. But this is no place for me. [Exit.

Enter Constable and Watchmen.

Const. Where, where was this clashing of swords ? so ho ! so ho ! you sir, what are you dead, speak friend, what are you afraid of ? If you are dead, the law can't take hold of you.

Watch. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Constable*, he ought by the law to be carried to the round-house for being dead at this time of night.

Const. Then away with him you three——And you, gentlemen, follow me, to find out who killed him. [Exeunt.

Enter Simon.

Simon. What's the matter, good gentlemen, what's the matter ! Oh me ! ——Mr. *Love*more kill'd——Oh me !

me! my mind gives me that it must be about our young lady.

Watch. Does it so, sir? then you must stay with us.

[*Some hold Simon, whilst others carry Lovemore off.*]

Sim. I stay with you! Oh gemeni! Indeed I can't—They can't be without me at our house.

Watch. But they must, friend—Hark'e friend—I hope you will be hang'd. [*Whispers him.*]

Sim. I hang'd! pray sir, take care of your words; madam *Penelope's*, our young lady's servant hang'd! take care what you say.

Enter Latine.

Lat. Whither can this *Bookwit* be gone?

Simon. Oh! Mr. *John*, Mr. *Lovemore* is kill'd just now, since you went out of our house; and you and your master must have a hand in't.

Lat. How! *Lovemore* kill'd! [*They seize Latine.*]

Enter others with young Bookwit.

Y. Book. Hands off, dirty midnight rascals—let me go, or——

Const. Sir, what were you running so fast for, there's a man killed in the Garden, and you're a fine gentleman, and it must be you—for good honest people only beat one another——

Lat. Nay, nay, we are all in a fair way to be fine gentlemen, Mr. *Simon* and all——

Const. Hands off, rascals, you said just now——do you know what a constable is?

Y. Book. The greatest man in the parish when all the rest are asleep.

Const. Come, come—I find they are desperate fellows, we'll to the justice, and commit 'em immediately. I'll teach rascals to speak high-treason against a petty constable—— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Frederick, and Old Bookwit.

O. Book. You well may be surpriz'd at my waiting here

here for your coming home—But you'll pardon me, since it is to ease me of an anxiety that keeps me waking.

Fred. I shall be very glad if I am capable of doing that.

O. Book. You knew my *Tom* at *Oxford*—and I believe were not so hard a student, but you made some acquaintance in the town—Therefore pray tell me—do you know *Mr. Newton* there? his family, descent, and fortune?

Fred. What *Newton*?

O. Book. I'll tell you, sir, what you young fellows take most notice of old ones for—A token that you needs must know him by—He's the father of the fair *Matilda*, your celebrated beauty of that town.

Fred. I assure you, sir, I never heard of the father or daughter, 'till this instant—therefore I'm confident there's no such beauty—

O. Book. Oh sir, I know your drift—you're tender of informing me for my son's sake!—He told me all himself—I know all the progress of his love with the young lady—How he was taken in the night in her bed-chamber by his pistol going off—the family disturbance that was rais'd upon't, which he compos'd by marrying—I know it all—

Fred. Is *Tom Bookwit* then marry'd at *Oxford*?

O. Book. He is indeed, sir, therefore our affairs are now so link'd, that 'twill be an ill office both to the *Newtons*, and to us, to conceal any thing from me that relates to them.

Fred. A man can't be said to conceal what he does not know—But it seems, it was *Mr. Bookwit* gave you this account himself.

O. Book. Yes, sir; I told you, sir, I had it from himself—

Fred. Then I'm sure there was nothing left out, he never tells a story by halves—

O. Book. Why then you think my son's a liar.

Fred. Oh fie, sir, but he enlivens a mere narration with variety of accidents—To be plain, his discourse gains him more applause than credit—You could not, I believe, have married your son to a less expensive lady

in *England*, than this *Mrs. Matilda*—I'll be sworn you'll avoid all the charge of gay dress, high play, and stately childbirth—you understand me, sir?

O. Book. I never could see any thing in my son, that's disingenuous, to put his aged father to this shame.

Fred. Never fret or grieve for't—He told *Lovemore* this morning, such a relation of his feasting ladies, and I know not what—that he has brought a tilt upon his hands, to-morrow morning—therefore keep him at home—I'll to his adversary, and so we'll convince him of a fault which has so ill (tho' not intended) consequences.

O. Book. You'll highly oblige me, sir: I'll trouble you no longer. [Exit.

SCENE *Newgate. Young Bookwit, Latine, Simon, Storm, with the croud of jail-birds.*

Storm. I apprehend, sir, by *Mr. Turnkey* the gentleman there with a broken nose, that you're brought in for murder—I honour you, sir,—I don't question but 'twas done like a gentleman——

Y. Book. I hope it will appear so.

Storm. I come, I fear, sir, to your acquaintance with some prejudice, because you see me thus in irons—but affliction is the portion of the virtuous and the gallant——

Y. Book. It does not depress, sir, but manifest the brave.

Storm. Right, sir, I find you're noble—you may perhaps have heard of me—my name is *Storm*.—This person, my friend, who is called *Faggot*, and myself being exposed by an ungrateful world to feel its cruelty and contempt of ragged virtue—made war upon it—and in open day infested their high-road.

Y. Book. Your humble servant, gentlemen, I do conceive you—Your spirits could not stoop to barter on the change, to sneer in courts, to lye, to flatter, or to creep for bread. You therefore chose rather to prey like lions, than betray like crocodiles, or fawn like dogs—You took upon you to interrupt the commerce

merce of a cheating world—to unload the usurer of his anxious pelf, and save the thoughtless landed boy, he travell'd to undo—with a thousand such good actions, by which means you two are infamous, for what two millions of you had been glorious.

Storm. Right, sir,—I see you're knowing, sir, and learn'd in man. This gentleman Mr. *Charcoal* the chymist, was our secret correspondent, and as we never robb'd a poor man—so he never cheated a fool; but still impos'd on your most sprightly wits and genius—Fellows of fire, and metal, whose quick fancies and eager wishes form'd reasons for their undoing. He is a follower of the great *Raimundus Lullius*; the publick think to frighten him into their own purposes. But he'll leave the ungrateful world without the secret——

Char. You, know, sir, he that first asserted the Antipodes, dy'd for that knowledge! and I, sir, having found out the melioration of metals, the ignorant will needs call it coining—and I'm to be hang'd for't, would you think it?

Y. Book. When, pray, sir, are you to be immortal?

Char. On Friday next—I'm very unhappy our acquaintance is to be short—I'm very sorry your business is not over, sir, that if it must be, we might go together.

Y. Book. I'm highly obliged to you, sir.

Char. Yet let me tell you, sir, because by secret sympathy I'm yours—I must acquaint you, if you can obtain the favour of an opportunity and a crucible—I can shew projection—directly *Sol*, sir, *Sol*, sir, more bright than that high luminary the *Latins* call'd so—Wealth shall be yours—We'll turn each bar about us into golden ingots—Sir, can you lend me half a crown?

Y. Book. Oh, sir, a trifle between such old acquaintance.

Storm. You'll be indicted, sir, to-morrow—I would advise you, when your indictment's read—to one thing—that is—don't cavil at false *Latin*; but if by chance there should be a word of good, except to that, and puzzle the whole court.

Y. Book. Sir, I'm oblig'd——

Storm. I defy the world to say, I ever did an ill thing.

I love my friend—but there is always some little trifle given to prisoners, they call garnish; we of the road are above it, but o't'other side of the house, silly rascals that came voluntarily hither—Such as are in for fools, sign'd their own *mittimus*, in being bound for others, may perhaps want it : I'll be your faithful almoner.

Y. Book. Oh, by all means, fir, [*Gives him money.*]

Storm. Pray fir, is that your footman ?

Y. Book. He is my friend, fir.

Storm. Look you, fir, the only time to make use of a friend is in extremity——do you think you cou'd not hang him, and save your self; fir, my service to you, your own health.

Pris. Captain, your health. [*Gives it to the next prisoner.*]

2 Pris. Captain, your health.

Storm. But perhaps the captain likes brandy better. So-ho! Brandy there—[*drinks.*]—But you don't perhaps like these strong liquors—Cyder ho! Drink to him in it—Gentlemen all—But captain, I see you don't love cyder neither—You and I will be for claret then—Ah marry! I knew this would please [*drinks.*] you. [*drinks again.*] Faith we'll make an end on't, I'm glad you like it.

Turn. I'm sorry, captain *Storm*, to see you impose upon a gentleman, and put him to charge in his misfortune—If a petty-larceny fellow had done this——But one of the road.

Storm. I beg your pardon, fir, I don't question but the captain understands there is a fee to you for going to the keeper's side. [*Book. and Latine give him money*] [*Exeunt Turnkey, Simon following.*] Nay, nay, you must stay here.

Sim. Why I am *Simon*, madam *Penelope's* man.

Storm. Then madam *Penelope's* man must strip for garnish; indeed, master *Simon*, you must.

Sim. Thieves! thieves! thieves!

Storm. Thieves! thieves! Why you senseless dog, do you think there's thieves in *Newgate*? Away with him to the tap house. [*Pushes him off.*] We'll drink his coat off. Come my little chymist, thou shalt transmute this

this jacket into liquor, liquor that will make us forget the evil day—And while day is ours, let us be merry.

*For little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Newgate.

SCENE opens, and discovers Bookwit on a couch asleep,
Latine looking on him.

Lat. **H**OW quietly he rests ! Oh that I could, by watching him, hanging thus over him, and feeling all his care, protract his sleep !

Oh sleep ! thou sweetest gift of heaven to man,
Still in thy downy arms embrace my friend,
Nor loose him from his inexistant trance
To sense of yesterday, and pain of being ;
In thee oppressors sooth their angry brow,
In thee th' oppress'd forget tyrannick pow'r,
In thee——

The wretch condemn'd is equal to his judge,
And the sad lover to his cruel fair ;
Nay, all the shining glories men pursue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty noise :
Who then wou'd court the pomp of guilty power,
When the mind sickens at the weary shew,
And flies to temporary death for ease ;
When half our life's cessation of our being——
He awakes——

How do I pity that returning life,
Which I could hazard thousand lives to save !

Y. Book. How heavily do I awake this morning !
Oh this senseless drinking ! To suffer a whole week's
pain for an hour's jollity—Methinks my senses are

burning round me—I have but interrupted hints of the last night—Ha! in a gaol;—Oh! I remember, I remember: Oh *Lowemore! Lowemore!* I remember—

Lat. You must have patience, and bear it like a man.

Y. Book. Oh! Whither shall I run t'avoid myself? Why all these bars? These bolted iron gates? They're needless to secure me—Here, here's my rack, My gaol, my torture——

Oh! I can't bear it—I cannot bear the rushing Of new thoughts——

Fancy expands my senses to distraction,
And my soul stretches to that boundless space,
To which I've sent my wretched, wretched friend.
Oh! *Latine! Latine!* Is all our mirth and humour come to this?

Give me thy bosom, close in thy bosom hide me
From thy eyes, I cannot bear their pity or reproach—

Lat. Dear *Bookwit*, how heartily I love you—I don't know what to say—But pray have patience.

Y. Book. If you can't bear my pain, that's but communicated by your pity—How shall I my proper inborn woe, my wounded mind?

Lat. In all assaults of fortune that should be serene,
Not in the power of accident or chance——

Y. Book. Words! words! all that is but mere talk;
Perhaps indeed to undeserv'd affliction
Reason and argument may give relief,
Or in the known vicissitudes of life,
We may feel comfort by our self-persuasion.
But oh! there is no talking away guilt:
This divine particle will ake for ever.
There is no help but whence I dare not ask;
When this material organ's indispos'd,
Juleps can cool, and anodynes give rest,
But nothing mix with this celestial drop,
But dew from that high heav'n of which 'tis part.

Lat. May that high heav'n compose your mind,
And reconcile you to your self.

Y. Book. How can I hope it!——
No——I must descend from man,
Grovel on earth, nor dare look up again!
Oh *Lowemore! Lowemore!* where is he now?

Oh! thinking, thinking, why didst thou not come
sooner,

Or, not now! —

My thoughts do so confuse me now — as my folly
and pleasures did before this fatal accident,—that I
cannot recollect whence *Lovemore* was provok'd to chal-
lenge me.

Lat. You know, dear *Bookwit*, I fear'd some ill from
a careless way of talking—But, alas, I dreamt not of so
great—

Y. Book. Ay, there it was—He was naturally a little
jealous! Heavens, do I say he was! I talk'd to him
of ladies, treats, and he might possibly believe 'twas
where he had engaged—I remember his serious be-
haviour on that subject—Oh this unhappy tongue of
mine!

Thou lawless voluble destroying foe,
That still runn'st on, nor wait'st command of reason,
Oh! I cou'd tear thee from me—

Lat. Did you not expostulate before the action?

Y. Book. He wou'd have don't; but I, flush'd with
the thoughts of duelling—press'd on—Thus for the
empty praise of fools, I'm solidly unhappy.

Lat. You take it too deeply—Your honour was
concern'd.

Y. Book. Honour! the horrid application of that fa-
cred word to a revenge 'gainst friendship, law, and
reason, is a damn'd last shift of the damn'd envious foe
of human race. The routed fiend projected this but
since th' expansive glorious law from heav'n came down
—Forgive.

Enter Turnkey.

Turn. Gentlemen, I come to tell you that you have
the favour to be carried in chairs to your indictment,
to which you must go immediately.

Lat. We are ready, sir.

Y. Book. How shall I bear the eye-shot of the croud
in court? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Frederick's Lodgings.

Enter Lovemore in a Serjeant's Gown, and Frederick.

Love. Mankind is infinitely beholden to this noble styptick, that could produce such wonderful effects so suddenly: But tho' the wound was very slight, I'm weak by the effusion of so much blood——

Fred. Yet after all, you have not lost enough to cool your passion. Your heart still beats *Penelope*, *Penelope*! But in this disguise you have opportunity for observation; you'll see whether you ought still to value her or not: I'm glad you thought of being brought hither as soon as you came to your self; I expect old *Bookwit* every moment here——

Enter Old Bookwit.

There he is——

O. Book. Oh! Mr. *Frederick*—Too late, too late was our care: they met last night, and then the fatal act was done—You'll excuse sir, a father's sorrow—I can't speak much, but you may guess what I hope from you.

Fred. You may depend upon ingenuous usage in the prosecution; I'm going instantly to *Penelope's* with this learned gentleman, to know what she can say to this matter—I desir'd you in the note I sent you, to purchase the favour of your son's being brought thither, where he and you may be witnesses of what shall pass. I seek not his blood, nor would neglect a justice to my deceas'd friend.

O. Book. I believe my son and the rest are going thither ere this; and I desire this worthy serjeant's favour and advice—since we both mean the same thing, only to act with honour, if his life may be sav'd——

Love. I'll do what's just to the deceas'd and the survivor.

O. Book. I'll leave you, but will take care to come in just afore the criminals arrive——

[*Exit.*
Love.

The LADIES FRIENDSHIP.

61

Love. The poor old gentleman—Pr'ythee let's go, I long to see my lovely torment *Penelope*.

Fred. I'll but leave word within. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Penelope's Lodgings.*

Enter Penelope and Victoria.

Pen. It seems *Simon* lay out all night, and was carried away by the watch with some gentlemen in a quarrel.

Viā. I fancy the men who are always for shewing their valour, are like the women who are always talking of their chastity, because they are conscious of their defect in't.

Pen. Right—for we are not apt to raise arguments, but about what we think is disputable——

Viā. Ay, ay, they whose honour is a sore part, are more fearful of being touch'd, than they in whom 'tis only a tender one. But tell me honestly, *Penelope*, should poor *Lovemore* be in this rencounter, and that for your sake, wou'd it have no effect upon you in his favour?

Pen. I don't know how to answer you; but I find something in that reflection, which acquaints me 'tis very hard for one to know one's own heart. [Sighs.]

Viā. However, let your heart answer me one question more, as well as it can—Does it love me as well as ever it did?

Pen. Does not, madam, that question proceed from a change in your own?

Viā. It does, *Penelope*, I own it does—I had a long conflict with myself on my pillow, last night.

Pen. What were your thoughts there?

Viā. That I ow'd it to your friendship to acknowledge to you that all the pleasure I once had in you, is vanished—Ah *Penelope*! I'm sorry for every good quality you have——

Pen. Since you are so frank—I must confess to you something very like this—But however I envy'd that sprightly ingenuous native beauty of yours; I see it now so much the figure of your mind, that I can conquer,

quer, I think I can, any inclination in myself that opposes the happiness of so sincere a friend——

Vic. Explain your self, my dear.

Pen. I'll discountenance this *Bookwit's* ambiguous addresses—And if *Lovemore* can forgive my late ill usage—I need say no more——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Frederick* below desires to see you, on some extraordinary business.

Vic. I have not time, my dearest friend, to applaud or thank you—but must run in—He comes from *Lovemore*——remember [Exit.

Pen. Let him come up——Now can't I for my life forbear a little tyranny.

Enter Frederick and Lovemore.

Pen. Good-morrow, sir ; I believe I know your business—you're officious for your friend—But I am deaf.

Fred. I know you are, and have been ; but I come only to do him a last office—He'll trouble you no more, but I must conjure you to read this, and inform this learned gentleman what you know of this misfortune.

Pen. Reading. *Your cruelty provok'd me to desire the favour of dying by Mr. Bookwit's hand, since he had taken from me more than life, in robbing me of you—fare-well for ever—I direct Frederick not to give you this, 'till I am no more—Writ in his blood !—'Till I am no more—Lovemore no more ! Thou shalt not be no more—Thou shalt live here for ever. Here thou dearest paper, mingle with my life's stream : Either the paper bleeds a-new, or my eyes weep blood—So let 'em do for ever——Oh, my Lovemore ! Did the vanity of a prating boy banish thy solid services and manly love ?*

Fred. This is no reparation to him for his lost life, nor me for my lost friend—Yet when you please to receive 'em, I am obliged to deliver you some papers, wherein he has given you all the fortune he could bestow ; nor would revoke it, ev'n thus injur'd as he was.

Pen.

Pen. Curse on all wealth and fortune ! he, he is gone, who only deserv'd all, and whose worth I know too late.

Low. Oh exstasy ! why was I angry at her rejoicing at my sorrow, when hers to me is such a perfect bliss ? 'Tis barbarous not to discover my self ! [To Fred.

Fred. Do, and be us'd barbarously—But, madam, you must be compos'd ; your life for aught I know is at stake, for there is no such thing as accessaries in murder ; and it can be prov'd, you knew of *Lovemore's* threatening to fight *Bookwit*—You must either take your tryal yourself, or be Mr. *Bookwit's* witness.

Pen. I his witness !—No,—I'll swear any thing to hang him.

Fred. Ah, madam, you must consider yourself however—Pray, sir, read her indictment to her.

Low. Reading. *That on the said third day of April, the said Penelope, of the parish of St. Martin's in the fields, sinister, without fear before her eyes, but by the instigation of the devil, through an evil pride of heart—*

Pen. 'Tis too true—— [Weeping.

Love. Did contrive, abet, and consent to the death of John Lovemore, Esquire, of the age of twenty-eight years, or thereabouts.

Fred. I can't bear the mention of him without tears. He was the sincerest friend.

Low. I think I have seen him——He was, I've heard, a man of honesty, but of something a disagreeable make.

Pen. Oh ! sir, you never saw him, if you think so——His person was as free as his mind was honest, nor had he imperfection, but his love of me. [Weeps.

Low. I tremble, I shall disoblige her too much.

[To Fred.

Fred. You shan't discover yourself, you shall go thro' her soul, now 'tis mov'd on our side—Win her now, or see my face no more—I'll not have my wine spoil'd every night, with your recitals of love, and asking advice, tho' you never mean to take it like a true lover.

Pen. When did that best of men expire, good Mr. *Frederick* ?

Fred. This morning : But should I speak the manner.

ner. With a faint dying voice he call'd me to him—
I went in tenderness to take my long farewell—He in
a last effort of nature prest me to his breast, and with
the softest accent sigh'd in death, *Penelope*.

Pen. Oh the too generous man? Ungrateful I?
Curses on him first flatter'd with his tongue,
On her that first dissembled in her silence——
What miseries have they entail'd on life,
To bring in fraud and diffidence in love?
Simplicity's the dress of honest passion,
Then why our arts, why to a man enamour'd,
That at her feet effuses all his soul,
Must woman cold appear, false to herself and him?

Fred. Do you see there—You'd have spoke before
she consider'd that —— [Aside to Love.

Pen. Oh! cou'd I see him now, to press his livid lips,
And call him back to life with my complaints,
His eyes would glare upon my guilt with horror,
'That us'd to glote and melt in love before me——
Let mine for ever then be shut to joy,
To all that's bright and valuable in man!

I'll to his sacred ashes be a wife,
And to his memory devote my life. [Exit.

Low. This is worth dying for indeed—I'll follow her.

Fred. No, you shan't; let her go in—throw herself
upon her bed, and hug, and call her pillow *Love* more.
'Tis but what you've done a thousand times for her.

Low. That's true too.

Fred. Let her contemplate on the mischief of her
vanity: she shall lament 'till her glass is of our
side—'Till its pretty nies be all blubber'd, its heart
must heave and pant with perfect anguish before 'twill
feel the sorrow of another's. Don't you know pride,
scorn, affectation, and a whole train of ills must be
sobb'd away, before a great beauty's mortified to pur-
pose.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Old Mr. *Bookwit* enquires for you here, Mr.
Frederick.

Fred. Pray let him come up.

Enter

Enter Old Bookwit.

Lev. What's the matter? you seem more discompos'd than you were at Mr. *Frederick's*; something still new.

O. Book. I saw the boy a coming in a chair, he looks so languid and distress'd, poor lad!—He has all his mother's softness, by nature of the sweetest disposition—Oh! gentlemen!—You know not what it is to be a father—To see my only child in that condition—My grief quickened at the sight of him; I thought I could have patience, 'till I saw him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There are two or three in chairs desire admittance by appointment.

O. Book. 'Tis right, sir.

Enter Bookwit, Latine, and Gaoler.

Oh my dear child, oh *Tom!* are all thy aged father's hopes then come to this, that he can't see thee his only son, but guarded by a gaoler?—Thy mother's happy, that liv'd not to see this day—Is all the nurture that she gave thy infancy—the erudition she bequeath'd thy youth, thus answered?—Oh, my son! my son! rise and support thy father! I sink with tenderness, my child, come to my arms while thou art mine.

Y. Book. Oh best of fathers!

Let me not see your tears, don't double my afflictions by your woe—

There's consolation when a friend laments us, but when a parent grieves, the anguish is too native,

Too much our own to be called pity.

Oh! sir, consider, I was born to die—

'Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing;

Ages and generations pass away,

And with resistless force, like waves o'er waves,

Roll down th'irrevocable stream of time,

Into

Into the insatiate ocean for ever—Thus we are gone.
 But the erroneous sense of man—'tis the lamented
 That's at rest, but the survivor mourns——
 All my sorrows vanish with that thought,
 But heav'n grant my aged father patience.

O. Book. Oh child ! [Turning away.]

Y. Book. Do not torment yourself, you shall promise not to grieve——

What if they do upbraid you with my death——
 Consider, sir, in death that our relation ceases,
 Nor shall I want your care, or know your grief.
 It matters not whether by law, or nature, 'tis I die.
 What, won't my father hear me plead to him ?
 Don't turn from me——

Yet don't look at me with your soul so full.

O. Book. Oh my child, my child—I cou'd hear thee ever.

'Twas that I lov'd thee, that I turn'd away.
 To hear my son persuade me to resign him,
 I can't, I can't. The grief is insupportable.

Y. Book. You make a coward of me with your anguish.

I grow an infant, scarce can weep with silence,
 But let me keep some decency in my distress.

O. Book. If we might be apart——

[Looking at the company,

But that's too much to hope.

Goal. No, no, we'll leave you to your selves,

[Exeunt.]

O. Book. I have too much upon me, child to speak——

And indeed have nothing to say, but to feed my eyes upon thee, e'er we part for ever, if tears would let me——When you have slept in your cradle, I have wak'd for you——and was it to this end——Oh child, you've broke your father's heart. [Swoons.]

Y. Book. Good heav'n forbid it—guard him and protect him.

He faints, he's cold, he's gone ; [Running to him.]
 He's gone, and with his last breath call'd me parricide.
 You've broke your father's heart ! Oh killing sound !
 I'm all contagion, to pity me is death.

My

My griefs to all are mortal but my self.
 You've broke your father's heart ! If I did so,
 Why thus serene in death, thou smiling clay,
 Why that calm aspect to thy murderer ?
 Oh big unutterable grief——Merciful heaven !
 I don't deserve this ease of tears to melt
 With penitence——Oh sweet, sweet remorse,
 Now all my powers give way
 To my just sorrow, for the best of fathers, [Aloud.
 Thou venerable fountain of my life,
 Why don't I also die, deriv'd from thee ?
 Sure you are not gone——Is the way out of life
 Thus easy, which you so much fear'd in me ?
 [Takes him by the hand.
 Why stay I after ? but I deserve to stay,
 To feel the quick remembrance of my follies.
 Yet if my sighs, my tears, my anguish can atone——

*Re enter Frederick, Lovemore, Latine, Gaoler,
 Victoria, and Penelope.*

Fred. What is the matter ?——What ?——

Y. Book. Behold this sight, I am the guilty wretch——

Fred. Keep aside a little, sir, he only swoons, I hope ; I think he breathes——yes he returns——you must compose your self.

Lat. Poor *Book-wit*, how utterly he seems distress'd.

O. Book. I will be calm——resign to heav'n and hear you patiently.

Fred. You, sir, his favourite servant, pray speak honestly the truth of what you know, to this learned gentleman, who is council in this case.

Y. Book. Sir, he is not——

Low. Pray, sir, give the servant leave first.

Lat. Know then, I am not what I seem, but a gentleman of a plentiful fortune. I am thus dress'd to carry on such gay pursuits as should offer in this town——Not to detain you, Mr. *Book-wit* sent me late last night, with a letter to one of these ladies——Coming from thence, as I cross'd, I saw *Lovemore* in the Garden ; he stopp'd me, and after some questions concerning my message to this house, to which he did
 not

not like my answers, he struck me ; we fought——
I left him dead upon the spot, of which this gentle-
man is guiltless——

O. Book. How ! was it you then, that kill'd Mr.
Love-more ?

Lat. 'Twas this unhappy hand gave him his death,
but so provok'd——

Y. Book. Who could believe that any pleasing passion
Cou'd touch a breast loaded with guilt like mine ?
But all my mind is seiz'd with admiration
Of thy stupendous friendship——What then——
Could'st thou hold thy innocent hand up at a bar
With felons, to save thy friend ?

How shall I chide or praise thy brave imposture ?
Ah ! sir, believe him not—He cannot bear the loss of
me, whom he o'ervalues ; therefore with highest gal-
lantry he offers a benefit which 'twere the meanest
baseness to receive.

But death's more welcome than a life so purchas'd.

Lat. We all know you can talk, and gild things as
you please, but the lady's servant knows I was taken
near the body, when you——

Y. Book. Sir, do but hear me— [*Pushing away Lat.*

Lat. I'll easily convince you. [*Pushing away Book.*

Y. Book. Pray mind him not, his brain is touch'd—

Lat. I am the man, he was not near the place——

Love. I can hold out no longer——*Love-more* still
liveth to adore your noble friendship, and begs a share
in't. Be not amaz'd ! but let me grasp you both, who
in an age degenerate as this, have such transcendent
virtue——

Y. Book. Oh *Love-more* ! *Love-more* ! How shall I
speak my joy at thy recovery——

I fall beneath the too ecstatick pleasure——

What help has human nature from its sorrows,
When our relief itself is such a burthen !

O. Book. Oh the best burthen upon earth ! I beg
your pardon, sir,——I never was so taken with a
man in my life at first sight. [*Kisses Love.*] Let me be
known to you too. [*To Lat.*

Lat. Sir, you do me honour——

O. Book. But you, ladies, are the first cause of the
many

many errors we have been in, and you only can extricate us with satisfaction—Such is the force of beauty—The wounds the sword gave this gentleman were slight, but you have transfix'd a vital and a noble part, his heart—Had I known his pretences, I had not interpos'd for my son——

Fred. Come, madam, no more of the cruel—Go on, *Love* more ; o' my conscience the man's afraid 'tis impudence to be alive again—You see him now, madam, now you may press his livid lips, and call him back to life with your complaints.

Lov. I stand methinks, upon the brink of fate, in an ambiguous interval of life, and doubt t'accept of being 'till you smile. In every human incident besides, I am superior, and can chuse or leave,
But in minutest things that touch my love,
My bosom's seiz'd with anguish, or with transport.

Pen. You've shewn your passion to me with such honour, that if I am confus'd, I know I should not be, to say I approve it——For I know no rules should make me insensible of generous usage——My person and my mind are yours for ever.

Lov. Then doubts and fears and anxious cares be gone.

All ye black thoughts that did corrode my breast ;
Here enter faith, and confidence, and love !
Love that can't live with jealousy, but dwells
With sacred marriage, truth, and mutual honour.
I knew not where you wou'd bestow your vows,
But never doubted of your faith when given.

[*Kissing her hand.*]

O. Book. You see, my son, how constancy's rewarded !

You have from nature every quality
To make you well become what fortune gave you :
But neither wit or beauty, wealth or courage,
Implicitly deserve the world's esteem,
They're only in their application, goods——
How cou'd you fight a man, you knew not why ?
You don't think that 'tis great, merely to dare ?
'Tis that a man is just he should be bold ;
Indeed you have err'd.

Lov.

Lat. You give my friend, methinks, too much compunction for a little levity in his actions—— when he's too severe in's own reflections on 'em.

Pen. Well, *Victoria*, you see I take your advice at last in choice of *Love-more*.

Vi&. I congratulate your missing of the other.

Pen. I heartily believe you, my dear friend.

O. Book. But we best guide our actions by hopes of reward. Cou'd but my son have such a glorious prospect as this fair one, [*To Victoria.*] I doubt not but his future carriage wou' deserve her.

Vi&. I believe I may safely promise to approve of all the truth he tells me.

T. Book. You've promised then, to like all I shall say.

O. Book. These unexpected good events deserve our celebration with some mirth and fiddles.

Fred. I foresaw this happy turn, therefore have prepar'd em——Call in the dancers.



S O N G.

S O N G,

By Mr. LEVERIDGE.

I.

THE rolling years the joys restore,
Which happy, happy Britain knew,
When in a female age before
Beauty the sword of justice drew.

II.

Nymphs and fauns, and rural pow'rs,
Of crystal floods and shady bow'rs,
No more shall here preside :
The flowing wave and living green,
Owe only to their present queen
Their safety and their pride.

III.

United air, and pleasures bring,
Of tender note, and tuneful string.
All your arts devoted are
To move the innocent and fair :
While they receive the pleasing wound,
Echo repeats the dying sound.

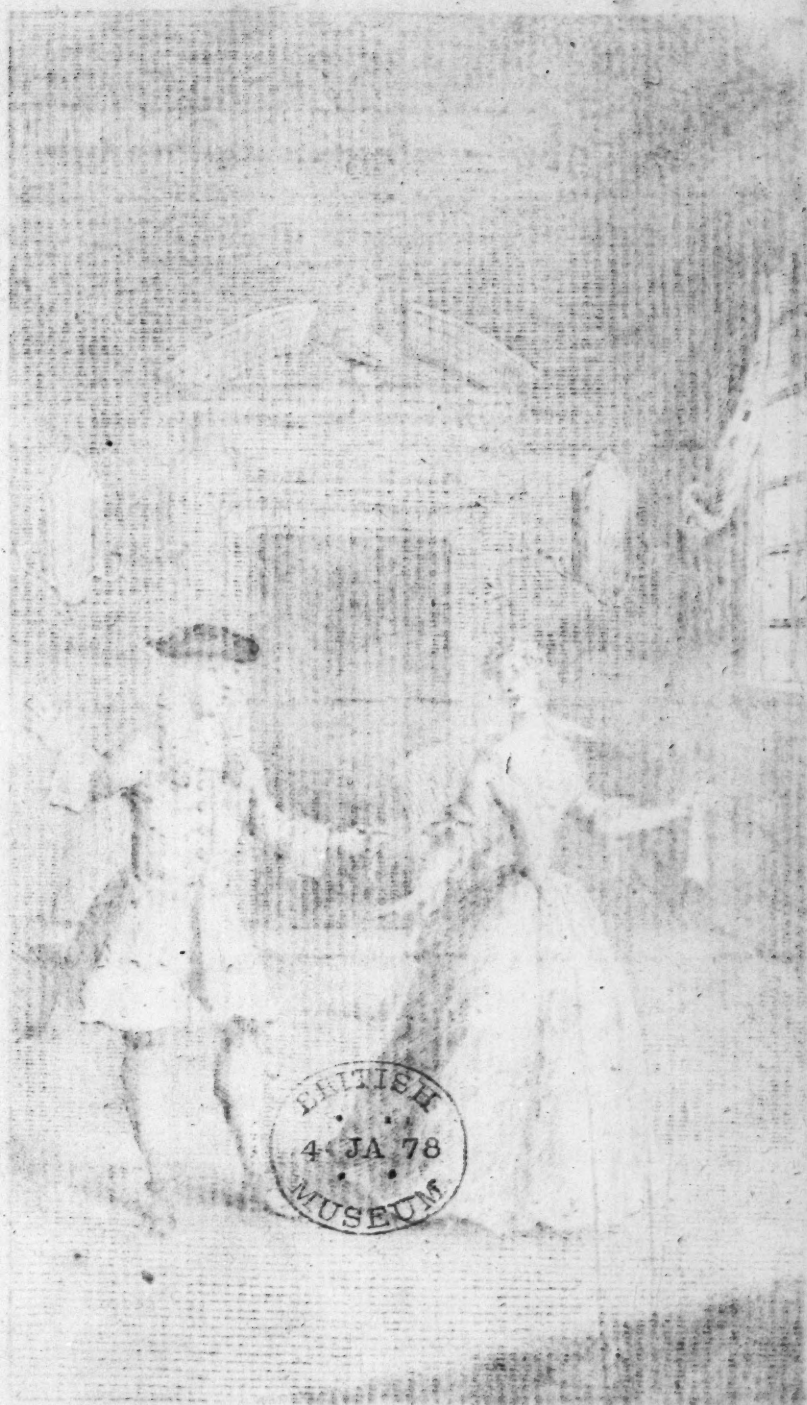
[Share,
Y. Book. Since such deserv'd misfortunes they must
Who with gay falsehoods entertain the fair ;
Let all with this just maxim guide their youth,
There is no gallantry in love but truth. [Exeunt.

F I N I S.

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THE
Conscious LOVERS,
A
COMEDY:

Written by
Sir RICHARD STEELE.

WITH ALTERATIONS,
As Performed at the THEATRES.

Illud Genus Narrationis, quod in Personis positum est, debet habere Sermonis Festivitatem, Animorum Dissimilitudinem, Gravitatem, Lenitatem, Spem, Metum, Suspicionem, Desiderium, Dissimulationem, Misericordiam, Rerum Varietates, Fortunæ Commutationem, Insuperatum Incommodum, Subitam Lætitiā, Jucundum, Exitum Rerum. *Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. 1.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, T. CASLON,
T. LOWNDS, W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

MDCCLXVII.

Confession of Love

COMEDY

BY RICHARD DODGINS



THE
MUSEUM
OF
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AND
MINERALOGY
AND
THE
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MUSEUM
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1800

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *WELSTED*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

TO win your Hearts, and to secure your Praise,
The Comic-Writers strive by various Ways:
By subtil Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.
One writes the Spouse a beating from his Wife;
And says, each Stroke was copy'd from the Life.
Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
And make a Livelibood of Pinkey's Face:
Here, One gay Shew and costly Habits tries,
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes:
Another smuts his Scene (a cunning Shower)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.
Oft' have these Arts prevail'd; and one may guess,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Success.
But the bold Sage, the Poet of To-night,
By new and desperate Rules resolv'd to write;
Fain would he give more just Applauses Rise,
And please by Wit that scorns the Aids of Vice:
The Praise he seeks, from worthier Motives Springs,
Such Praise, as Praise to those that give, it brings.

Your Aid, most humbly sought, then Britons lend,
And Lib'ral Mirth, like Lib'ral Men, defend:
No more let Ribaldry, with Licence writ,
Usurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit;
No more let lawless Farce uncensur'd go,
The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield show.
'Tis yours, with Breeding to refine the Age,
To chasten Wit, and moralize the Stage.

Ye Modest, Wise and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-night the Champion of your Virtues save,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,
And judge Politely for your Country's Fame.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir John Bevil,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Mr. Sealand,</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Bevil jun. in Love with Indiana,</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Myrtle, in Love with Lucinda,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Cimberton, a Coxcomb,</i>	<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>
<i>Humphrey, an old Servant to Sir John,</i>	<i>Mr. Shepard.</i>
<i>Tom, Servant to Bevil jun.</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Daniel, a Country Boy, Servant to } Indiana,</i>	<i>Mr. Theo. Cibber.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Sealand, second Wife to Sealand,</i>	<i>Mrs. Moore.</i>
<i>Isabella, Sister to Sealand,</i>	<i>Mrs. Thurmond.</i>
<i>Indiana, Sealand's Daughter by his } first Wife,</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Lucinda, Sealand's Daughter by his } second Wife,</i>	<i>Mrs. Booth.</i>
<i>Phillis, Maid to Lucinda,</i>	<i>Mrs. Younger.</i>

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E



THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir John Bevil's House.*

Enter Sir John Bevil and Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Humph. Yes, Sir; I believ'd you had something of Moment to say to me.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the first Place, this Wedding of my Son's, in all Probability, [shut the Door] will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not at all? for what Reason is it carried on in Appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honest *Humphrey*, have Patience; and I'll tell thee all in order. I have myself, in some Part of my Life, lived (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach: Now, I thought Liberty would be as little injurious to my Son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own Manner: I know not how, otherwise to judge of his Inclination; for what can be concluded from a Behaviour

8 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

haviour under Restraint and Fear? But what charms me above all Expression is, that my Son has never, in the least Action, the most distant Hint or Word, valued himself upon that great Estate of his Mother's, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever since he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you, or any belonging to you — He is as dependant and resign'd to your Will, as if he had not a Farthing but what must come from your immediate Bounty — You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is so easy to all, with whom he converses, that he is never assuming, never prefers himself to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not called to, and certainly disoblige most of his Acquaintance; to be short, *Humphrey*, his Reputation was so fair in the World, that old *Sealand*, the great *India* Merchant, has offer'd his only Daughter, and sole Heiress to that vast Estate of his, as a Wife for him; you may be sure I made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day named for the Wedding.

Humph. What hinders the Proceeding!

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was last *Thursday* at the Masquerade; my Son, you may remember, soon found us out — He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the last Age, yet the Maskers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the most monstrous Figures in that whole Assembly.

Humph. I remember indeed, a young Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Bev. Right — He was too much what he seem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teized us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a Mind to come into that Particular.

[*Aside.*
Sir

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 9

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he followed us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle, presented that gay Creature to the Rustick, and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow polite, by falling in Love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my Mask; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they seized each other; the Company call'd the Guards; and in the Surprize, the Lady swoon'd away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adversary, and had now no Care but of the Lady,——when raising her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever——forbid it, Heav'n!——She revives at his known Voice,——and with the most familiar tho' modest Gesture hangs in Safety over his Shoulders weeping, but wept as in the Arms of one, before whom she could give herself a Loose, were she not under Observation; while she hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph. I have observed this Accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modesty, the Dignity of her Person, and the Occasion itself, drew the whole Assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz'd about, she was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea-Officer, who had served in *France*. Now this unexpected and publick Discovery of my Son's so deep Concern for her ——

Humph. Was what, I suppose, alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right——He came to me Yesterday, and said, he thought himself disengaged from the Bargain; being credibly informed my Son was already marry'd, or worse to the Lady at the Masquerade. I palliated Matters, and insisted on our Agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what Notice have you taken of all this to my young Master?

10 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you — I have said nothing to him yet — But look you, *Humphrey* — if there is so much in this Amour of his, that he denies upon my Summons to marry, I have Cause enough to be offended; and then by my insisting upon his marrying To day, I shall know how far he is engag'd to this Lady in Masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my Measures, in the mean Time I would have you find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret — He, I know, will play Tricks as much to cross me, as to serve his Master.

Humph. Why do you think so of him, Sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you, at your Son's Age.

Sir J. Bev. I see it in the Rascal's Looks. But I have dwelt on these Things too long; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you. [Exit Sir John Bevil.]

Humph. Well, tho' this Father and Son live as well together as possible, yet their Fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with constant mutual Uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both: But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Task less painful however — Oh, here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the Representative of all the better fed than taught. — Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither so gay and so airy this Morning?

Enter Tom, Singing.

Tom. Sir, we Servants of single Gentlemen are another kind of People, than you domestick ordinary Drudges that do Business. We are rais'd above you: The Pleasures of Board Wages, Tavern Dinners, and many a clear Gain; Vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast Follies and Vices enough for a Man of Ten thousand a Year, tho' 'tis but as t'other Day that I sent for you to Town, to put you into Mr. Sealand's Family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young Master, who is too gentle for training such a rude Thing as you were into proper Obedience —

You

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 11

You then pull'd off your Hat to every one you met in the Street, like a bashful great awkward Cub as you were. But your great Oaken Cudgel, when you were a Booby, became you much better than that dangling Stick at your Button, now you are a Fop. That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your Master's Hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my Master scorns to strike his Servants. You talk as if the World was now, just as it was when my old Master and you were in your Youth——When you went to Dinner because it was so much a Clock, when the great Blow was given in the Hall at the Pantry door, and all the Family came out of their Holes, in such strange Dresses and formal Faces, as you see in the Pictures in our long Gallery in the Country.

Humph. Why, you wild Rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner till a formal Fellow, in a black Gown, said something over the Meat, as if the Cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?——Despising Men of sacred Characters! I hope you never heard my good young Master talk so like a Profligate.

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me, when I first came to Town, about being orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing Shams, to make Linen last clean a Fortnight, keeping my Clothes fresh, and wearing a Frock within Doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you those Lessons because I suppos'd, at that Time, your Master and you might have din'd at home every Day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made a good Family Servant. But the Gang you have frequented since, at Chocolate-Houses and Taverns, in a continual round of Noise and Extravagance——

Tom. I don't know what you heavy Inmates call Noise and Extravagance; but we Gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we must be very pretty Fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph.

12 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Humph. Very well, Sir,——I hope the Fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of Decency and Order, is almost at an End, since it is arrived at Persons of your Quality.

Tom. Master *Humphrey*, Ha! ha! you were an unhappy Lad to be sent up to Town in such queer Days as you were: Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men of Pleasure of the Age; the Top Gamesters; and many a lac'd Coat about Town, have had their Education in our Party-colour'd Regiment,——We are false Lovers; have a Taste of Musick, Poetry, Billet-doux, Drefs, Politicks; ruin Damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our Masters Wigs and Linen, and marry Fortunes.

Humph. Hey day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up to the highest Dignities and Distinctions; step but into the *Painted Chamber*——and by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of Quality——then again come down to the *Court of Requests*, and you shall see us all laying our broken Heads together for the Good of the Nation: and tho' we never carry a Question *Nemine Contradicente*, yet this I can say with a safe Conscience, (and I wish every Gentleman of our Cloth could lay his Hand upon his Heart and say the same) that I never took so much as a single Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to see you, to enquire how Things go with your Master, as far as you understand them; I suppose he knows he is to be married To-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is drefs'd as gay as the Sun; but, between you and I, my Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gaiety. As soon as he was drefs'd I retir'd, but overheard him Sigh in the most heavy Manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Closet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Mistress, whose Maid you know——

Humph.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 13

Humph. Is passionately fond of your fine Person.

Tom. The poor Fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Opera's, and *Ridotto's*, for the Winter; the Parks and *Bellfize*, for our Summer Diversions; and Lard! says she, you are so wild—— but you have a world of Humour.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Master's Letter to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you?

Tom. Because Mrs. *Lucinda* is not so easily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not easily come at? Why, Sirrah, are not her Father and my old Master agreed that she and Mr. *Bevil* are to be one Flesh before To-morrow Morning?

Tom. Its no Matter for that: her Mother, it seems, Mrs. *Sealand*, has not agreed to it: and you must know, Mr. *Humphrey*, that in that Family the grey Mare is the better Horse.

Humph. What dost thou mean?

Tom. In one Word, Mrs. *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own, and has provided a Relation of hers, a stiff, starch'd Philosopher, and a wise Fool, for her Daughter; for which Reason, for these ten Days past, she has suffer'd no Message nor Letter from my Master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond Soul that can keep nothing from me——One that will deliver this Letter too, if she is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty Hand-maid, Mrs. *Phillis*?

Tom. Even she, Sir; this is the very Hour, you know she usually comes hither, under a Pretence of a Visit to our House-keeper forsooth, but in reality to have a Glance at——

Humph. Your sweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in Nature; you must know, I love to fret, and play with the little Wanton.——

Humph. Play with the little Wanton! What will this World come to!

Tom. I met her this morning, in a new Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the worse for her Lady's wearing; and

14 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

and she has always new Thoughts and new Airs with new Clothes—then she never fails to steal some Glance or Gesture from every Visitant at their House; and is indeed the whole Town of Coquettes at second Hand. But here she comes; in one Motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own Affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your Master's with her.

Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Master is my Friend, and those are People I never forget.—

Humph. Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [Exit.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. *Thomas*, is Mrs. *Sugar-key* at home?—Lard, one is almost ashamed to pass along the Streets. The Town is quite empty, and no body of Fashion left in it; and the ordinary People do so stare to see any Thing (dress'd like a Woman of Condition) pass by. Alas! Alas! it is a sad Thing to walk. O Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a sad Thing to walk? Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wish yourself lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Thomas*, but I wish I were generally carry'd in a Coach or Chair, and of a Fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to flee in the Face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twine and loll as well as the best of them. Oh, *Tom!* *Tom!* is it not a pity that you should be so great a Coxcomb, and I so great a Coquette, and yet be such poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble Servant for that——

Phil. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you said to Mrs. *Judy*, upon seeing her in one of her Lady's Cast Manteaus; That any one would have thought her the Lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy—for

now

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 15

now only it was becoming;—To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *Judy* it was a Habit. This you said after some Body or other. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* thou art as false and as base, as the best Gentleman of them all; but, you Wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your Commands, Madam.

[*In a submissive Tone, retiring.*]

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom. O, I have her; I have nettled and put her into the right Temper to be wrought upon, and set a prating. [*Aside.*—Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your House.

Phil. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a sudden offends your Nicety at our House?

Tom. I don't care to speak Particulars, but I dislike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of that Whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis*! Saucy enough. But however—

Tom. I say, it is, that thou art a Part, which gives me Pain for the Disposition of the Whole. You must know, Madam, to be serious, I am a Man, at the Bottom, of prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at your House. To be plain, I don't like so many, that would be your Mistress's Lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this because I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conscience about *Judy*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis*! *Phillis*! if you but knew my Heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then poor *Crispo's* Fate and mine are one—Therefore give me Leave to say, or sing at least, as he does upon the same Occasion—

[*Se vedette, &c. [sings.]*]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off with a Song?

16 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Song? I don't question but you have sung the same to Mrs. Judy too.

Tom. Don't disparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealousy of so worthless an Object; besides, she is a poor Huffy, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, you will allow me true to my Interest. You are a Fortune, *Phillis*——

Phil. What would the Fop be at now? In good Time indeed, you shall be setting up for a Fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, you have such a Spirit that we shall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together. But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Estate in my Hands. [*He pulls out a Purse, she eyes it.*]

Phil. What Pretence have I to what is in your Hands, Mr. *Thomas*?

Tom. As thus: there are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd nor displeas'd, neither sick or well, when she lolls or loiters, when she is without Desires, from having more of every Thing than she knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When she has not Life enough to keep her bright Eyes quite open to look at her own dear Image in the Glass.

Phil. Explain thyself, and don't be so fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are also prosperous and good-natured Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience!

Tom. Why then——or on the like Occasions——we Servants who have Skill to know how to time Business, see when such a pretty folded Thing as this [*shows a Letter*] may be presented, laid, or dropp'd, as best suits the present Humour. And, Madam, because it is a long wearisome Journey to run through all the several Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Master, who is the most reasonable Man in the World, presents you this to bear your Charges on the Road. [*Gives her the Purse.*]

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Huffy.

Tom.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 17

Tom. Oh fy, I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Mistress's Sake.

Tom. I know it my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it because I would not have my Mistress deluded by one who gives no Proof of his Passion: but I'll talk more of this, as you see me on my Way home—No, *Tom*, I assure thee; I take this Trash of thy Master's not for the Value of the Thing, but as it convinces me he has a true Respect for my Mistress. I remember a Verse to the Purpose.

They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who part with Money never feign. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Bevil junior's Lodgings.

Bevil junior, reading.

Bev. jun. These moral Writers practise Virtue after Death: This charming Vision of *Mirza*! such an Author consulted in a Morning, sets the Spirits for the Vicissitudes of the Day, better than the Glass does a Man's Person; but what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an easy Look with an aking Heart.—If this Lady my Father urges me to marry should not refuse me, my Dilemma is unsupportable. But why should I fear it? is not she in equal Distress with me? has not the Letter I have sent her this Morning, confess'd my Inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral Assurances of her Engagements too, to my Friend *Myrtle*? It's impossible but she must give in to it: For, sure to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It must be so—Well then, with the Assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my Father, I am ready to marry her—Then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honest Dissimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir, is in the next Room.

Bev.

18 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Bev. jun. Dunce! why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your Closet.

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to see my Father any where.

[*Going himself to the Door.*]

Tom. The Devil's in my Master! he has always more Wit than I have. [Aside.]

Bevil jun. introducing Sir John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant of all Parents—Sure 'tis not a Compliment to say these Lodgings are yours——Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your Wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my Birthday, might have used less Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Son, I have Intelligence you have writ to your Mistress this Morning: It would please my Curiosity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtship must then be over.

Bev. jun. I assure you, Sir, there was no Insolence in it, upon the Prospect of such a vast Fortune's being added to our Family; but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Desert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this! And will you really marry her!

Bev. jun. Sir, If the Lady is dress'd and ready, you see I am. I suppose the Lawyers are ready too.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the Coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready, Son, you'll be in the Way, you say——

Bev. jun. If you please, Sir, I'll take a Chair and go to Mr. Sealand's, where the young Lady and I will wait your Leisure.

Sir J. Bev. By no Means——The old Fellow will be so vain, if he sees——

Bev.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 19

Bev. jun. Ay ——— But the young Lady, Sir, will think me so indifferent ———

Humph. Ay ——— there you are right ——— press your Readiness to go to the Bride ——— he won't let you.

[*Aside to Bevil jun.*

Bev. jun. Are you sure of that? [*Aside to Humph.*

Humph. How he likes being prevented. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour or two too early. Besides, this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's no dealing with some People, but by managing with Indifference. We must leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the last of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me gcaern in this matter: you can't tell how humourfome old Fellows are: ——— There's no offering Reason to some of 'em, especially when they are rich ——— If my Son should see him, before I've brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable. [*Aside.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. *Bevil* go. ——— See whether he will or not. [*Aside to Sir John.* ——— [*Then to Bev.*] Pray, Sir, command yourself; since you see my Master is positive, it is better you should not go.

Sir J. Bev. So! I must even leave Things as I found them: and in the mean Time, at least, keep old *Sealand* out of his Sight. ——— Well, Son, I'll go myself and take Orders in your Affair ——— You'll be in the Way, I suppose, if I send to you ——— I'll leave your old Friend with you ——— *Humphrey* ——— don't let him stir, d'ye hear: Your Servant, your Servant. [*Exit Sir John.*

Humph. I have a sad Time on't, Sir, between you and my Master ——— I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclinations for the Match ——— I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good ——— Heav'n grant a good End of this Matter; But there is a Lady, Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble and Sorrow ——— You'll pardon me,

20 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Bew. jun. Humphrey. I know thou art a Friend to both; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee——That Lady——is a Woman of Honour and Virtue. You may assure yourself, I never will marry without my Father's Consent: But give me Leave to say too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promise, that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

Humph. My dear Master, were I but worthy to know this Secret, that so near concerns you, my Life, my all, should be engag'd to serve you. This, Sir, I dare promise, that I am sure I will, and can be secret. your Trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so.

Bew. juv. That's all I ask: Thou hast made it now my Interest to trust thee——Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir.

Bew. jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my last Travels, my Father grew uneasy at my making so long a Stay at *Toulon*.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some Woman had laid hold of you.

Bew. jun. His fears were just; for there I first saw this Lady: She is of *English* Birth: Her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family, and originally an eminent merchant of *Bristol*; who upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat Providence again grew favourable to his Industry, and, in six Years Time, restored him to his former Fortunes: On this he sent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family should follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey such welcome Orders, would not wait the Leisure of a Convoy, but took the first Occasion of a single Ship, and with her Husband's Sister only, and this Daughter, then scarce seven Years old, undertook the fatal Voyage. For here, poor Creature, she lost her Liberty, and Life; she, and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Prisoner though,

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 21

though, as such, not ill-treated, yet the Fright, the Shock, and the cruel Disappointment, seiz'd with such Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, she sicken'd, pined and died at Sea.

Humph. Poor Soul! O the helpless Infant?

Bev. jun. Her Sister yet surviv'd, and had the Care of her: The Captain too proved to have Humanity, and became a Father to her; for having himself married an *English* Woman, and being childless, he brought home, into *Toulon*, this her little Country-woman; presenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value to his Wife, to be educated as his own adopted Daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seem'd, again, to smile on her.

Bev. jun. Only to make her Frowns more terrible: For in his Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying intestate, his Estate fell wholly to an Advocate, his Brother, who coming soon to take Possession, there found (among his other Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy.

Humph. He durst not sure abuse his Power!

Bev. jun. No wonder if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the Sight of her—in short, he lov'd: but when all Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing Vengeance on her Cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Childhood; seiz'd on her little Fortune, as his own Inheritance, and was dragging her by Violence to Prison; when Providence, at the Instant interpos'd, and sent me, by Miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed: But pray, Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at last to *England*?

Bev. jun. The disappointed Advocate, finding she had so unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, descended to a Composition; which I, without her Knowledge, secretly discharg'd.

Humph. That generous Concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev.

22 **THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

Bew. jun. Having thus obtain'd her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without some Difficulty, to see her safe to *England*; where we no sooner arrived, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bew. jun. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart—and yet you see—what I do to please my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Dress, this splendid Covering of Sorrow—But, *Humphrey*, you have your Lesson.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Question—

Bew. jun. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own Passion for this secret Lady, or hers for you, that gives you this Aversion to the Match your Father has proposed you?

Bew. jun. I shall appear, *Humphrey*, more romantick in my Answer, than in all the rest of my Story: For tho' I dote on her to death, and have no little Reason to believe she has the same Thoughts for me; yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmost Privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it?

Bew. jun. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid so inviolable a Restraint upon my Conduct, that 'till I have his Consent to speak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever—

Humph. Well, Sir, to your Praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable Lover in *Great Britain*.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle's* at the next Door, and if you are at Leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bew. jun. Whenever he pleases—hold, *Tom!* did you receive no Answer to my Letter?

Tom. Sir, I was desir'd to call again; for I was told, her Mother would not let her be out of her Sight; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Phillis* said, I should have one.

Bew. jun. Very well.

Humph.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 23

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity; in the mean Time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a Secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you please, to marry *Lucinda*, without the least Hazard of its coming to a Conclusion——Sir, your most obedient Servant.

Bev. jun. Honest *Humphrey*, continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you shall always find me yours.

[*Exit Humph.*]

I long to hear how my Letter has succeeded with *Lucinda*.——Poor *Myrtle*, what Terrors must he be in all this while?——Since he knows she is offer'd to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing, or taking any Measures with him, for his own Service.——But I ought to bear with my Friend, and use him as one in Adversity;

All his Disquietudes by my own I prove,
The greatest Grief's Perplexity in Love. [Exeunt.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *Continues.*

Enter Bevil jun. and Tom.

Tom. SIR, Mr. *Myrtle*.

Bev. jun. Very well,——do you step again, and wait for an Answer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well, *Charles*, why so much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any Thing in the World deserves it? You, who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd Complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Behaviour——But the Cause of my Concern, may, for ought I know, be the same Object
that

24 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a Word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dress confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. You are not misinform'd——Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, 'till you hear me out, I shall disoblige the best of Fathers, if I don't seem ready to marry *Lucinda*; and you know I have ever told you, you might make Use of my secret Resolution, never to marry her, for your own Service, as you please. But I am now driven to the Extremity of immediately refusing, or complying, unless you help me to escape the Match.

Myrt. Escape? Sir, neither her Merit, nor her Fortune are below your Acceptance.——Escaping, do you call it!

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wish I should desire the Match?

Myrt. No——but such is my humorous and sickly State of Mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but *Lucinda*, that tho' I must owe my Happiness to your Aversion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with Levity or Unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir; I shall transgress that Way no more. She has Understanding, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit——

Myrt. Nay, dear *Bewil*, don't speak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

Bev. jun. Why then, to give you Ease at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Sense, Wit, Beauty, and Virtue; I know another, in whom these Qualities appear to me more amiable, than in her.

Myrt. There you spoke like a reasonable and good-natur'd Friend. When you acknowledge her Merit, and own your Prepossession for another, at once you gratify my Fondness, and cure my Jealousy.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no Notice, you have no Apprehension of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. *Cimberton*! Hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantick Coxcomb——For the Sot, with all these
crude

crude Notions of divers Things, under the Direction of great Vanity, and very little Judgment, shews his strongest Bias is Avarice; which is so predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Mistress with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her personal Charms, than if she were a mere breeding Animal.

Bev. jun. Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some Women sooner set on Fire by that Sort of Negligence, than by——

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure simple Indolence and Stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is not a Natural; he has a very quick Sense, tho' very slow Understanding.——He says, indeed, many Things, that want only the Circumstances of Time and Place, to be very just and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be sure of me, if you can disappoint him; but my Intelligence says, the Mother has actually sent for the Conveyancer, to draw Articles for his Marriage with *Lucinda*; tho' those for mine with her, are, by her Father's Order, ready for signing, but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his Daughter in the Matter.

Myrt. Pshaw! A poor troublesome Woman——Neither *Lucinda*, nor her Father, will ever be brought to comply with it,——besides, I am sure, *Cimberton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffry*, in the West.

Bev. jun. Well, Sir, and I can tell you, that's the very Point that is now laid before her Counsel; to know whether a firm Settlement can be made, without this Uncle's actually joining in it.——Now pray consider, Sir, when my Affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it soon must, to an open Rupture, how are you sure that *Cimberton's* Fortune may not then tempt her Father, too, to hear his Proposals.

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that must be provided against——Do you know who are her Counsellors?

26 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Bev. jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target*—— by the Way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family; now I was thinking, why you might not put a couple of false Counsel upon her, to delay and confound Matters a little——besides, it may probably let you into the Bottom of her whole Design against you.

Myrt. As how, pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you slip on a black Wig and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* yourself?

Myrt. Ha! I don't dislike it——but what shall I do for a Brother in the Case?

Bev. jun. What think you of my Fellow, *Tom*? the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick; all his Part will be but to stutter heartily, for that's Old *Target*'s Case—the Conduct of the Scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all Things; if you'll send *Tom* to my Chambers, I will give him full Instructions: This will certainly give me Occasion to raise Difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at least.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you Success; so far we are right then: and now, *Charles*, your Apprehension of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*! tho' I know you are my Friend, yet when I abstract myself from my own Interest in the Thing, I know no Objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope——

Bev. jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much obliged to you for the Cause of your Suspicion, as I am offended at the Effect: But be assured, I am taking Measures for your certain Security, and that all Things with regard to me will end in your entire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than Life at Stake on your Fidelity. [Going.]

Bev. jun. Then depend upon it, you have no Chance against you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I must be going. [Exit *Myrtle*.]

Bev. jun. Well! this is another Instance of the Perplexities

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 27

plexities which arise too, in faithful Friendship: But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortured with the Doubt of me! I'll take this Opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious Vow I have made to my Father, restrains me from ever marrying without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltless Joy of my Heart: But the best Condition of Human Life is but a gentle Misery.

To hope for perfect Happiness is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain. [Exit.

Enter Isabella, and Indiana in her own Lodgings.

Ifab. Yes—I say 'tis Artifice, dear Child; I say to thee, again and again, 'tis all Skill and Management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill Design, in supporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality? attended, dress'd, and lodg'd like one, in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every Way in the most sumptuous Manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a Design in it?

Ifab. Yes, Yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Ifab. Ay, ay,——the more for that——that keeps the Title to all you have the more in him!

Ind. The more in Him!—He scorns the Thought—

Ifab. Then He—He—He—

Ind. Well, be not so eager——If he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a Letter*] Here's two hundred and fifty Pound in Bank-Notes, with these Words, 'To pay 'for the Set of Dressing-plate, which will be brought 'home To-morrow.' Why, dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you say any Thing to the Disadvantage of Mr. *Bevil*. When he is present, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it: Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour. When

28 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

his Eyes are cast another Way, and I dare survey him, my Heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love——Heigh! ho!

Ifab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to say so, as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the Destroyers of Women, the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, soon after their Success in their Designs, turn to the contrary of those Characters. I will own to you, Mr. *Bevil* carries his Hypocrisy the best of any Man living, but still he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite. They embrace without Love; they make Vows without Conscience of Obligation; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

Ind. That's truly observed. [*Aside.*]
But what's all this to *Bevil*?

Ifab. This is to *Bevil*, and all Mankind. Won't you be on your Guard against those who would betray you? Won't you doubt those who would condemn you for believing 'em? Such is the World,——and such (since the Behaviour of one Man to my self) have I believ'd all the rest of the Sex. [*Aside.*]

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil*, I will not doubt it: He has not spoken it by an Organ that is given to lying: His Eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine: I know his Virtue, I know his filial Piety, and ought to trust his Management with a Father, to whom he has uncommon Obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? my Lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever, my Purpose of Life is only to please him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than Death has happen'd to me.

Ifab. Ay, do, persist in your Credulity! flatter yourself that a Man of his Figure and Fortune will make himself the Jest of the Town, and marry a handsome Beggar for Love.

Ind. The Town! I must tell you, Madam, the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil*, will but make themselves more ridiculous;

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 29

ridiculous; his Actions are the Result of thinking, and he has Sense enough to make even Virtue fashionable.

Isab. Come, come; if he were the honest Fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three Weeks, without sending you to *Bristol*? in search of your Father, your Family, and your Relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he still designs it: Besides, has he not writ to *Bristol*? and has not he Advice that my Father has not been heard of there, almost these twenty Years?

Isab. All Sham, mere Evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest Relations may take you out of his Hands, and so blow up all his wicked Hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give him any such;

Isab. Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say, in your Conscience he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it, the Moment 'tis in his Power, or consistent with his Honour, to make such a Promise good to me.

Isab. His Honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my Life uneasy by these ungrateful Jealousies of one, to whom I am, and wish to be oblig'd: For from his Integrity alone, I have resolv'd to hope for Happiness.

Isab. Nay, I have done my Duty; if you won't see, at your Peril be it.——

Ind. Let it be—This is his Hour of visiting me. [*Apart.* All the rest of my Life is but waiting 'till he comes; I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Well, go thy Ways, thou wilful Innocent! I once had almost as much Love for a Man, who poorly left me, to marry an Estate——And I am now, against my Will, what they call an Old Maid——but I will not let the Peevishness of that Condition grow upon me——only keep up the Suspicion of it, to prevent this Creature's being any other than a Virgin, except upon proper Terms.

[*Exit.*
Re enter

Re-enter Indiana speaking to a Servant.

Ind. Desire Mr. Bevil to walk in——Design! impossible! A base designing Mind could never think of what he hourly puts in Practice——And yet, since the late Rumour of his Marriage, he seems more reserv'd than formerly——he sends in too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure——such new Respect may cover Coldness in the Heart—it certainly makes me thoughtful——I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair Occasions in his Way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an Explanation——for these Doubts are insupportable!——But see! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil jun.

Bev. jun. Madam, your most obedient——I am afraid I broke in upon your Rest last Night——'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own Fault; I never saw you in such agreeable Humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never saw you better Company.

Bev. jun. Me, Madam! you rally: I said very little.

Ind. But, I am afraid, you heard me say a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the most agreeable Thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience, to hear her.

Bev. jun. Then it's pity, Madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable, to one another.

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

Bev. jun. If I might be vain of any Thing in my Power, Madam, it is that my Understanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out as the most deserving Object of my Esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, it were enough to make my Vanity forfeit the very Esteem you offer me.

Bev. jun. How so, Madam?

Ind. Because Esteem is the Result of Reason, and to deserve it from good Sense, the Height of human Glory.

——Nay,

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 31

—Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour should pay me that, than all the Homage of a sincere and human Love.

Bev. jun. You certainly distinguish right Madam; Love often kindles from external Merit only——

Ind. But Esteem rises from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul——

Bev. jun. True——And great Souls only can deserve it. *[Bowing respectfully.]*

Ind. Now I think they are greater still, that can so charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, since the utmost Pride and Pleasure of my Life is, that I esteem you——as I ought.

Ind. *[Aside.]* As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my Hope.

Bev. jun. But, Madam, we grow grave, methinks——Let's find some other Subject——Pray how did you like the Opera last Night.

Ind. First give me Leave to thank you for my Tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your Servant, Madam——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior Carbonelli says he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bev. jun. A propos! you were saying Yesterday, Madam, you had a Mind to hear him——will you give him Leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all Means: desire the Gentleman to walk in.

[Ex. Servant.]

After a Sonnet is play'd, Bevil Junior waits on the Master to the Door, &c.

Bev. jun. You smile, Madam, to see me so Complaisant to one, whom I pay for his Visit: Now, I own, I think it not enough barely to pay those, whose Talents are superior to our own (I mean such Talents as would become our Condition, if we had them.) Methinks we ought to do something more, than barely gratify them for what they do at our Command, only because their Fortune is below us.

32 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Ind. You say I smile: I assure you it was a Smile of Approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the distinguishing Part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as easy to his Inferiors as he can. — Now once more to try him. [*Aside.*]—I was saying just now, I believe you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so: However, I must have your Opinion upon a Subject, which created a Debate between my Aunt and me, just before you came hither; she would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary Kindness or Service for a Woman, but for his own Sake.

Bev. jun. Well, Madam! indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What, though he would maintain, and support her without demanding any Thing of her on her Part?

Bev. jun. Why, Madam, is making an Expence in the Service of a valuable Woman (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any Favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such Service, such a mighty heroick Business?

Ind. Certainly! I should think he must be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, why so? 'tis but at best a better Taste in Expence: To bestow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be conscious, that from his Superfluity, an innocent, a virtuous Spirit, is supported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he sees Satisfaction, Health and Gladness in her Countenance, while he enjoys the Happiness of seeing her (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible) I say if he is allowed to delight in that Prospect; alas! what mighty Matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty Matter, in so disinterested a Friendship!

Bev. jun. Disinterested! I can't think him so! your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are—He is only one, who takes more Delight in Reflexions than in Sensations

sations; he is more pleas'd with Thinking, than Eating; that's the utmost you can say of him——Why, Madam, a greater Expence, than all this, Men lay out upon an unnecessary Stable of Horses.

Ind. Can you be sincere in what you say?

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any such Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor loose Women.

Ind. No, I'm sure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of these kind of Demands: there's no such Preheminence in this, as you imagine: Nay, this Way of Expence you speak of, is what exalts and raises him that has a Taste for it: And at the same Time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Disgust or Penitence.

Ind. But still I insist his having no private Interest in the Action, makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more mistaken: Why, who can be more an Usurer, than he, who lays out his Money in such valuable Purchases? If Pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a Pleasure is it to him, who has a true Taste of Life, to ease an aking Heart, to see the human Countenance lighted up into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Oar, which is superfluous, and otherwise useless in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Cash? This is the Effect of an humane Disposition, where there is only a general Tye of Nature, and common Necessity. What then must it be, when we serve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the Generosity.

Bev. jun. Nay——Then Madam, 'tis Time to fly after a Declaration, that my Opinion strengthens my Adversary's Argument——I had best hasten to my Ap-

34 The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

pointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and be gone, while we are Friends, and——before Things are brought to an Extremity——

[*Exit carelessly.*]

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I protest I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On my Heart, he has no other View, but the mere Pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad Designs upon me.

Ifab. Ah! dear Niece! don't be in Fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know Time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You please me, when you tell me so: For if he has any Wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them, but with Honour.

Ifab. I wish, I were as confident of one, as t'other—I saw the respectful Downcast of his Eyes, when you caught him gazing at you during the Musick: He, I warrant, was surpriz'd, as if he had been taken stealing your Watch. O! the undissembled guilty Look! but it's all a Perplexity, till——till——till——

Ind. Till what?

Ifab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends or Foes——And that I will be convinced of, before I sleep: For you shall not be deceiv'd.

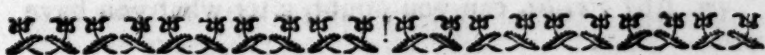
Ind. I'm sure, I never shall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean Time I'll wrap myself up in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conscious Honour all his Actions steers;

So conscious Innocence dispels my Fears.

[*Exe.*]

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand's House.*

Enter Tom meeting Phillis.

Tom. WELL, *Phillis!*—what with a Face, as if you had never seen me before—What a Work have I to do now? She has seen some new Visitant at their House, whose Airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the Changes she'll dance thro', before she'll answer this plain Question; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Master's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to ask an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as she. [*Aside.*]—Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleas'd to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this Instant. [*Looking stedfastly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any Body doubt, Master *Thomas*, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed—The Thing I have least Reason to be satisfied with is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty; perhaps if I were rich, I should overlook the finest Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said? But I'll have a great deal more, before I'll say one Word. [*Aside.*

Tom. I should, perhaps have been stupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Master's Servant for Hire; I am my Mistress's from Choice; wou'd she but approve my Passion.

Phil. I think it is the first Time I ever heard you speak of it, with any Sense of the Anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom.

36 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I am at Leisure, you may tell me when you fell in Love with me: How you fell in Love with me; and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in haste about my Master's Letter——But I must go thro' it, [*Aside.*]——Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what Occasion I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of *April* one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Sealand's* Service; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Hand-maid of the Housekeeper——At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was ordered to get out of the Window, one Pair of Stairs, to rub the Sashes clean,——the Person employ'd on the inner-side, was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly Accident: What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you——You could not guess what surpris'd me. You took no Delight when you immediately grew wanton in your Conquest; and put your Lips close and breath'd upon the Glass, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd against my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you spit, and rubb'd, and smil'd at my Undoing.

Phil. What silly Thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*——but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall; I saw her, saw my *Thisbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will against me——Would she but yet relent?——Oh, *Phillis!* *Phillis!* shorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my fair one's Will, I could with Glory suffer——
But dearest Creature, consider our miserable State.

Phil. How! miserable!

Tom. We are miserable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than those we love——with that generous Passion in the Heart, to be sent to and from on Errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meanest Trifles. Oh, *Phillis*! You don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glasses, my Passion for you has made me break: You have broken my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Master writes and you speak the best of any Men in the World. Never was a Woman so well pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Answer to it. [*Gives him a Letter.*]

Tom. This was well done, my dearest; consider, we must strike out some pretty Livelihood for our selves, by closing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them to give us a little Being of our own, some small Tenement, out of their large Possessions: whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themselves: one Acre, with *Phillis*, would be worth a whole Country without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [*Kisses her.*]

Phil. There's no contradicting you, how closely you argue, *Tom*!

Tom. And will closer in due Time. But I must hasten with this Letter, to hasten towards the Possession of you——Then, *Phillis*, consider how I must be reveng'd; look to it, of all your Skittishness, thy Looks, and at best but coy Compliances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and sensual, as my Lady calls it, I must not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious, filthy Male Creature; you should behave, if you had a right Sense, or were a Man of Sense, like Mr. *Gimbertan*, with Distance and Indifference,

38 **THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

rence, and not rush on one as if you were seizing a Prey. But hush—the Ladies are coming—Good *Tom*, don't kiss me above once, and be gone—Lard, we have been fooling and toying, and not consider'd the main Business of our Masters and Mistresses.

Tom. Why, their Business is to be fooling and toying, as soon as the Parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd—Parchments—my Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Cousin *Cimberton* and my Mistress; though my Master has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Master, Mr. *Bewil*, and my Mistress; and I believe, my Mistress herself has sign'd and seal'd, in her Heart, to Mr. *Myrtle*—Did I not bid you kiss me but once and be gone? but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth Creature, how should I?

[*Kissing her Hand*.

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality.

[*They salute formally*.

Tom. Pox of all this State. [*Offers to kiss her more closely*.

Phil. No, pr'ythee *Tom*, mind your Business. O, here is my young Mistress! [*Tom taps her Neck behind, and kisses his Fingers.*] Go, ye liquorish Fool. [*Exit. Tom.*

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your Ladyship's Service, to carry your Ladyship's Letter to his Master, I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little Love for his Master?

Phil. No, but he has so much Love for his Mistress,

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you. Why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we Vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but
our

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 39

our Persons to bestow, or treat for, squeeze with our Hands, and seal with our Lips, to ratify Vows and Promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another, without such Earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry Hussey.

Phil. I wish, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I won't ask you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Bevil*, nor what you all, especially my Lady, mean by admitting Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different Beds in the same House.

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great Value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have absolutely put an End to his Pretensions, in the Letter I gave you for him:

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle*.——

Luc. He had my Parents Leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me, and my Affections: who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me; my Mother says, 'tis indecent for me to let my Thoughts stray about the Person of my Husband: Nay, she says, a Maid, rightly virtuous, tho' she may have been where her Lover was a thousand times, should not have made Observations enough, to know him from another Man, when she sees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the Severity of a Nun, for not to see, when one may, is hardly possible; not to see when one can't is very easy: at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen, who——

Luc. Mamma says, the first Time you see your Husband should be at that Instant he is made so; when your Father, with the Help of the Minister, gives you to him; then you are to see him; then you are to observe and take Notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

Phil.

40 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to love, as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a Passion, 'tis a Desire, and we must have no Desires. Oh! I cannot endure the Reflexion! With what insensibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been expos'd, and offered to some awkward Booby or other, in every County of *Great-Britain*?

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before, with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has presented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As fast as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my Name and Person have been the Tittle Tattle of the whole Town:

Phil. But, Madam, all these Vexations will end very soon, in one for all: Mr. *Cimberton* is your Mother's Kinsman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reason, with that of his prodigious large Estate, she is resolv'd on him, and has sent to consult the Lawyers accordingly. Nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geoffry*, who to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment expected in Town for that Purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this Intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-Maids in *Great-Britain*; the Art of Lisk'ning, Madam, for your Ladyship's Service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I'll turn you out. My Mother says I must not converse with my Servants; tho' I must converse with no one else. [*Exit Phil.* Here he comes with my Mother—it's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand, and Mr. Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taste of yours, and the worthy Regard you have to our own ancient and honourable House, in consulting a Means to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly descended as may be.

Cimb.

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 41

Cimb. Why, really Madam, the young Women of this Age are treated with Discourses of such a Tendency, and their Imaginations so bewilder'd in Flesh and Blood, that a Man of Reason can't talk to be understood: They have no Ideas of Happiness, but what are more gross than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirst.

Luc. With how much Reflexion he is a Coxcomb?

[*Aside.*

Cimb. And in Truth, Madam, I have consider'd it, as a most brutal Custom, that Persons of the first Character in the World, should go as ordinarily, and with as little Shame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propagation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preservation of the Individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, must have no Shame, I'm sure.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Cousin *Cimberton*! Cousin *Cimberton*! how abstracted, how refin'd, is your Sense of Things; but, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best govern'd Families, my Master and Lady are gone to Bed; one does not know but it might have been said of one's self. [*Hiding her Face with her Fan.*

Cimb. *Lycurgus*, Madam, instituted otherwise; among the *Lacedæmonians*, the whole female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themselves, knew by whom; their Meetings were secret, and the amorous Congress always by Stealth; and no such professed Doings between the Sexes; as are tolerated among us under the audacious Word, Marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I liv'd, in those Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with less Indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modest Institution, than one, under the Confusion of our modern, barefac'd Manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, she has gone thro' the whole Ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy Proof of it.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of Business. That Girl walking about the Room there, is to be your Wife. She has, I confess, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking Mother.

Cimb.

42 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Cimb. I have observ'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and disengag'd Countenance, speak her very——

Luc. Very, what?

Cimb. If you please, Madam——to set her a little that Way.

Mrs. Seal. *Lucinda*, say nothing to him, you are not a Match for him; when you are married, you may speak to such a Husband, when you're spoken to. But, I am disposing of you, above yourself, every Way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but observe the Inconveniencies I expose myself to, in Hopes that your Ladyship will be the Consort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, she is rather an Impediment, than a Help to a Man of Letters, and Speculation. Madam, there is no Reflexion, no Philosophy, can at all Times subdue the sensitive Life, but the Animal shall sometimes carry away the Man: Ha! ay, the Vermillion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough——Pant of her Bosom.

Luc. Sir; Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward Chest.

Luc. Intolerable.

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, easy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I say, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all Attractions—her Arms—her Neck—what a Spring in her Step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccountable!

Cimb. What an Elasticity in her Veins and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The speaking Invitation of her Shape, the gathering of herself up, and the Indignation you see in the pretty little Thing——now, I am considering her, on this Occasion, but as one that is to be pregnant; and pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly. I fear I shan't,
for

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 43

for many Years, have Discretion enough to give her one fallow Season.

Luc. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous Sot!—there's no enduring it, to be thus survey'd like a Steed at Sale.

Cimb. At Sale! she's very illiterate——But she's very well limb'd too; turn her in; I see what she is.

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I am agham'd of you.

[Exit Lucinda in a Rage.]

Cimb. No harm done—you know, Madam, the better Sort of People, as I observ'd to you, treat by their Lawyers of Weddings *[adjusting himself at the Glass]* and the Woman in the Bargain, like the Mansion-House in the Sale of the Estate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all consider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no Demand for her Youth, and Beauty, and every other Accomplishment, as the common World think 'em, because she is not polite.

Cimb. Madam, I marry to have an Heir to my Estate, and not to beget a Colony, or a Plantation: This young Woman's Beauty, and Constitution, will demand Provision for a tenth Child at least. And I must depend upon my own Reflexion and Philosophy, not to overstock my Family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Cousin *Cimberton*; but she is, for ought I see, as well as the Daughter of any Body else.

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant who whispers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come. But, good Cousin, you must have Patience with 'em. These Lawyers, I am told, are of a different Kind; one is what they call a Chamber-Counsel, the other a Pleader: The Conveyancer is slow, from an Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore shun'd the Bar, but extremely passionate, and impatient of Contradiction: the other is as warm as he; but has a Tongue so voluble, and a Head so conceited, he will suffer no Body to speak but himself.

Cimb.

44 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant *Target*, and Counsellor *Bramble*? I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The same: shew in the Gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle and Tom, disguis'd as Bramble and Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton*; and I hope you have consider'd of the Matter.

Tar. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it must be by Indent—dent—dent—dent—

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. Serjeant and myself have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it must be an Indenture Tripartite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir *Geoffry* must needs be a Party; old *Cimberton*, in the Year 1619, says, in that ancient Roll, in Mr. Serjeant's Hands, as Recourse thereto being had, will more at large appear——

Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your Hands, it appears that——

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no Inferences upon what is in our Custody; but speak to the Titles in your own Deeds—I shall not shew that Deed 'till my Client is in Town.

Cimb. You know best your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single Question is, whether the Intail is such, that my Cousin Sir *Geoffry*, is necessary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordship of *Tretriplet*, but not as to the Messuage of *Grimgribber*.

Tar. I say that Gr—gr—that Gr—gr—*Grimgribber*, *Grimgribber* is in us. That is to say, the Remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—tr—*Trip*let.

Bram. You go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the Middle of the last Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it pass to the Heirs general, by which your Client comes in; and I question whether the Remainder, even of *Tretriplet* is in him——But we are willing to wave that,
and

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 45

and give him a valuable Consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the Rate as we guard against the Contingent of Mr. *Cimberton* having no Son——Then we know Sir *Geoffry* is the first of the collateral male Line in this Family——Yet——

Tar. Sir, *Gr——gr——ber* is——

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its Parts——But, Sir, I see very plainly what you are going into——I tell you it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffry* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say--

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole Extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimants under old *Cimberton*——I am of Opinion, that according to the Instructions of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Entail, and then create a new Estate for the Heirs in general.

Tar. Sir I have no Patience to be told that, when *Gr——gr——ber*——

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the Word Heirs for ever, to make such an Estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, tho' you are Counsel for my Side of the Question——Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him——But, Gentlemen, I believe you have both consider'd this Matter, and are firm in your different Opinions: 'Twere better therefore, you proceeded according to the particular Sense of each of you, and give your Thoughts distinctly in Writing——And do you see, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you say, in *English*.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying?——In *English*! Oh! but I forgot myself, you're a Wit——But however, to please you, Sir, you shall have it, in as plain Terms, as the Law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without Delay.

Bram.

46 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of; the Courts are sitting at *Westminster*, and I am this Moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least, the rest would take it ill else——Therefore, I must leave what I have said to Mr. Serjeant's Consideration, and I will digest his Arguments on my Part and you shall hear from me again, Sir. [*Exit Bramble.*]

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. *Bramble* is very quick——He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my Argument, I pinch'd him to the Quick, about that *Gr—gr—ber*.

Mrs. Seal. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you——I shall send to you, Mr. Serjeant, as soon as Sir *Geoffry* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Tar. I shall be at my Chambers, at my usual Hours. [*Exit.*]

Cimb. Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the Tea-table, where I shall hear from your Ladyship, Reason and good Sense, after all this Law and Gibberish,

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful Thing, Sir, that Men of Professions do not study to talk the Substance of what they have to say, in the Language of the rest of the World: Sure, they'd find their Account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Sense: but, with the generality 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no Respect for Truth and Knowledge, if they were expos'd to naked View.

Truth is too simple, of all Art bereav'd,

Since the World will—why let it be deceiv'd. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bevil Junior's Lodgings.

Bevil jun. *with a Letter in his Hand, follow'd by Tom.*

Tom. UPON my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the Matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. Myrtle, about any Thing of your Honour's Letter to Madam Lucinda.

Bev. jun. What's the Fool in such a Fright for? I don't suppose you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle shew'd any Suspicion, or ask'd you any Questions, to lead you to say casually, that you had carry'd any such Letter, for me, this Morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did ask me any Questions, how could I help it?

Bev. jun. I don't say you could, Oaf! I am not questioning you, but him: What did he say to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his chambers, to be dress'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he ask'd me, if I had been at Mr. Sealand's this Morning?—So I told him, Sir, I often went thither—because, Sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought there was something more in my going now, than at another time.

Bev. jun. Very Well!—The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealousy. [*Aside.*] Did he ask you no other Questions?

Tom. Yes, Sir—now I remember, as we came away, in the Hackney-Coach, from Mr. Sealand's, Tom, says he, as I came in to your Master this Morning, he bade you go for an Answer to a Letter he had sent. Pray did you bring him any? says he—Ah! says I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a Mind to know whether I can keep a Secret or no?

Bev. jun. And so by shewing him you could, you told him you had one? Tom.

48 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Tom. Sir——— [Confus'd.

Bev. jun. What mean Actions does Jealousy make a Man stoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant, to make him betray his Master? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. jun. Very well; and what did he say, when you brought him my Answer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and said, it was very well.

Bev. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't,—wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this; I am afraid we are in the wrong Box here—— [Exit Tom.

Bev. jun. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was present: But I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd; this hot Man! to write me a Challenge, on supposed artificial Dealing, when I profess'd myself his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot suffer Shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider Lucinda's Letter again. [Reads,

S I R,

I Hope it is consistent with the Laws a Woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage, in our Family, and desiring the Refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it, than the Courtship of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; I have Reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble Servant,

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the Postscript. [Reads.

I won't upon second Thoughts, hide any Thing from you. But, my Reason of concealing this is, That Mr. Myrtle has a Jealousy in his Temper, which gives me some Terrors; but my Esteem for him inclines me to hope, that only an ill Effect, which sometimes accompanies a tender Love; and what may be cur'd by a careful and unblamable Conduct.

Thus

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herself, in a kind, under my Protection; I cannot tell him immediately, the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable Passion of Jealousy, and to serve him and her, by disobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I should by complying with her Directions—But then this Duelling, which Custom has impos'd upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World:—How must I preserve myself from Imputations there? He'll, forsooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without fighting—But his Letter—I'll read it again—

S I R,

YOU have us'd me basely, in corresponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you were indifferent: I have chang'd my Sword since I saw you, which Advertisement I thought proper to send you, against the next Meeting between you and the injur'd Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, Sir: would your Honour please to see him?

Bev. jun. Why, you stupid Creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. *[Exit Tom.]*

Well! I am resolv'd upon my Carriage to him—He is in Love, and in every Circumstance of Life a little distrustful, which I must allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour, —But, Sir, you with your very discerning Face, leave the Room. *[Exit Tom.]* Well, Mr. Myrtle, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance, and many other Circumstances, which affect me on this Occasion, oblige me, without any Ceremony, or Conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but also comply with the Request in it. I must have farther Notice taken of my Message than these half Lines,—I have yours,—I shall be at home—

C

Bev.

50 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Bev. jun. Sir, I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unusual Stile; but as I design every Thing, in this Matter, shall be your own Action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epistle.

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuse you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankness; and I see your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine; to your own Safety, not Consideration of your Friend.

Bev. jun. My own Safety, Mr. *Myrtle*.

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. *Bevil*.

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. *Myrtle*, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at—But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to disapprove of the Decisions a Tyrant Custom has introduc'd, to the Breach of all Laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil*, it would be a good first Principle, in those who have so tender a Conscience that Way, to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries as—

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As Fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As Fear of answering for 'em! But that Apprehension is just or blameable, according to the Object of that Fear——I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and rushing into his Presence——I say, by the very same Act, to commit the Crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, I must tell you, this Coyness, this Gravity, this Shew of Conscience, shall never cheat me of my Mistress. You have, indeed, the best Excuse for Life, the Hopes of possessing *Lucinda*: But, consider, Sir, I have as much Reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first Attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, shew me but the least Glimpse of Argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own Hand to vindicate

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 51

ca'e any lawless Insult of this Nature, and I will shew thee—to chastize thee—hardly deserves the Name of Courage—slight, inconsiderate Man!—There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no such Terror in quick Anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, so little an Occasion of Anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign Trinket, for your loose Hours; and from your Fortune, your specious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumstances, as easy a Way to the Possession of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be distracted, with Anxiety and Terror of losing more than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Business, and in the Interim, you have your rambling Captive, your *Indian Princess*, for your soft Moments of Dalliance, your convenient, your ready *Indiana*.

Bev. jun. You have touched me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excusable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmary of human Nature which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and observe your Letter—Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you speak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir,—Master—Mr. *Myrtle*,—Friends—Gentlemen—What d'ye mean? I am but a Servant, or—

Bev. jun. Call a Coach. [Exit Tom,

[A long Pause, walking sullenly by each other.

[Aside] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermost) recover myself at the Entrance of a third Person, and that my Servant too, and not have Respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the best of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whose Life depends on mine. [Shutting the Door.

52 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

[To Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had Time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the false Appearances, under which your Infirmary of Temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps too much Regard to a false Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am sure, Mr. Bevil cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you ask it first that Way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your Temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the Disadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite Distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the Dispute: I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worse than Death to yourself—Read it—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggressor? I begin to fear I have been too far transported—*A Treaty in our Family!* is not that saying too much? I shall relapse—But I find (on the Postscript) *something like Jealousy*—with what Face can I see my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer.——Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words shall I——

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. jun. You have o'erpaid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I see in you towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant Wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many Friends have died,
by

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 53

by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you must give me Leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with—what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason?

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the Escape from ourselves, and hope the Memory of it will make us dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your friendly Conduct has convinc'd me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue and Justice, and yet, how many have been sacrific'd to that Idol, the unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their Swords against each other, with dissembled Anger, and real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,
They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:
Nor dare inquire into the dread Mistake,
'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they Wake. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *St. James's Park.*

Enter Sir John Bevil and Mr. Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me Leave, however, *Mr. Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty for uniting our Families, to mention only the Business of an ancient House——Genealogy and Descent are to be of some Consideration, in an Affair of this Sort——

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and Descent!——*Sir John*, value yourself as you please upon your ancient House, I am to talk freely of every Thing you are pleas'd to put into your Bill of Rates on this Occasion.——yet, Sir, I have made no Objections to your Son's Family——'Tis his Morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour.

54 **THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as small a Matter as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in such a Case, the Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition to the Honour, or Credit of her Lover—— that he is a Keeper——

Sir J. Bev. Mr. *Sealand*, don't take upon you to spoil my Son's Marriage with any Woman else.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman else, and have as many Mistresses as he pleases——

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a discreet and sober Gentleman.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never saw a Man that wenched soberly and discreetly, that ever left it off——the Decency observ'd in the Practice, hides, even from the Sinner the Iniquity of it. They pursue it, not that their Appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, because 'tis their Opinion, they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you suspect a Truth—— do you design to keep your Daughter a Virgin 'till you find a Man unblemish'd that Way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for—— I know the Town and the World——and give me Leave to say that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this last Century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us; for your trading, forsooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox——You are pleasant People, indeed; because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you, Industry is dishonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended——but I don't love to leave any Part of the Account unclos'd——look you, Sir *John*, Comparisons are odious, and more particularly so on Occasions of this Kind, when we are projecting Races, that are to be made out of both Sides of the Comparisons.

Sir

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 55

Sir J. Bev. But, my Son, Sir, is, in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him so. — But, *Sir John*, I am a Man exercis'd, and experienced in Chances, and Disasters; I lost, in my earlier Years, a very fine Wife, and with her a poor little Infant: this makes me, perhaps, over-cautious, to preserve the second Bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this Child—you'll pardon me, my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boasted Son, to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why that's one very good Reason, *Mr. Sealand*, why I wish my Son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this strange Lady here, this *Incognita*, that can be objected to him — here and there a Man falls in Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life, to that one Passion.

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Understanding, cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wise Men have been so enslav'd; and when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether moved from the Demand of the World, or slighter Reasons; such a Husband soils with his Wife for a Month perhaps — then God b'w'y' Madam — the Show's over — ah! *John Dryden* points out such a Husband to a hair, where he says,

' And while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,

' Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is.

Now in plain Terms, Sir, I shall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that must be the Case when —

Sir J. Bev. But pray consider, Sir, my Son —

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the Matter short. This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him. But one Way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her — I am therefore resolv'd this very Afternoon, to visit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appearance, I shall soon be let into, what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be
C 4 nothing

56 **THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

nothing inquired into, relating to my Son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as sincerely, as you believe it—
Sir John Bewil, when I am satisfied in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct answers the Character you give him, I shall wish your Alliance more than that of any Gentleman in *Great-Britain*, and so your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bew. He is gone in a Way but barely civil; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heiress of it, are not to be lost for a little Peevishness—

Enter Humphrey.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a seasonable Minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may trust his Discretion, I am sure you may.

Sir J. Bew. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in a thousand Fears, when I lay this vast Wealth before me: When I consider his Prepossessions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love, or abandon'd, past Redemption, in a vicious one; and from the one or the other, his Insensibility to the fairest Prospect, towards doubling our Estate: a Father, who knows how useful Wealth is, and how necessary, even to those who despise it, I say a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not transported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Resolution, in your Perplexity.

Sir J. Bew. Yes, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him surpriz'd in any Thing—This mercantile rough Man may go grossly into the Examination of this Matter, and talk to the Gentlewoman so as to—

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt Manner.

Sir J. Bew. No, I hope not! Why, dost thou know any Thing of her, or of him, or of any Thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Master, I know so much! that I told him this very Day, you had Reason to be secretly out of Humour about her.

Sir J. Bew. Did you go so far? Well, what said he to that?
Humph.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 57

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me stedfastly:
Humphrey, says he, that Woman is a Woman of Honour.

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her or designs to marry her?

Humph. I can say nothing to the latter——But he says, he can marry no one without your Consent, while you are living.

Sir J. Bev. If he said so much, I know he scorns to break his Word with me.

Humph. I am sure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are sure of that——Well! that's some Comfort——Oh, *Humphrey*——

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a Man is very ill, that is in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in Care for one, whom you oftner disoblige than please, by that very Care——Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themselves are Fathers——But, perhaps you'll say now, that I am one of the happiest Fathers in the World; but I assure you, that of the very happiest is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your Pain arises, not from the Thing itself, but your particular Sense of it——You are overfond, nay, give me Leave to say, you are unjustly apprehensive from your Fondness: My Master *Bevil* never disoblig'd you, and he will, I know he will, do every Thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl——For ought I know, he will, forsooth, have so much Moderation, as to think he ought not to force his Liking for any Consideration.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think; but I know, nothing can be more miserable than to be in this Doubt——Follow me; I must come to some Resolution.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Bevil Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Tom and Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you must speak with Mr. *Myrtle*, you shall; he is now with my Master in the Library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a present, nor I so handsomely take any Thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Mistress with another Man.

Phil. He is a Gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe so—but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you; I'll call him to you. *[Exit Tom.]*

Phil. What a deal of Pother and Sputter here is, between my Mistress and Mr. *Myrtle*, I could any Hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it—— But she forsooth, will allow no Plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it; I must therefore do her an acceptable Violence and surprize her into his Arms. I am sure I go by the best Rule imaginable: If she were my Maid, I should think her the best Servant in the World, for doing so by me.

Enter Myrtle and Tom.

Oh Sir! You and Mr. *Bevil* are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under such Difficulties as my poor Mistress, and not Attempt to set her at Liberty, or release her from the Danger of being instantly married to *Cimberton*.

Myrt. *Tom* has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done—when a Man can't come at his Mistress?—Why can't you fire our House, or the next House to us, to make us run out, and you take us!

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis*——

Phil. Ay——let me see that Rogue deny to fire a House, make a Riot, or any other little Thing, when there were no other Way to come at me.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every Day of People's hanging themselves

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 59

themselves for Love, and won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?—Oh! were I a Man——

Myrt. What manly Thing would you have me undertake? according to your Ladyship's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at once, what, one time or other, you may be, and wish to be, or must be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and consider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour—— you say to be once what I must be.

Phil. Ay, ay—— I mean no more than to be an old Man; In a Word, old Sir *Geoffry Cimberton* is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements, for marrying Mr. *Cimberton*—— He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his Passions and Desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heat of Youth. ———

Tom. Come to the Business, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suspence for the Pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Phil. I saw you at the Masquerade act such a one to Perfection; go, and put on that very Habit, and come to our House as Sir *Geoffry*. There is not one there, but myself, knows his Person; I was born in the Parish where he is Lord of the Manor. I have seen him often and often, at Church in the Country. Do not hesitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security against Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the rest to me, I leave this with you; and expect—— They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this Opportunity—— I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear *Phillis*!

[*Catches and kisses her, and gives her Money.*]

Phil. O Fy! My Kisses are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner. [Tom, kisses her] Come, see me down Stairs [to Tom] and leave the Lover to think of his last Game for the Prize. [Exit Tom and Phillis.]

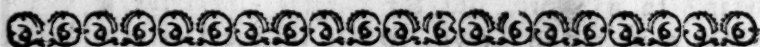
Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild Expedient—— the Extravagance of it will make me less

suspected,

60 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

suspected, and it will give me Opportunity to assert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am so mortify'd at this Conduct of mine towards poor *Bevil*; he must think meanly of me——I know not how to reassume myself, and be in Spirit enough for such an Adventure as this——Yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*, under her present Perplexities; and sure——

The next Delight to Transport, with the Fair,
Is to relieve her, in her Hours of Care. [Exit.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand's House.*

Enter Phillis, with Lights, before Myrtle, disguis'd like old Sir Geoffry; supported by Mrs. Sealand, Lucinda and Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. NOW I have seen you thus far, Sir *Geoffry*, will you excuse me a Moment, while I give my necessary Orders for your Accommodation? [Exit Mrs. Seal.]

Myrt. I have not seen you, Cousin *Cimberton*, since you were ten Years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up our Name and Family, I shall, upon very reasonable Terms, join with you in a Settlement to that Purpose. Tho' I must tell you, Cousin, this is the first Merchant that has married into our House.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a Merchant, because my Father is? [Aside.]

Myrt. But is he directly a Trader at this Time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Disgrace, Sir; he trades to all Parts of the World.

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who descended from Persons that did any Thing.

Cimb. Sir, since it is a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it in again; and to sink her into our Name, and no Harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generously resolv'd——
Is this the young Thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 61

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of Humour, but let them run to the utmost of their Extravagance——Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I see her nearer? My Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the Uncle has something worth your Notice. I'll take Care to get off the young one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your Good. [Exit.]

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your great Uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer!——Approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your Leave, young Lady——[Puts on Spectacles]——Cousin *Cimberton*! She has exactly that Sort of Neck and Bosom, for which my Sister *Gertrude* was so much admir'd, in the Year sixty-one, before the *French* Dresses first discovered any Thing in Women, below the Chin.

Luc. Chin, quotha—I don't believe my passionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glass—— [Pulls out a large one.]

Enter Phillis to Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady desires to shew the Apartment to you, that she intends for Sir *Geoffry*.

Cimb. Well, Sir! by that Time you have sufficiently gazed, and sunned yourself in the Beauties of my Spouse there, I will wait on you again. [Ex. Cimb. and Phil.]

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of Importance, tho' we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old Fellow methinks, that raises my Curiosity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartily condemn this Kinsman of mine, as you do, and am sorry to see so much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to so insensible a Possessor.

Luc. Surprising!——I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the Interest of your Family.

Myrt.

62 **THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

Myrt. This Hand of mine shall never be employ'd to sign any Thing, against your Good and Happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgments; but there is a Gentleman in the World, whose Gratitude will, I am sure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myrt. All the Thanks I desire, Madam, are in your Power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myrt. Only, Madam, that the first Time you are alone with your Lover, you will with open Arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wish it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your Promise! O *Lucinda!*

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myrt. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover, *Myrtle* himself, Madam.

Luc. O blest me! what a Rashness and Folly to surprize me so——But hush——my Mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, and Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the Matter?

Luc. O, Madam! as soon as you left the Room, my Uncle fell into a sudden Fit, and—aud—so I cry'd out for Help to support him, and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, how do you find yourself?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a Way in my Life—pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here——(*pray carry me*) to my Cousin *Cimberton's* young Lady——

[*Cimberton and Lucinda lead him, as one in Pain, &c.*

Cimb. Pox! Uncle, you will pull my Ear off!

Luc. Pray Uncle! you will squeeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No Matter, no Matter—he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, shall I help you out?

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble no Body but my young Cousins here. [*They lead him off.*

S C E N E, *Charing-Cross.*

Enter Mr. Sealand, and Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, *Mr. Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our common Good, I should look thoroughly into this Matter, *Humph.*

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 63

Humph. I am indeed, of that Opinion; for there is no Artifice, nothing concealed in our Family, which ought in Justice to be known; I need not desire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Respect.

Mr. Seal. Master *Humphrey*——I shall not be rude, tho' I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to see how she will bear, upon a Surprise—

Humph. That's the Door; Sir, I wish you Success. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Seal. —[*Knocks*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to enquire, tho' I make an Errand to begin Discourse. [*Knocks again, and enter a Foot-boy.*] So young Man! is your Lady within?

Boy. Alack, Sir? I am but a Country Boy—I don't know, whether she is, or no: but an you'll stay a bit, I'll go, and ask the Gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country Boy, you can see can't you? you know whether she is at home, when you see her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not such a Country Lad neither, Master, to think she is at home because I see her: I have been in Town but a Month, and I lost one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah! have you learnt to lie already?

Boy. Ah! Master! Things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies at *London*——I begin to know my Business a little better than so—but an you please to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain—she can make bold to ask my Lady herself.

Mr. Seal. O! then, she is within, I find, tho' you dare not say so.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here or there: what's matter, whether she is within or no, if she has not a Mind to see any Body?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are arch, or simple, but however get me a direct Answer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in, I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your Business, in Time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but Extraordinaries in such a House.

Boy.

64 **THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.**

Boy. Such a House! Sir, you han't seen it yet: Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Indiana's House.

Enter Isabella, and Boy.

Ifab. So *Daniel!* what News with you?

Boy. Madam there's a Gentleman below wou'd speak with my Lady.

Ifab. Sirrah? don't you know *Mr. Bevil* yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman who comes every Day, and asks for you, and won't go in 'till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Ifab. Ha! that's a Particular I did not know before: Well; be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[*Exit Boy; and re-enters with Mr. Sealand.*]

Isabella looks amaz'd!

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpriz'd, to see a perfect Stranger make a Visit, and—

Ifab. I am indeed surpriz'd! ——— I see he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam, in troth you seem to have every Thing in Plenty ——— a Thousand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Nest of Rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aside and looking about.*]

Ifab. [*Apart.*] Twenty Years, it seems, have less Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than of a Girl of Fourteen—he's almost still the same: How shall I contain my Surprize and Satisfaction! he must not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Disturbance; but there is a young Lady here, with whom I have a particular Business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that Favour.

Ifab. Why, Sir, have you had any Notice concerning her; I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Ifab.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 65

Isab. Well, Sir! you shall see her: for now I am as a Mother, and will trust her with you. [Exit.]

Mr. Seal. As a Mother! right; that's the old Phrase, for one of those commodious Ladies, who lend out Beauty, for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have pressing Occasions. But here comes the precious Lady herself. In troth a very fightly Woman——

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have some Affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam: There came to my Hands a Bill drawn by Mr. *Bevil*, which is payable To-morrow; and he, in the Intercourse of Business, sent it to me, who have Cash of his, and desired me to send a Servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the Money myself.

Ind. Sir! was that necessary?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam; but to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which Mr. *Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you! excited my Curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober Appearance, Sir, which my Friend describ'd, made me expect no Rudeness, or Absurdity, at least——Who's there? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended? I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous Design? and, if you will have Patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in Friendship with Mr. *Bevil*, as to my only Daughter, whom I was this Day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have mistaken you: I am compos'd again; be free, say on——what I am afraid to hear—— [Aside.]

Mr. Seal. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted Passion here, but I did not think it was in Abuse of so worthy an Object, so accomplish'd a Lady, as your Sense and Mein bespeak——but the Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to Shame, so they gratify—— *Ind.*

66 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great Errors——but, as you are pleas'd to say you see something in me that has chang'd, at least, the Colour of your Suspicions; so has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any Way concern'd you, to enquire into my Affairs, and Character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly! with what an Air she talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be seated——and tell me tenderly——keep all your Suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared Way——acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Person of your seeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[*Weeping.*] But I beg your Pardon——tho' I am an Orphan, your Child is not; and your Concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither——I'll be compos'd——pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could *Mr. Bevil* be such a Monster, to injure such a Woman?

Ind. No, Sir——you wrong him——he has not injured me——my Support is from his Bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when Gluttons give high Prices for Delicates, they are prodigious bountiful.

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that Error——But my own Fears tell me all——You are the Gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy Daughter he is design'd, a Husband, by his good Father, and he is to be, perhaps this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended such: But Madam, on your Account, I have determin'd to defer my Daughter's Marriage, till I am satisfied from your own Mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes, have only made me think, he design'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodness and Gentleness of his Demeanour made me misinterpret all——'Twas my own Hope, my own Passion, that deluded me——he never made one amorous Advance to me——His large Heart, and bestowing Hand, have only help'd the Miserable. Nor know I
why,

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 67

why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on which to indulge and please himself, with pouring Favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the Matter I came about; but 'tis the same Thing, as if we had talk'd never so distinctly—he ne'er shall have a Daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him——Let not me, miserable though I may be, do Injury to my Benefactor——No, Sir, my Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his Virtues——If to bestow, without a Prospect of Return; if to delight in supporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Desire, with no other View than to be her Guard against those who would not be so disinterested; if these Actions, Sir, can in a careful Parent's Eye commend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir; give her to my honest, generous *Bewil*,——What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkness, mutter in distracted Starts, and broken Accents, my strange, strange Story!

Mr. Seal. Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort must be to expostulate in Madness, to relieve with Frenzy my Despair, and shrieking to demand of Fate, why——why was I born to such Variety of Sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least Occasion——

Ind. No——'twas Heaven's high Will I should be such——to be plunder'd in my Cradle! Toss'd on the Seas! and even there, an Infant Captive! to lose my Mother, hear but of my Father——To be adopted! lose my Adopter! then plunged again in worse Calamities!

Mr. Seal. An Infant Captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the most Charming of Mankind, once more to set me free, (from what I thought the last Distress) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favours; to support my very Life, in a way, that stole, at the same time, my very Soul itself from me.

Mr.

68 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Mr. Seal. And has young *Bevil* been this worthy Man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the Right, the Pretence of easing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't reproach him, though the same Hand that rais'd me to this Height, now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience; my Heart grows full with your Affliction? But yet, there's something in your Story that——

Ind. My Portion here is Bitterness, and Sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think so: Pray answer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other Thing, than what I am——I'll tear away all Traces of my former self, my little Ornaments, the Remains of my first State, the Hints of what I ought to have been——

[In her Disorder, she throws away her Bracelet which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.]

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceiv'd! It is, it is the same! the very Bracelet which I bequeath'd my Wife, at our last mournful Parting.

Ind. What said you, Sir! Your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt Motion at my Heart? And yet again my Fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, your Name is *Sealand*: But my lost Father's Name was——

Mr. Seal. *Danvers*! was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! That is indeed my Family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my Misfortunes drove me to the *Indies*, for Reasons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand*.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder, examine well this Face (yours, Sir, I well remember) gaze on, and read, in me, your Sister *Isabella*!

Mr. Seal. My Sister!

Isab. But here's a Claim more tender yet——your *Indiana*, Sir, your long-lost Daughter.

Mr.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 69

Mr. Seal. O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All-Gracious! Heav'n! is it possible! do I embrace my Father!

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee—These Passions are too strong for Utterance--Rise, rise, my Child, and give my Tears their Way——O my Sister! [*Embracing her.*]

Isab. Now, dearest Niece, if I have wrong'd thy noble Lover with too hard Suspicions; my just Concern for thee, I hope, will plead my Pardon.

Mr. Seal. O! make him then the full Amends, and be yourself the Messenger of Joy: Fly this instant!—tell him all these wond'rous Turns of Providence in his Favour! Tell him I have now a Daughter to bestow, which he no longer will decline: That this Day he still shall be a Bridegroom: Nor shall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father seeks, be wanting: Tell him the Reward of all his Virtues waits on his Acceptance. [*Exit Isab.*] My dearest *Indiana*! [*Turns and embraces her.*]

Ind. Have I then at last a Father's Sanction on my Love! His bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a present worthy of *Bevil's* Generosity?

Mr. Seal. O my Child! how are our Sorrows past o'er paid by such a Meeting! Though I have lost so many Years of soft paternal Dalliance with thee, yet, in one Day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect Happiness! is ample! ample Reparation! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions! the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is Love, when born of Virtue! I burn to embrace him——

Ind. See, Sir, my Aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your Wishes.

Enter *Isabella*, with *Sir John Bevil*, *Bevil jun.* *Mrs. Sealand*, *Cimberton*, *Myrtle*, and *Lucinda*.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entering.*] Where! where's this Scene of Wonder!——*Mr. Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occasion, our mutual Happiness——Your good Sister,
Sir,

70 THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Sir, has with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, fill'd us with Surprize and Joy! Now all Exceptions are remov'd; my Son has now avow'd his Love, and turn'd all former Jealousies and Doubts to Approbation, and, I am told, your Goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy his Acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your Mention, Sir, of Fortune, with Pleasure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the best of Fathers to my Love—Let him be Provident, but let me be Happy—My ever destin'd, my acknowledged Wife! *[Embracing Indiana.]*

Ind. Wife!—O my ever loved! my Lord! my Master!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myself as well as you, that I have a Son, who could, under such Disadvantages, discover your great Merit.

Mr. Seal. O! Sir *John!* how vain, how weak is human Prudence? What Care, what Foresight, what Imagination could contrive such blest Events, to make our Children happy, as Providence in one short Hour has laid before us?

Cim. *[To Mrs. Sealand]* I am afraid, Madam, *Mr. Sealand* is a little too busy for our Affair, if you please we'll take another Opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have Patience, Sir.

Cim. But we make Sir *Geoffry* wait, Madam.

Myrt. O Sir, I'm not in haste.

During this
Bev. jun. presents
Lucinda
to Indiana.

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general Benefactor: Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev. jun. If you think that an Obligation, Sir, give me leave to overpay myself, in the only Instance, that can now add to my Felicity, by begging you to bestow this Lady on Mr. *Myrtle*.

Mr. Seal. She is his without Reserve, (I beg he may be sent for)—Mr. *Cimberton*, notwithstanding you never had my Consent, yet there is, since I last saw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter.

Cim. I hope, Sir, your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me? *Mr.*

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS. 71

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceal'd from myself; another Daughter, who has an undoubted Title to half my Estate.

Cim. How! *Mr. Sealand!* Why then if half *Mrs. Lucinda's* Fortune is gone, you can't say, that any of my Estate is settled upon her; I was in Treaty for the Whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be sure, there can be no Bargain,--Sir,—I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good Lady, my Cousin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this old Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, *Mr. Cimberton*, with all my Heart. [Discovers himself.]

Omnes. *Mr. Myrtle!*

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole Company, that I assumed the Person of *Sir Geoffry*, only to be present at the Danger of this Lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost Exigence to assert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my Pretensions, no Abatement of Fortune shall lessen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the Injury of being in Treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your Right in her, she is Yours.

Luc. *Mr. Myrtle*, Tho' you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I bring you less.

Mrs. Seal. Well! however I'm glad the Girl's disposed of any Way. [Aside.]

Bev. jun. *Myrtle!* no longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* you are born to triumph over me! but now our Competition ceases; I rejoice in the Preheminence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda*.

Sir J. Bev. Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you have set the World a fair Example: Your Happiness is owing to your Constancy and Merit: And the several Difficulties you have struggled with, evidently shew

Whate'er the generous Mind itself denies,
The secret Care of Providence supplies.

[Exeunt.]

E P I.



EPILOGUE,

By Mr. WELSTED.

Intended to be Spoken by INDIANA.

OUR Authors, whom Intreaties cannot move,
Spite of the dear Coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not frustrate (so he plainly means)
By a loose Epilogue, his indecent Scenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard Fate I meet To-day,
To keep me rigid still, beyond the Play?
And yet, I'm sav'd a world of Pains that Way:
I now can look, I now can move at Ease,
Nor need I torture these poor Limbs to please;
Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt Surprise,
Nor wrest my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
Bless me! What freakish Gambols have I play'd!
What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'd!
Out of pure Kindness all! to over-rule
The threaten'd Hiss, and screen some scribbling Fool,
With more Respect I'm entertain'd To-night:
Our Author thinks, I can with Ease delight.
My artless Looks while modest Graces arm,
He says, I need but to appear; and charm.
A Wife so form'd by these Examples bred,
Pours Joy and Gladness 'round the Marriage Bed;
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And 'tis her least Perfection to be fair.
The Nymph with Indiana's Worth who vies,
Nation will behold with Bevil's Eyes.

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F I N I S.



